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SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES,
AND
HEROIC ACTIONS
OF THE RENOWNED

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
GENERAL AND GOVERNOR OF SCOTLAND:

herein the old obscure words are rendered more intelligible, and adapted to the Understanding of such as have no leisure to study the meaning and import of such Phrases; without the help of a Glossary.

By **WILLIAM HAMILTON.**

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,
THE LIFE AND MARTIAL ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THAT VALIANT HERO,

ROBERT BRUCE,
KING OF SCOTLAND.

By **JOHN HARVEY.**

A I R:
PRINTED BY JOHN AND PETER WILSON.

1700.

PRINCE JAMES,

Duke of Hamilton, Cuslickerault, and Brandon, Marquis of Chilsdale, Earl of Arran, Lanark, and Cambridge, Lord Avon, Polbuquart, Marchbanksire, and Inverdale, Baron of Dutton.

May it please your Grace,

OF all the endowments of nature, heroic virtue has justly been the most admired.

It shines in none of the heroes of antiquity, with a truer lustre, than in Sir William Wallace; and none of them have deserved better of their country, than he has done.

All his wisdom, valour and conduct, were still employed for the good of his country; and, while he held the supreme command, by his vigilance, defended Scotland from all treasons at home, and attempts from abroad.

'Tis these heroic virtues of our great General, that make me presume, My Lord, to beg your Grace's patronage to his history, done in modern Scots Verse. And I humbly presume your Grace will have the goodness to forgive the low strains of a writer, whose greatest motive is, to make the history of an ancient Hero intelligible to the age he lives in: in order to form their minds to virtue, by setting so glorious a model before their eyes.

If by that, I can deserve my countrymen's thanks, or entitle myself to the least share of your Grace's favour, I shall reckon myself unspeakably happy.

I am not now, My Lord, to take up your Grace's time, or offend your modesty by recapitulating the advantages you have from your birth, improved by education, and assisted by ample fortune, nor of your many princely virtues; these, My Lord, being every-where spoken of with the utmost admiration by all. That your Grace may be your country's darling, and as useful to it as any of your illustrious Ancestors have been, shall be the constant prayer of

May it please Your Grace,

Your Grace's most humble

Most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

WILLIAM HAMILTON

GILBERTFIELD, }
SEPT. 21, 1731. }

The INTRODUCTION.

THE history of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, with the other of the valiant King Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it former written in Latin by Mr. John Blair, chaplain to Wallace and turned into Scots metre by one called Blind Harry, in the days of James IV. the other written by Mr. John Barbour, archdean of Aberdeen, a learned man in the days of King David Bruce, and Robert Bruce, contain a relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in Scotland, of Britain, fought most valiantly for the space of forty years, between the two realms of Scotland and England; the one unjustly pursuing the other constantly defending the liberties of the country. During these broils, there happened great alterations, both in the general state of the Kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular persons, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their country's honour and welfare.

As the whole history may be more clear, we have thought good, in this introduction, to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the year 1282, King Alexander III. being led by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn, without any issue of his body,

left him the whole posterity of his father Alexander the second, and his father William the Lion being extinct, the right of the Crown fell to the issue of David, Earl of Huntingdon and Garioch, youngest brother to the late King the Lion. He had left three daughters, the eldest Margaret, married to Allan Lord of Galloway; the second Isabel, to Robert Bruce (by the name of the noble,) Lord of Arundale and Cleveland: the youngest married Henry Hastings, an Englishman; who having no just title to the crown, the contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two eldest sons; for Allan, Lord of Galloway, leaving no sons by his wife Isabel, his eldest daughter Dornagilla of Galloway, married John Balliol, a man of great power and lands both in Scotland, England and France; and bare to him John Balliol; afterwards King Robert Bruce, wife Isabel of Huntingdon, had Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick (by the name of Martha heratrix thereof,) who contended with John Balliol, in the time of Wallace's wars. His eldest son, Robert Bruce, succeeded to the Kingdom of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the crown, as heir to Margaret, eldest daughter to Prince David. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, albeit son to the second daughter, yet contended, that in feudal succession, the male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, and so he excludeth his sister from succession, although she be elder: and so, he and Dornagilla of Galloway, standing in the second degree to Prince David, he ought to be preferred to her: as for her son, John Balliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was a degree off from Prince David. The like practice had fallen out some years before, in Hugh the fourth Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest son, Hugh (dying before his father) left a daughter, Johanna, wife of Nevers, who claimed to succeed her grand-father Hugh's issue, notwithstanding Robert, second son to the same Hugh IV. was preferred to her, and succeeded the Duke of Burgundy; if then the male ought to succeed before the eldest son's daughter, ought the nephew to succeed before the niece. The right being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the kingdom in two equal factions.

so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversy at home, without running into a most pernicious civil-war.

The States of Scotland, to prevent this mischief, thought it fittest to submit the arbitrament of the plea to Edward I. surnamed Long-Shanks, King of England, and that upon divers weighty reasons: for he and his father King Henry III. being joined by many alliances of bands and friends to the two last Kings of Scotland, had lived in great amity and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two competitors also, Bruce and Baliol, had as great lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (and he only) was able to make them to stand to reason. Finally, the States of Scotland, not being able to determine the plea, there was no Prince besides more powerful, and, in appearance, more like to compose the controversy, without great bloodshed. This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by King Edward, hoping in so troublesome a water to find a gainful fishing, either by drawing the Kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage, as Lord paramount and superior; considering the difficulty to determine the question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties, being (for a great part of their estates,) his vassals and subjects; his great power also, having (besides Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion, and the low countries his assured confederates, gave him great encouragement; neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest noblemen in Scotland, vassals and feudaries to himself for many lands which they held in England, partly for great services done to himself and his father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border shires, then holden by the Scots in fee of England: partly also by interchange of marriage and successions betwixt the two nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as if it had been one kingdom. And to make the controversy more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors besides Bruce and Baliol: Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada, sister to William the Lion); Patrick Dunbar Earl of March; Sir Walter Rofs; Sir Nicholas Souls; Sir Roger Mondeville; Sir John Cumming of Badenach, (these five were descended of younger daughters of Allan, Lord of Galloway,) Sir William Vescie, begotten upon King Alexander III's bastard daughter, but pretended to be legitimate; and John Hastings, Lord Abergevan, descended of Ada, youngest daughter to Prince David of Huntington.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to Berwick, and met with the States of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the controversy according to equity; and that it might seem more likely, he brought from France sundry of the most famous lawyers of that age: he chose also out of the States of Scotland assembled, twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joined the like number of English, as assessors to him in his arbitrament. At this meeting, by the doubtful answers of lawyers, and number of new pretendants, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at Norham, in the borders, the year following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the crown of Scotland by force, (which their own

strengths) at the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt secretly, and by fit agents with the States of Scotland, for eschewing of imminent mischiefs to become his subjects; he being descended of King David's sister, and so but two degrees further from the crown of Scotland, than Bruce or Baliol wert. This being flatly refused by all, he betook himself to his other design. And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce, promising to discern in his favours, if he would take the crown of Scotland to be holden of him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subject a free nation to any over-Lord: whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol, who knowing that he was not so much favoured of the States of Scotland, easily condescended to King Edward's desire, and being by him declared King of Scotland, the States, desirous of peace, conveyed him to Scoon, where he was crowned, Anno 1291, and all except Bruce, swore to him obedience. Thereafter Duncan Macduff, Earl of Fife, was killed by Lord Abernethy (a man of great power in those times, allied both with the Cummings and Baliol:) the Earl's brother finding the King partial in the administration of justice, summoned him to compare before the King of England in parliament: where being present, and sitting beside King Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a Procurator; but he was forced to rise and stand at the bar. This indignity grieving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time, war breaking out between England and France, Edward sent ambassadors to the Parliament of Scotland to send aid to him, as now being their over-lord. There came also other ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient league to be renewed. The King and States of Scotland renewed the league with France, which had remained, inviolably kept, for the space of five hundred years before. The King of England's suit was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without the consent of the Parliament. A marriage also was concluded betwixt Prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valois, brother to the French King Philip. Edward having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and divers noblemen of Scotland, who held lands of him in England to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the French war: but without taking truce with the French for some months, he suddenly turned his forces destined against France, towards Scotland. His navy was vanquished at Berwick, and righteen of his ships taken. Yet his land host, by means of the Brucian faction, and the English Scots noblemen, took the town of Berwick with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter, Dunbar, Edinburgh and Stirling. In, and about these castles, he had killed or taken captives the greatest part of the Scots noblemen: so that crossing Forth, the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. Baliol rendered himself to King Edward at Montrose, and was sent by sea into England, where he remained captive, till such time as by intercession of the Pope, he was set at liberty, swearing and giving hostages never to return into Scotland. King Edward came to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homrager Baliol. He set for the nobles of Scotland who remained, that they, with such as were his captives, might swear homage to him, as to their liege Lord and to these who refused, were detained prisoners.

King Edward thinking that now all was sure for him in Scotland, left John Plantagenet (some call him Warran) Earl of Surry, and Sir Hugh Cressingham treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the nobility of Scotland as he feared along with him, with their followers. The greater part of Scotland being in this manner either imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands being of the crown of England, the rest either fled into the isles and Highlands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own till better times.

But while men of power neglected the public cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace, a youth of honourable birth, being son to Malcom Wallace of Ellerslie, but of mean power, having first in private killed many Englishmen of the garrisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits, became so encouraged, being a man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withal very wife and circumspect, that he gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, divers times cut off great numbers of the enemy: the report thereof drew to him such as missed the liberty and welfare of their country, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely the Earl Malcom Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive, at Berwick, and sent home upon assurance,) Sir John Graham, Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Christopher Seaton, Sir John Ranvie, Sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hugh Hay, Robert Boyd, John Johnstoun, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Ronald Crawford, younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Frasers, James Crawford, Robert Lauder, Scrimiger, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Bisset, James and Robert Lindfay, John Cleland, William Ker, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Haliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Gerdon Baird, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Hugh Dundas, John Scot, Steven Ireland, Mr. John Blair, Mr. Thomas Gray, and other gentlemen, with their friends and servants; who, after some valiant exploits happily achieved, and an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster to the Earl of Warran, defeated by Wallace at Bigger (holding an assembly at the Forest Kirk,) chose Wallace to be Warden of Scotland, and Viceroy in Baliol's absence. In which office he so valiantly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the south parts of Scotland to quiet.

The English fearing the loss of all, subtilly took truce with Wallace for one year, beginning in February. In June following they proclaimed a Justice-Air to be held at Glasgow and Ayr, the 18th of that month, thinking to entrap Wallace and all his friends, and under colour of law, to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custom, assembling to this court, the Englishmen condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently; among the rest, Sir Ronald Crawford, sheriff of Ayr, uncle to Wallace, Sir Bryce Blair, Sir Neil Montgomery, and many of the Barons of Kyle, Cuninghame, Carrick, Clideldale. These that escaped by flight advertised Wallace, who chanced to come *later than the rest.* He assembling such of the country as detested so horrible a fact, extremely hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entered into Ayr, set fire unto the place where the Englishmen, after that fact, were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape.

The Garrison of the Castle issuing forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose, entered the house, and made it sure. The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the Lord Henry Percy had retired from Ayr the day before, him he expelled thence with great slaughter. The victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter he took the Castle of Stirling, recovered Argyle and Lorn, with the town of St. Johnstoun and country about: thence he travelled through Angus and Merns, taking all the strengths until he came to Aberdeen, which he found forsaken of the English, who had fled by sea, with the Lord Henry Bewmont, an English Lord, who had married the Heretrix of the Earldom of Buchan, named Cumming. Thus all the north country was reduced to the obedience of Wallace, except the Castle Dundee: while he lay at siege hereof, news came of the approach of the English army, led by John Earl of Warran and Surry, and Sir Hugh Cressingham, with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of the Scots as held with England, to the number of thirty thousand. Wallace having with him only ten thousand men, long hardened in arms, met with them beside Stirling, on the north side of the Forth, which having no fords at that place, was passable only by a wooden bridge. This he on purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one half of the host being past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were over, Wallace charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part in pieces with their leader Cressingham: the rest seeking to escape, were drowned. The Earl of Warran, with those that escaped, was assailed by Earl Malcom Lennox, captain of Stirling Castle, and being hotly pursued by Wallace, hardly escaped himself, flying into Dunbar, a Castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battle, fought the 13th of September, 1297, there died no Scotsman of remark but Andrew Murray of Bothwell. The English garrisons hearing of this discomfiture fled from all places, so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland were recovered except Berwick and Roxburgh.

After these victories he held a Parliament at St. Johnstoun, as Warden of Scotland, and settled the whole country, causing the nobility to swear to be faithful to the State, till such time as they might condescend who should be King: Earl Patrick Dunbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this Parliament, was chased out of Scotland: and because the year's by-past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatened the land, Wallace assembled a great host, and entered England, where he remained all the winter, and the spring following, living upon the enemies, and enriching his soldiers by their spoil: during which time the English durst never encounter him in the open field: only at the first entry King Edward with a great army of raw soldiers came against him in the plain of Stanmure; but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of Wallace's host, before they came nearer than half a mile, drew back his army and retired: Wallace for fear of an ambush, kept his soldiers in order, and pursued them not. Thus King Edward left his country to the mercy of a provoked enemy; and notwithstanding that he promised battle, yet he kept himself close till a peace was concluded for five years, Berwick and Roxburgh being rendered to the Scots.

Scotland thus enjoying perfect liberty, Wallace being earnestly requested by the French king, to the end that his special captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed over to France, with fifty of them in his company. He was encountered on the wa

Thomas of Chartres, (commonly called Thomas of Longville) who with sixteen sail infested the seas: but boarding Wallace's ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and king Robert Bruce, for the liberty of Scotland: after his landing in France, he was employed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the Duchy of Guyen and Bourdeaux; then he defeated in several skirmishes. But in a few days he was called home by some of his friends in Scotland: for king Edward understanding his absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and his friends, with such noblemen of Scotland as held lands in England, or envied Wallace's glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean gentleman, to rule Scotland, while any of the Blood-royal did remain; so promising his assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucian faction and Englished noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of Scotland. Wallace returned the next summer, and secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his backcoming, on a sudden surpris'd St. Johnstoun by stratagem; and pursuing his victory hotly, chased the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers came from their lurking holes, by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The Lord William Douglas took the Castle of Sanquhar by a stratagem, and finding the English captains of the nearest garrisons to come and besiege him, he sent secretly to Wallace, who coming with his power, not only raised the siege, but chased also the whole English garrisons out of those quarters; from hence he came to the north parts, which he recovered with small difficulty except the strong castle of Dundee, to which he laid siege.

The king of England grieved at this fortunate success of Wallace, and understanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cummings (the greatest surname then in Scotland) and divers ancient noblemen (to whose honour Wallace's renown seem'd to derogate) he stirr'd up Robert Bruce elder, his faction, persuading them that Wallace was Bruce's only competitor for the Crown. Having so made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next spring he came with an army of forty thousand men, Scots and English, to Falkirk, six miles beneath Stirling. The Scots army was very great, being thirty thousand strong, if they had been all of one mind. But John Cumming, Lord of Cumbernauld, who had an eye to the crown, had persuad'd the Lord John Stewart of Bute, being tutor and grandfather by the mother to the Lord James Stewart of Renfrew, lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the van-guard, alleging the same belonged to the Lord Stewart's house by ancient privilege. Wallace refusing this, they parted one from another in high chafe, there remaining with him no more but ten thousand of his old soldiers. Cumming, with a thousand of his followers, after a small shew of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Stewart inclosed by two battles of the English, by whom, after fighting valiantly for a long time, he was cut off with all his followers. Wallace with his battle defended themselves valiantly, until they were safely retired beyond the river of Carron, losing (besides some others) the noble Sir John Graham, the most valiant worthy of Scotland, next unto Wallace. Bruce, whom the king of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recovery of his ri-

from the usurper, perceiving Wallace on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him, and upbraided him with so foolish an usurpation of the kingdom of Scotland against so powerful a faction at home, assisted by so mighty a king abroad. I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland, but finding my native country abandoned by you and Paliol, who have the right to the crown, have set myself to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the king of England, who snatcheth you forth most unaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands. After diverse speeches to this purpose, Bruce perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous dealing of king Edward, returned to the Loth. The next morning Wallace, understanding that the English army was weakly entrenched, and in great security, amassing with his own army such as had stay'd, set upon them in the dawning, before they could be arrayed, and killed many; so that the English king returned at that time without any further exploit. Bruce remembering what he heard of Wallace, desired king Edward, according to his former promises, to put him in possession of so much of the kingdom of Scotland as was then under his power; to whom he answered in the French tongue, "Have we no more ado but to conquer kingdoms for you." By this speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great grief and anger, that within few days he departed this life, without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce, afterwards king, being kept for assurance of his father's obedience in Calais castle in France.

After this unhappy battle, Wallace striving to recover such castles and strengths as king Edward had intercepted, found such opposition and backwardness by envious emulators, that he returned to St. John's town, and in an assembly of the States resigned his charge of Warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France, according to a promise at his return therefrom. This fell out in the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire, chose John Cumning governor, the rather because king Edward had promised to assist him to the crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after seven months truce, obtained by means of the French king, Edward sent Sir Ralph Godfrey with a great army to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the war, which they expected should be easy. Wallace being now out of the way, John Cumning joining with the Lord Simon Fraser, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the country as far as Roslin, about five miles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance divided themselves into three battles, that they might spoil farther into the country. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battle, and easily discomfit them; the second also, albeit stronger, by the joining of those who fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battle coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being fore wounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battles, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm the baggage men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was March 24th, 1302.

King Edward sore incensed by this evil success, sent for Robert Bruce's younger, out of Calais, whom he persuaded, that he had for a long ti

against Wallace defended his father's right to the crown of Scotland; that having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cummings as great enemies: notwithstanding, he intended yet once more, to put that enemy out of the way, and to settle him in his kingdom. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers in Scotland to join with him, and entering the border, spoiled the country, and took divers castles as far as Douglas. Some report that the lady Douglas, named Ferras, an English woman, betrayed that castle to the Bruce, who took the lord William Douglas captive, with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick, and thereafter in York, where he died. Meantime, king Edward had prepared a mighty army both by land and sea, with which he entered Scotland, subduing all before him, and came to Stirling, kept then by Sir William Oliphant; who, after a long siege, knowing of no relief, yielded the castle upon condition that himself and all that were with him, should pass with their lives safe: Notwithstanding king Edward kept still all the noblemen, together with the captain Sir William Oliphant; and such as would not swear homage to him, (pretending to be protector of Robert Bruce's right) he sent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted divers of John Cumming's friends, he procured them to draw him to a parley with him; in which he so blinded him with the hopes of the kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joined himself and his friends to the English; who, by this accession, easily passed forward with the course of victory, as far as the utmost bounds of Ross: and in his back coming, carried away with him into England all books, registers, histories, laws, and monuments of the kingdom; and amongst others the fatal marble chair, whereupon the former Scots kings used to be crowned at Scoon, on which was engraved a prophesy, bearing "That wherever this chair should be transported, the Scots should command there." He carried with him also all the learned men and professors of Scotland, amongst others the famous Doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus, thinking hereby to discourage and effeminate the minds of the Scots, that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his return into England, he left his cousin, Sir Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, viceroy, having fortified all castles with strong garrisons.

The Scots who stood for the liberty of their country, being forsaken by John Cumming, sent earnest letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then making war upon the English at Guyen; but hearing the mischiefs of his country, obtained leave of the French king to return: and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers castles and towns in the north, and having greatly increased his army, besieged St. Johnston till it was rendered. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories, he was betrayed by his familiar friend, Sir John Monteith, to Aymer Vallance, who sent him into England, where, by King Edward's command, he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal cities of Scotland, to be set up for a terror to others.

But this cruelty prevailed little for securing king Edward's conquest; new enemies arising whence he least expected; for as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumming and Robert Bruce meeting together, after a long conference on the state of their country, perceived although he had promised, to each of them apart, his help to obtai

the crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their assistance to conquer and secure to himself, as he well declared, by spoiling the country of all monuments public and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumming should quit all his right to the crown in favours of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his assistance. This contract written and sealed by both parties, Bruce returned from Scotland with the host, waiting for a fit time to escape from Edward: in the mean time Wallace returning and recovering many places in Scotland, sent privately for Bruce to come home and take the crown, and to his brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth, who coming out of Ireland, took fundry strengths in Annandale and Galloway. Cumming who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the crown, revealed the contract betwixt him and Bruce, to Edward, who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, till such time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands.

Bruce advertised of his danger by the Earl of Gloucester (some call him the Earl of Montgomery) his old friend, who sent him a pair of sharp spurs, and some crowns of gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night three horses backward, and posted away from court with two in his company, and on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter) arrived at his own castle of Lochmabane, where he found his brother Edward, with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kilpatrick, and Thomas of Chartres, who told him how Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, and the Cumming faction a few days before. Immediately thereafter, they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cumming to king Edward, desiring that Bruce should be dispatched in haste, lest (being a nobleman much favoured by the commons,) he should raise greater stir. The treachery of John Cumming, before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that riding to Dumfries, and finding Cumming at the mass in the Gray-Triars, after he had shown him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with his dagger; and others who were about him doing the like, not only dispatched him, but also his cousin, Sir Edward Cumming, and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out on the 9th of February, in the beginning of the year 1306, as we now account.

The Bruce thus rid of one enemy, found a great number as it were arising out of his ashes, even the whole puissant name of Cumming, with their allies, the Earl of March, the lord of Lorn, the lord of Abernethy, the lord of Brechin, the Lord Souls, the most part of the north, and all Galloway followed the Cummings: the Earl of March, and lord William Souls, commanded the Merse, with Berwick and the borders; all which they yielded to king Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce. At the same time his two brethren, Thomas and Alexander Bruce, with Ronald Crawford younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncan M'Dougal, a great man in Galloway, and sent to Edward, who caused them all to be hanged. On the other side, assembled to him, besides these above named, the young Lord James Douglas, (who hearing of his father's death, returned from France where he was at schools, and staid a time with his kinsman William Lambertoun, Bishop of St. Andrews,): *Earl Malcom Lennox; Earl John of Athol, (although of the Cumming's blood, yet being father-in-law to Edward Bruce,)* Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Christopher Seton, Sir Thomas Ranald, Sir Hugh H-

John Somerville, David Barclay, Alexander and Simon Frazer, Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Hallyburton, with sundry who had stood with Wallace before. With this company he past to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland in April, 1306. After this he gathered an army, minding to besiege St. Johnstoun. But finding his power too weak, he retired to Methven, where he was unexpectedly assaulted and discomfited by Sir Aymer de Vallance, but with small loss of men, except some who were taken, as Randal, Barclay, Frazer, Inchmartine, Somerville, and Sir Hugh Hay, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The commons discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new King; who had only a few gentlemen about him, with whom he travelled towards Argyle, meaning to lurk for a time with his brother-in-law Sir Neil Campbell: but he was encountered by the way, by John of Lorn, cousin to John Cumming, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folk. After this second discomfiture, he sent his Queen, (being daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar,) with his brother Sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athol, to the castle of Kildrumny in Mar. The king of England sent his son Prince Edward, with a mighty host to besiege this castle. The Queen, hearing this, fled to the Firth of Tane in Ross; but the Earl of Ross took her, and her daughter, and sent them captives into England. The castle of Kildrumny was traiterously burnt by one of the garrison: all that were within it taken, and hanged at the command of the English king.

Robert seeing winter approaching, and finding no retreat in the main land, retired with his most entire friends, to his old friend Angus, Lord of the Isles, with whom he stayed a short time in Cantire, and thereafter sailed over into the Isle of Raughline, where he lurked all the winter; every man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring he landed quietly in Carrick, and on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of Turnberry. Lord Piercy flying home out of it to his own country, Sir James Douglas departing thence secretly, came into Douglas dale, and by means of Thomas Dickson, an old servant of his father's, he recovered his own Castle of Douglas, and cast it down once and again: then he returned to King Robert to Cunnock, shewing him, that Aymer de Vallance, and John of Lorn, with an army, were coming against him. The King with five hundred valiant men kept themselves in a strong place, waiting while Sir Aymer should invade: but took no heed to John of Lorn, who fetching a compass, set upon his back with eight hundred Highlandmen and had well nigh inclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three: and appointing where they should meet at night, fled three sundry ways. John of Lorn having a slothhound, pursued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his company, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficulty escaped the slothhound. Sir Aymer disappointed of his enterprize, shortly thereafter, with fifteen hundred chosen men, very nigh surpris'd the King in Glentrole wood: but the King with his men so resolutely defended the place, being very strong, and killing divers of the first who assaulted them, the rest fled back. Then with more courage, he went into the field, and reduced Kyle and Cunningham to obedience, Sir James Douglas also, with threecore men, lying in an ambush at a strait place in Cunningham, called the Nether-ford, where Sir Philip Moubray was passing, with a thousand men against the King, being then in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the tenth of May following, Sir Aymer, with three thousand men came

gainst the King then lying at Galston in Kyle: king Robert hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not 600 men, came forth against him, at a place under Loudon-hill, which he so fortified on either hand with dykes and fousies, that the enemy could not inclose him on the sides: and so by the stout and resolute valour of so few, Sir Aymer was put to flight, which he took so fore to heart, that he retired into England, and gave over his office of Warden, or viceroy, John of Britain, Earl of Richmond, being sent into Scotland in his place.

King Robert, after this, past into the north, leaving Sir James Douglas on the borders, who taking his own castle of Douglas by stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in few days chased all the English out of Douglas-dale, Ettrick Forest, and Jedburgh Forest, and took Sir Thomas Ranald, the king's sister's son, (who had followed the English ever since his captivity,) and Sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkle. Sir Alexander and Simon Frazer meeting King Robert in the north, shewed him how John Cumming Earl of Buchan, David Lord Briche, Sir John Moubray, and the rest of the Cumminian faction, were gathering an army against him.

Mean-while, by the assistance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden, he surpris'd the castle of Inverness, the fame of which victory caused many other strengths to yield: all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his returning taking sickness at Inverary, Cumming set upon him. The king, after his friends had for a time defended him, recovering somewhat, went out to the field, and so hardily assaulted his enemy at old Meldrum, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took their flight. With the like success he set upon the king in Glenesk in Angus where being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England, with Sir John Moubray, and died there. Lord David Brechin fortified his own castle, but David Earl of Athol, forced him to yield it and himself to the king. Meantime Philip Frazer took the castle of Forfar: and the King pursuing this victory, reduced all the North to his obedience: and joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the south with his two captives, he took St. Johnstoun by surprisal; from thence he passed into Lorn, the lord whereof had ambushed two thousand men, on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter through a narrow passage; but Sir James Douglas, with Sir Alexander Frazer, and Sir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by sea; his father lord Alexander M'Dougal, yielded himself, and the castle of Dunstaffnage to the king.

By this means, all on the north side of the Forth, was reduced to obedience: Sir Edward his brother, in the mean time, with long and hard fighting had conquered Galloway. James Douglas, by stratagem surpris'd the strong castle of Roxburgh on the Fastens-even, while all the garrison (after the custom of the time) were feasting and playing the riot. The report whereof, so whetted the valiant Thomas Ranald, newly restored to his uncle's favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having besieged the castle of Edinburgh, for some months, he set himself, by all means to carry the same, which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the rock discovered by him; by which he and sundry stout gentlemen, secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves master of the place. The garrisons of Rutherglen, Lanark, Dumfries, Ayr, Dundee, and Bute, hearing this, yielded up these castles which were all razed. The Isle of Man also returned to the obedience

the crown of Scotland. Sir Edward Bruce having besieged Stirling castle three months, agreed with the captain, Sir Philip Moubray, that if the king of England did not rescue him within twelve months thereafter, the castle should be yielded to king Robert. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a king as Edward II. (who some seven years before had succeeded his father Edward Longshanks; but far degenerate from his valour) having not only England, Ireland, and many Englished Scots, with the Duchy of Guyen, Bourdeaux, and other parts of France, subject unto him, but also the low countries strictly confederate with him: yet king Robert prepared himself to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirty thousand men, few but valiant. The king of England had above an hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse: with which multitude, intending to destroy the inhabitants of Scotland, and divide the land to his followers, he came to Bannock-burn, (two miles beneath Stirling,) where, on the 21st of June, 1314, he was encountered by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting his great army put to rout: himself, with a small company, fleeing into Dunbar, was sent by the Earl into England in a fisher-boat, leaving two hundred noblemen and gentlemen killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the commons slain and taken was incredible; of Scots were slain two gentlemen of note, Sir William Wepont, and Sir Walter Rofs, with four thousand common soldiers.

After this victory, Stirling being yielded and Dumbarton got by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Scules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cummings' allies, were reconciled to the king, who past into the isles, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who died in prison in Lochleven. Thus Scotland was freed of the bondage of England, except Berwick which was recovered four years thereafter, 1318, and the Scots making divers incursions into England, under the leading of Earl Thomas Ranald, and James Lord Douglas, requited the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with their spoil.

As for the authority of these two histories, although they possibly err in some circumstances of time, place and number or names of men, they generally write the truth of the story of those times, both at greater length, and upon more certain information, than those who have written our chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous reader,) I wish you profit thereby, and all happiness from God. Farewell.

THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

OF our ancestors, brave true ancient Scots,
Whose glorious scutcheons knew no bars, nor blots ;
But blood untainted circled ev'ry vein,
And ev'ry thing ignoble did disdain ;
Of such illustrious Patriots and bold,
Who stoutly did maintain our rights of old,
Who their malicious, and invet'rate foes,
With sword in hand, did gallantly oppose ;
And in their own, and nation's just defence,
Did briskly check the frequent insolence
Of haughty neighbours, enemies profest,
Picts, Danes, and Saxons, Scotland's very pest ;
Of such, I say, I'll brag and vaunt so long,
As I have pow'r to use my pen or tongue ;
And sound their praises, in such modern strain,
As suiteth best a Scot's poetic vein.

*First, here I honour, in particular,
Sir William Wallace, much renown'd in war ;
Whose bold progenitors have long time stood,
Of honourable and true Scottish blood ;*

And in first rank of ancient Barons go,
 Old knights of Craigy, baronets also ;
 Which gallant race, to make my story brief,
 Sir Thomas Wallace represents as chief.
 So much for the brave Wallace' father's side,
 Nor will I here his mother's kindred hide.
 She was a lady most complete and bright,
 The daughter of that honourable knight,
 Sir Ronald Crawford, high Sheriff of Ayr,
 Who fondly doated on this charming fair.
 Soon wedded was the lovely blooming she.
 To Malcolm Wallace, then of Ellieslie ;
 Which am'rous pair, transported with delight,
 Begot young Malcolm that same joyful night,
 Then William, who, by true consent of all,
 Was honour'd to be the Scottish general ;
 And to the nation's universal joy,
 At Forrest Church made Baliol's viceroy.
 Whose martial courage, with his conduct wife,
 From English thraldom rescu'd Scotland thrice,
 And did preserve the old imperial crown,
 To his immortal glory and renown.
 'Twas then, that, to the terror of his foes,
 Our Thistle did drive home th' insulting Rose.
 But here I must beg leave to bid adieu
 To good Sir William, for some minutes few,
 Till, like a just, impartial, honest man,
 As I have heard, tell how the wars began.
 King Alexander, at Kinghorn in Fife,
 There, from his horse did lose his royal life ;
 Through which arose a grievous sore debate,
 Some years thereafter, who should rule the state.
 David our Prince, earl of Huntington,
 Three daughters had, whom search all Britain round,
 Through all its corners, and its different arts,
 None more excell'd in bright, and princely parts.
 Bruce, Baliol, Hasting, from those ladies spring ;
 The Bruce and Baliol strive who shall be king.
*Nor did the dispute end, but grew so hot,
 The candidates in two strong factions got,
 Which at that time appear'd to be so equal,
 Few could foresee, or guess well at the sequel ;*

e lay the great distress and misery,
 ease at home could not determin'd be ;
 erefore, to 'void a bloody civil war,
 : Scottish States esteem'd it better far,
 : two contendants should submit the thing
 the decision of the English king,
 o greedily the ref'rence did embrace,
 play'd his cards with a dissembling face ;
 , so politic was the crafty king,
 his self ends, things so about to bring,
 it, agents he did secretly employ
 : Scottish lords with cunning to decoy,
 his own measures ; a pernicious plot,
 te opposite unto the trust he got ;
 nking to make (so big his hopes were grown)
 : Scottish crown pay homage to his own.
 ich, with one voice, flatly the states refuse,
 pite of all polities he could use.
 : bishop there of Glasgow sitting by,
 l, " Sir, excuse us, for we do deny
 ny our lord, but the great God above,
 o whom we'll homage pay, or subject prove."
 n to the Bruce the treason was propos'd,
 ich was by him most gen'rously oppos'd :
 elieve me, Sir," said he, " I'll hang as soon,
 as I'll resign our independent crown ;
 'herefore leave off, your words are all in vain,
 uch treachery true honour does disdain."
 o the Baliol next he did apply,
 o did consent, alas ! too hastily,
 hold the crown of Edward, contrair right,
 which he was created king on fight :
 ase decision ! Shall the guise thus go !
 ll ancient Scotland hold of England ? No.
 such base terms, both make a scurvy step,
 ward to grant, and Baliol to accept,
 hing which is for certain known and sure,
 s never yet in either of their pow'r ;
 ther could be, without the firm assent,
 the estates of Scottish Parliament.
 e the Scots crown, our kings so long had wore,
 to be independent as before.

An English parliament, within short space,
 Is call'd, where Baliol suff' red great disgrace ;
 At which affront, b'ing so exceeding wroth,
 He quickly broke his base unlawful oath ;
 Repented sore, and curs'd the fatal hour,
 Wherein he swore, what was not in his pow'r.
 Which was much better, as divines exhort,
 Than to continue and be damned for't.
 On which king Edward rais'd an host with speed,
 And came himself with them, to Wark on Tweed,
 Unto Corspatrick of Dunbar he sent,
 His counsel asks, but on a bad intent ;
 Who, when he came in presence of that king,
 Advis'd him, and inform'd him ev'ry thing :
 Then like a rogue, against the light of nature,
 To his own country proves a bloody traitor :
 To Berwick goes the treach'rous hellish knave,
 To undermine, destroy, cheat, and deceive :
 Was welcom'd there, with more respect than due,
 And thought, by Scots, both faithful, leil and true.
 King Edward follows on with all his host,
 By treachery poor Berwick then was lost.
 Corspatrick rose when all were sleeping sound,
 Drew the portculzies, let the bridges down.
 Edward, he enters, bloodily falls on,
 Eight thousand kills, and fifty, spareth none.
 Then to Dunbar he and Corspatrick rode,
 Without remorse, or any fear of God
 There did the stout and valiant Scots convene,
 With resolution true, and courage keen,
 To fight king Edward, then the common foe,
 Who, di'd in blood, did through the nation go ;
 But by deceit, and a prodigious force,
 The Scots are here again put to the worse.
 The earls Mar, Monteith, and Athol brave,
 No access to their gallant men could have ;
 Who in the castle closely were block'd up,
 And scarcely had whereof to bite or sup :
So by no means unto their men could get,
Corspatrick had the castle so beset,
At last the armies march, and do inclose,
Where the brave Scots, o'erpow' red by their foes,

Rather than fly, or cowardly to yield,
 Do bravely fight, and die upon the field.
 Thus to Corspatrick's everlasting stain,
 Without all mercy, most of them were slain;
 For when the battle hottest was, he then,
 Plague rot him, hew'd down all his country-men.
 Great loss the Scots, at Berwick and Dunbar
 Had in this most unjust and cruel war.

C H A P. II.

How King Edward and Corspatrick came to Scoon and deposed the Baliol.

KING Edward and Corspatrick march for Scoon,
 And Scotland now sings a most mournful tune.
 Few Scots were left, the kingdom to defend,
 Then for the Baliol to Montrose they send;
 And to their great and everlasting shame,
 Do strip him of his royal diadem.
 When thus depos'd, Edward usurps the crown,
 And then, alas, all things went upside down,
 Was crown'd upon the very self same stone,
 Gathelius sent from Spain, with his own son,
 When Iber Scot first into Scotland came,
 Kenneth our king, and second of that name,
 Brought it to Scoon, where kings in pomp and glore,
 Were crowned for eight hundred years and more;
 Even in that ancient Royal Marble Chair,
 So famous and so long preserved there,
 Which, as a trophy, thence they do transport
 To London, where king Edward kept his court.
 But yet 'Um told that ancient fates decree,
 Where this stone stands Scots shall the masters be.
 Bruce, with eight score, the flow'r of Scotland then,
 Were captives led away, with Englishmen.
 At last the pow'rs above beheld the wrong,
 And let not the usurpers reign too long.
 For at this time Scotland was almost lost,
 And overspread with a rude South'ron host.
 Wallace's father to the Lennox fled,
 His eldest son he thither with him led,

Who made a pair of cleanly cliver heels,
 And so escap'd from all the South'ron chiefs;
 The bloody dagger fast held in his hand,
 And spared none that did his flight withstand.
 Unto an inn he formerly did know,
 Thither he fled, and could no further go.
 Help, help, he cry'd when the goodwife he saw,
 And save my life from cruel South'ron law.
 With russet gown she quickly got him drest
 Above his clothes which covered all the rest;
 A fuddled curch o'er head and neck let fall;
 A white worn hat then birsed on withal;
 And as the South'ron came into the inn,
 Gave him a rock, then he began to spin;
 In quest of Wallace they some time have spent:
 But could not know at what door in he went;
 They search'd through all the corners of the inn,
 But he sat still and cunningly did spin;
 Tho' at the trade he was not 'prentice long,
 He drew a thread, and croon'd away the song.
 Away they went, then Wallace did revive,
 And leugh; and smirtled at them in his sleeve.
 Like mad men, then, they all run up and down,
 Cry, Burn the Scots, leave none alive in town.
 Yet the goodwife kept Wallace until night,
 Safe and secure, out of the South'rons' sight.
 Thro' a back way she did convey him fast,
 Where quietly he by the water past.
 Such was his mother's great concern and care,
 That she of him did almost now despair.
 At length she met him, to her great surprise,
 " Bless me, dear son, may I believe mine eyes?
 " Is't possible that thou hast the danger past?
 " Sure, Providence is more than kind at last."
 There he inform'd her of his doleful case,
 At which she wept, and often said, alas!
 " Ere thou leave off, thy foes will have thee fang'd."
 " Mother, he said, I'd rather see them hang'd:
 " These English lowns that do possess our land,
 " Methinks we should most manfully withstand."
 His uncle knew he had the squire kill'd,
 Which the old man with grief and sorrow fill'd;

That they to Scots might give no more offence,
 Wherewith his priest most freely did dispense :
 Abfolv'd the fin and did remit the guilt
 Of South'ron blood so innocently spilt.

C H A P. III.

*How WALLACE kill'd young SELBIE, the Constable's
 Son of Dundee;*

UNTO Dundee young Wallace now is gone,
 Sprightly and gay, as could be look'd upon,
 Well shap'd and handsome, clever, neat and clean,
 Clad with a garment of a gemming green.
 The constable, old Selbie, liv'd hard by,
 That crabbed rogue, who most maliciously
 Oppress'd the Scots, with great dispute and rage ;
 A son he had near twenty years of age,
 Who some young fellows with him ev'ry day
 Took to the town, to sport the time away.
 This vain young fop, so much on folly bent,
 Young Wallace saw, then straight unto him went,
 And with disdain, said, " Scot I pray thee stay,
 " What devil clad thee in a suit so gay ?
 " A horse's mantle was thy kind to wear,
 " And a Scots whittle at thy belt to bear.
 " Rough roulion shoes, or any common trash,
 " Did serve such whore's sons thro' the dubs to pass ;
 " Give me that knife, under thy girdle hings ;"
 " Nay pardon me, Sir, I know better things ;
 " Therefore forbear, I earnestly intreat,
 " It both defends me, and it cuts my meat."
 Selbie assaults him, and would it take by force,
 And so the plea went on from bad to worse.
 Fast by the collar Wallace did him take,
 Made the young squire tremble there and shake,
 His dagger with the other hand drew out,
 In spite of all his men so throng about :
*And boldly without either fear or dread,
 Upon the spot, he stick'd young Selbie dead,
 The squire fell, of him there was no more,
 And then his men pursu'd young Wallace sore*

Come well come wo, my purpose I'll pursue,
 Then to the honest parson bad adieu.
 To Ellerslie he and his mother went,
 She on the morrow for her brother sent,
 Who told her, to her sorrow, grief and pain,
 Her husband and her eldest son were slain.
 That when Sir Malcolm's hough sinews were cut,
 South'ron, to death, upon his knees he put:
 Till with their bloody spears, they bore him down,
 Then stick'd that glorious knight of great renown.
 Thus at Lochmabane, for their country's sake,
 A noble exit these two heroes make.
 To Ellerslie I back again repair,
 Where good Sir Rannald met his sister there;
 Who did beseech, and humbly pray'd also,
 That to Lord Piercy forthwith he would go;
 For from her house she would no longer fly,
 But long'd at home for to live quietly.
 Sir Rannald in his sister's favours wrote,
 And then to her a safe protection got;
 Which the brave Wallace highly did disdain,
 Therefore no longer would with her remain.
 Nor durst Sir Rannald entertain him there,
 So to his shift away does Wallace fare.
 The English had the whole strengths of the land,
 And what they did, none durst, nor could withstand;
 Yet Wallace never could with them accord,
 For be he squire, be he laird, or lord,
 That with disdain, durst look him in the face,
 He got a blow unto his great disgrace
 The English clerks, in prophecy have found,
 A Wallace should put them from Scottish ground,
 Which afterwards prov'd to be very true,
 For thrice he drove away the barbarous crew.
 Sir Rannald now for him a place prepares,
 To keep him safe from English traps and snares,
 With his own uncle, who at Rickartoun
 Did dwell, and was Sir Richard of renown.
 In heritage he had that whole estate
*Tho' blind he was, which chanc'd thro' courage great,
 'Gainst Englishmen; whom he did daily dare,
 When he was young, and well expert in war.*

Then did he burst some veins, and lost much blood,
 A gentleman, both valiant, wise and good.
 In Februar, Wallace was to him sent,
 And in April, a fishing from him went ;
 Which will afford some sport, as you shall hear,
 Pray listen then with an attentive ear.

C H A P. IV.

How WALLACE fish'd in Irvine Water.

D READING no harm, nor danger of his foes,
 Wallace a fishing for diversion goes,
 To try what sport and pastime he might get ;
 None with him but a boy to bear his net.
 Lucky he was, fish'd most successfully,
 Till the Lord Piercy, and his court rode by :
 Which did confuse, and much perplex his mind,
 Because he had forgot his sword behind.
 Five of that trooping train in garments green,
 Mounted on horie back, having Wallace seen ;
 To him advanc'd, and blust'ring language gave,
 Then damn'd and swore, "Zounds, Scot, thy fish we'll have."
 With modest grace, good Wallace did reply,
 " I'll share the half with you most cheerfully."
 One of them answer'd, " that would be too small ;"
 Then lighted down, and from the boy took all,
 Which in his knapsack speedily he puts,
 The meikle sorrow be in's greedy guts.
 Then Wallace said, " I'm sure in modesty
 " You'll leave us some, if gentlemen you be ;
 " An aged knight that lives in yonder house,
 " Let him have some ; pray be so generous."
 The clown, he boasting, said not one word more,
 But this, " The river has enough in store ;
 " We serve a lord shall dine on them ere long."
 Then Wallace fretting, said, " Thou'rt in the wrong."
 " Whom thou's thou here ? Faith thou deserves a blow,
 " Poor prating Scot, how darest thou talk so ?"
 Then at him runs, and out his sword does draw :
 But Wallace poult-staff kept the rogue in awe.
 That trusty tree, as the poor scoundrel found,
 Aid him and sword both quickly on the ground :

Wallace, the sword caught fast into his hand,
 Which did the faucey fellow soon command :
 Then a back stroke, so cleverly he gave,
 His neck in two, most cleanly there he clave.
 The other four, alighting from their horse,
 Do him attack with all their strength and force :
 Yet tho' they him surround on every side,
 With handy blows he paid them back and side.
 Upon the head, so fierce he struck at one,
 The shearing sword cut thro' his collar bone :
 Another on the arm, that stood near by,
 He struck, till hand and sword on the field did lie.
 Three flew he there, two fled with all their might
 Unto their horse in a confounded fright :
 Left all their fish, no longer durst remain,
 And three fat English bucks upon the plain.
 Thus in great hurry, having got their cuffs,
 They scamper'd off in haste to save their buffs.
 When Piercy knew, by the poor silly lowns,
 That three were kill'd, and saw two bloody crowns,
 He quickly ask'd how many foes might be ?
 " They said, but one ;" a devil sure was he :
 " Since one has killed three, put two to flight :
 " Cowardly coxcombs, pack you out of sight :
 " Most manfully, it seems, the Scot has fought,
 " For me this day, in faith he's not be fought.
 " Was't ever heard before ? you whore-sons burds !
 " That a Scots poult-staff foil'd five English swords."
 To Wallace I return, who by mere force
 Defeat the five, and pick'd up all their horse :
 Was better mounted than he was before,
 Rode to his uncle, fish'd that day no more.
 The news did so surprisè the ancient knight,
 He almost fainted in his nephew's sight :
 Then bids keep secret : " for such fishing sport,
 " If it be known, you may pay dearly for't."
 " Uncle," said Wallace, to the good old man,
 " I'll push my fortune now where best I can :
 " *Since I no longer may with you abide,*
 " *I'll try these English geldings how they ride.*"
 A purse of gold, the knight unto him gave,
 Wallace kneel'd down, and humbly took his leave,

When that is done, pray nephew, send for more,
Thus ends the first book, heré I draw my score.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace kill'd the Churl with his own staff in AIR.

YOUNG Wallace now cliver of lith and limb,
With graceful air, appears both tight and trim,
Which with his many other youthful charms,
Confounds the South'ron, highly them alarms ;
His glorious actions early did presage,
A humbling stroke to cruel South'ron rage :
Which did so many of his friends destroy,
As scarce was known since Adam was a boy.
Yet the late fishing makes poor Wallace fond,
At Ochter house a little to abscond :
Then to Langland wood, when it grew late,
To make a silent and a soft retreat.
Some little time thereafter did repair
Unto the pleasant ancient town of AIR ;
Close by the wood, did there dismount his horse,
Then on his foot, walk'd gravely to the cross,
Lord Piercy did command the castle then,
And the whole town did swarm with Englishmen
Which fight, no doubt, did Wallace much confound.
Yet never dash'd, but briskly walk'd around ;
Tho' some affirm, which I am apt to trow,
He in his heart, curs'd the barbarian crew.
And being prompted by his youthful age
Could scarce refrain his passion and his rage.
But passing over this, I now make haste,
To entertain you with a handsome jest.
Into the town liv'd a huge English fellow,
All overgrown with guts of t—d and tallow ;
Who greatly bragg'd of his prodigious strength,
Which cost him dear, as you shall hear at length.
A greater burden, said this prince of fots,
He'd bear, than any three good sturdy Scots ;
And with a staff, like a stage dancer's pole,
For one poor groat he would permit and thole

The strongest man to beat him on the back ;
 So imprudently did the carle crack.
 Which story, when it came to Wallace' ear,
 To smile and laugh, he scarce could well forbear :
 He told the fellow, that he would be willing,
 " For one Scots blow, to give an English shilling."
 The greedy wretch did freely condescend,
 Which quickly brought him to his fatal end :
 Then Wallace gave him such a dreadful thump,
 Upon his back, close by his great fat rump,
 That to the view of all were present there,
 He clave his rig bone, and he ne'er spake mair :
 Thus dy'd the wretch, for a poor price and small,
 And his great English hurdies paid for all.
 With swords round Wallace, then the English flock,
 He no ways dash'd, did his steel bonnet cock
 And struck a South'ron with that trusty tree,
 Out o'er the head, till brains and bones did flee ;
 Then cleverly, with such good will and luck,
 On the steel bayonet, hath another struck,
 Till, tho' the noble tree it crush'd and rave,
 He kill'd the fellow, and turn'd to the lave ;
 Then with an awful grace, he made a paw,
 And out his sword with majesty did draw ;
 Which clear'd his way, like a true friend indeed,
 And quickly help'd him to a sturdy steed.
 Two fouty fellows there, that griev'd him most,
 He dous'd their doublets rarely, to their cost :
 His anger kindled, to such height it grew,
 With one good stroke, the foremost there he flew.
 A blow he got upon the other knave,
 Till his good sword, down thro' his body drave.
 Five South'rons he, 'twixt hope and great despair,
 Kill'd on the spot ; now was not that right fair ?
 Out thro' the town, his way did cleanly force,
 Made his escape, and then did mount his horse :
 To Langlands fled. his time he well did use,
 And left the blades all sleeping in their shoes.
Him foot and horse pursue to overtake,
But the thick trees his refuge he did make.
Provisions came to him from Ochter house,
And ev'ry thing that was fit for his use :

- Such necessaries they to him afford,
 As do supply him, both to bed and board.
 Good Wallace then, upon a time, at length
 Return'd to AIR, as he recover'd strength ;
 But, ah ! it prov'd a most unlucky day,
 I wish to Jove that he had staid away.
 Sir Rannald's servant, for some fish he sent,
 That errand, O ! that Wallace had mis kent !
 For as you'll quick'y understand and hear,
 The sauce was sharp, and cost him very dear.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace kill'd Lord Piercy's Steward, and was imprisoned in AIR.

THE fish no sooner had the servant got,
 Then Piercy's steward called, and said, Scot,
 " For whom buys thou those fish thou carri't there ?
 Who answered, " Sir, for the sheriff of AIR
 " By heaven's King," the steward rudely swore,
 " My Lord shall have them, thou may purchase more."
 Wallace, incens'd with anger, standing by,
 Said, " why such rudeness, tell the reason why ?"
 This fired soon the haughty steward's blood,
 Who thought what Wallace spoke, was next to rude,
 And did his stomach so with venom fill,
 As might the vilest loathsome spider kill.
 " Go hence," said he, " thou saucy Scot, with speed ;
 " Thee, and thy sheriff both I mock indeed."
 Then with his hunting staff he Wallace smote,
 But he had better kiss'd his bum, poor sot.
 For Wallace by the throat him quickly caught,
 And the proud steward better manners taught.
 Then from his pocket pull'd a dagger knife,
 Which twinn'd the foolish coxcomb of his life.
 But, ah ! alas, how quick assembled then,
 Fourscore at least, well harness'd Englishmen :
 Whose post it was to watch, and guard the town ?
 There suddenly poor Wallace they surround.
 At them he star'd and never spoke a word,
 But boldly drew his awful daring sword.

And cleverly unto his feet did get,
 And stick'd the foremost fellow that he met,
 Upon the knee, another hit he so,
 That moment made the bone afunder go,
 Nor can I say the third had better luck,
 Who got his neck in two most cleanly cut.
 Thus Wallace rag'd and ramped, lion-like,
 And made the carles strangely fidge and fyke.
 No wonder for they got most grievous wounds,
 So desp'rately he claw'd their South'ron crowns :
 And tho' the gate with sword and spears they keep,
 He hew'd them down like heartless silly sheep :
 Yea, when they him environ'd round about,
 Quite thro' the press he suddenly broke out,
 Unto a wall, was built by the sea side,
 Where in his own defence he did abide.
 Till from the castle issu'd one and all,
 Got on a dyke, and then broke down the wall.
 No shift he had, but there to fight or die :
 Great numbers then he hew'd down hastily :
 So furiously out thro' the South'rons past.
 But oh ! his noble sword did burst at last ;
 Broke from the hilt, he knew of no remeed,
 Then stoutly drew his dagger out with speed.
 One there he kill'd, and other two he sent
 To death, the same way that the first chiel went.
 But at the last, his foes on ev'ry hand,
 They rudely rush with spears, and him command.
 Such was their pity, they forbid to slay,
 But starve with hunger, till he'd pine away.
 Thus they the sacred scriptures verify,
 The wicked's mercies are mere cruelty.
 With English now he's pris'ner gone at will ;
 Had he got help, he would have fought them still.
 To speak of ransom, that was all in vain,
 Because that day, so many he had slain.
 His trouble here, I scarcely can well tell,
His prison much resembled that of hell.
Such meat and drink as they to him allow,
Would kill and poison even a very sow.
But here I leave him in this doleful case,
Till providence shall order his release.

The woful weeping, and the piteous moan,
 Was made for him, would rend a heart of stone.
 No comfort here to dissipate their fears,
 Nought to be seen but pale cheeks stain'd with tears.
 Alas! said they, can life endure to see
 Wallace imprison'd by the enemy?
 The flow'r of youth, in sweet and tender age,
 Made subject to the cruel Saxon rage.
 Living this day, a Chieftain there is none
 Like the young Wallace; for it's he alone,
 That's capable of Scotland to take care,
 But now he's caught into the woful snare.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace was imprisoned at Ayr, and escaped.

HERRINGS and water, for his nourishment,
 And such sad stuff, to Wallace they present:
 Instead of what was wholesome cleanly food,
 Got the refuse of ev'ry thing was good.
 Thus in the prison, languishing he lay,
 Till death was pictur'd in his beauteous clay,
 His vital spirits almost spent and gone,
 Then to Jehovah made his piteous moan:
 Confess'd his sins, most humbly then implor'd
 Mercy thro' Christ, his Saviour and Lord.
 Then said, "my God, O please for to receive
 " My soul and body, I thee humbly crave.
 " For if relief thou do not quickly send,
 " My days in prison here I'll shortly end.
 " Please to prolong my days, O God, to me,
 " Since my belief is wholly upon thee:
 " Which by thy grace, thou graciously hast wrought,
 " And me from hell, by thine own blood hast bought.
 " Why wilt thou give thy handy work to those,
 " Who are our nation's, and my mortal foes?
 " And who maliciously this land abhor,
 " Would me destroy, with many others more?
 " O bruckle sword! thy metal was not true,
 " Thy frusking blade, me in this prison threw:
 " To Englishmen, o'er little harm thou's done,
 " Of gallant Scots, who kill'd so many a one.

"Of us indeed, they have not kill'd a few,
 "My valiant father, and bold brother too,
 "Were at Lochmabane kill'd by South'ron ;
 "But death resisted, sure can be by none.
 "This ancient kingdom, Lord, do thou relieve.
 "From English thralldom, and deliverance give.
 "Tho' now, O Lord, my power be gone indeed,
 "Yet King of kings, help thou and send remeed,
 "Of worldly comforts, now I take my leave,
 "I shall be shortly, where I shall not grieve :
 "Thus heartily to all I bid adieu,
 "None other gift have I to leave you now."

Adieu Wallace, that was both strong and stout,
 Long in this prison thou must lie no doubt ;
 Now all thy noble kindred, brave and bold,
 Thy freedom purchase cannot, no with gold.
 Thy tender mother, that in pain thee bore,
 In her soft arms shall ne'er inclose thee more !
 How seemly wast thou, with thy sword and shield,
 Then thou kill'd numbers on the bloody field ?

Complain ye poor, with reverence tell your tale :
 Complain to heaven with words that cannot fail :
 Lift up your voice to the great God above,
 That's full of mercy, pity, and of love.
 Complain for him, that sits in dismal cells,
 And in the melancholy dungeon dwells :
 With grief and pain, which he scarce can endure,
 Pray for relief, to the great God of pow'r.
 Complain ye birds that once were blyth and glad,
 Now change your notes, and hang the drooping head.
 Complain ye lords, complain ye ladies bright,
 Complain for him that worthy was and wight.
 Complain ye men of war, in mournful song,
 For him of Saxon's sons that suffers wrong.
 Complain for him, who lies both day and night,
 In prison for maintaining Scotland's right :
 Complain for him, who did most frequently,
 Sound up the triumph of our victory.

What shall I say of the brave Wallace more ?

*A cruel flux in prison, and a sore,
 Did then reduce him almost to last breath,
 And left him gasping in the jaws of death.*

The jailor's now commanded with great awe,
To bring him to the sentence of the law,
Who, when he view'd him, to his great surprise,
Thought death already had shut up his eyes.
In haste returns, and does report the news,
That he had paid both law and prison dues.
Persuaded thus, that he was very dead,
For Wallace now there was no more remed.
Being concluded by consent of all,
To throw him quickly o'er the castle-wall.
But providence which interposes oft,
Directs his fall into a place was soft ;
His nurse who liv'd in the New Town of AIR,
Hearing the news, with haste came running there.
And on her knees, with face as pale as clay,
Did purchase leave to bear his corps away.
With sorrow him unto her house she bore,
Then with warm water bath'd his body o'er :
His heart she found to flighter to and fro :
His eyes at last, they did cast up also.
Then on a bed she laid him, soft as silk,
And suckled him, with her own daughter's milk.
Her love to him, and tender care was such,
In a short time, he did recover much.
Thus secretly, she did him nurse and feed,
And made the word still pass, that he was dead.
She weeped fore in ev'ry body's sight,
Till he became both able, stout and tight.
Thomas the Rhymer, at that very time,
Who prophecy'd in ancient Scottish rhyme,
In Vulgar estimation, not the least,
Did pay a visit to the parish priest :
Whose servant had just at the market been,
And what befel poor Wallace there, had seen.
The priest does on his servant quickly call,
What news, said he ? Sir, few or none at all.
The priest said, that he never yet did know
The Scots and English part without a blow.
Good Wallace, quoth the lad ; and shook his head,
I saw them cast him o'er the wall for dead !
The priest replied, with a heavy heart,
For that I hope to see the South'ron smart.

Wallace was wight, and come of gentle blood ;
 Thomas, he said the tidings were not good.
 The priest said, surely they would foster feud :
 But Thomas said, that Wallace was not dead.
 The servant told, he saw a woman there,
 That did belong to the New Town of AIR ;
 Upon her knees, from South'ron purchase leave,
 To carry Wallace somewhere to his grave.
 Pensive a little, Thomas in his thought,
 By God, said he, that hath this world wrought,
 And brings to pass each thing for his own gloire,
 If he be dead, Thomas shall live no more
 The honest priest, hearing him speak so plain,
 He charg'd his servant to return again,
 To view the woman's house, and carefully
 To look about, what he could hear or spy.
 The servant thus in haste is gone away,
 Straight to the house, and place where Wallace lay.
 Who's this lies here, he did demand in plain ;
 The woman rose in sorrow, grief, and pain :
 The worthy Wallace, Oh ! replied she,
 Then weeped sore, and very piteously,
 She on her knees did pray, for JESUS sake,
 He would conceal, and no discovery make.
 The servant answer'd, with a fearful oath,
 That he to harm him would be very loath :
 Might he in life but see him with his eyes.
 He would rejoice, or curs'd might he be thrice.
 She, to good Wallace, led him up the stairs,
 There saw him gladly, and back soon repairs
 To Thomas, and his master, who attend,
 To hear the story all, from end to end.
 He told them, the first tidings were a lie,
 Then Thomas said, before that Wallace die,
 Out of this land, he shall the South'ron send,
 And thousands on the field make their last end.
 He Scotland thrice shall bring into great peace,
 And South'ron ay be frighted at his face.
*Then cheer up Scots, cast from you care and sloth,
 And pray believe what Thomas says is truth.
 When Wallace' actions we to light produce,
 'll find him not inferior to Bruce :*

But 'cause the Bruce was of our kingdom heir,
Wallace, therefore, with him we'll not compare.
Yet by his courage and his conduct wise,
As we have heard, he rescu'd Scotland thrice.
Unto the nation's universal joy,
The time he was the Balliol's viceroy.

C H A P. IV.

The Battle of Loudoun Hill.

NOW to my purpose, gladly I return,
Since I for Wallace need no longer mourn :
Who when he found himself in case to ride,
Thought it not safe, in New-Town to abide.
Then to the cruel South'rons great surprize,
Once more appears, them frights and terrifies :
His nurse, her daughter, child and family,
He first dispatch'd away to Ellerslie.
When they were gone, no weapon could he find
There, that could suit and please his anxious mind,
Except a sword, that in a nook did stand,
O'er-grown with rust, which he took in his hand.
He drew the blade, and found it could well bite,
Which pleas'd his fancy to a very mite.
Then blythly, said, " Faith thou shalt go with me,
" Till with a better I provided be."
To see his uncle, good Sir Rannald, then,
Fain would he go, but that the English men,
Who cunningly for him had laid the snare,
He fear'd might catch him in his journey there.
At Richardtown then longed for to be,
To get some horse, and armour quietly.
With all precaution, Wallace ventur'd fair,
Yet met three South'ron, riding into Air :
Long Castle bold, and with him yeomen two,
Wallace drew back and would not with them go.
At him they ride, and said dispitefully,
" Thou Scot abide, for sure thou art a spy :
" Or else some thief, that does not shew thy face,"
But Wallace answer'd with a modest grace,
" Sir, I am sick, for God's love let me be,

Long Castle said, " by George that shall not be.
 " Thy countenance prognosticks something odd,
 " To Air with me thou shalt travel the road :"
 Pull'd out a sword, that was of noble hew,
 His rusty sword, good Wallace also drew.
 Then with a single, but a dreadful blow,
 He clave his neck bone cleverly in two,
 The yeomen, then in haste soon lighted down,
 The first miss'd not a clink out o'er the crown.
 Which to the craig, a clean incision made,
 A brave performance by the rusty blade.
 The other fled, and durst no longer stay,
 He scar'd at blood, that was the reason why ;
 But Wallace quickly brought the culzeon back,
 And there gave him the whistle of his plack.
 Along his ribs he gave him such a rout,
 Till all his intrails, and his lungs hang out.
 Then took their horses, and their armour bright,
 Their noble weapons, clever, clean, and tight,
 And all their coin, syne on his horse he cocked,
 With gold and money jingling in each pocket.
 Then in great haste, he rode to Richardtown,
 A merry meeting was at's lighting down.
 Sir Richard he was there, that noble knight,
 Who mourning for him almost lost his sight.
 And his two sons, who never were so fain,
 As now, to see Wallace alive again.
 Sir Rannald also came to see him fast,
 The woman told at Crosby as they past,
 How Wallace scap'd ; Sir Rannald changed hews,
 He wanted faith to credit the good news.
 Till he him saw, he thought the time was long :
 But when they met, who can express with tongue,
 How him he has'd and kiss'd so tenderly,
 Till's very soul was in an extasy ?
 The tears of joy, which from his eyes did flow,
 Ere he could speak, a long time held him so ;
But at the last, most lovingly, said he,
Welcome dear nephew, welcome home to me.
Thanked be God, that hath this wonder wrought,
And safely out of prison hath thee brought.
His mother came, and kinsfolk not a few,

With joyful heart to know those tidings true.
 To Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wight,
 Wallace, he was a blyth and welcome fight.
 From ev'ry different art they crowd and come,
 To visit and to welcome Wallace home.
 Thanks be to God, who did to him dispense,
 So happy, kind, and good a providence.
 Here ends my second book, I say no more,
 But quietly I draw a second score.

 B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

*How Wallace reveng'd the slaughter of his Father, and of his
 Brother, on Loudon-Hill.*

NOW July deck'd in all her trim array,
 On hill and dale did fruits and flow'rs display,
 Blyth was each beast, that breaks the tender blade
 Of grass, or nibbles in the green wood shade.
 And store of fish came in at ev'ry firth,
 Most dainty cheer, and got with mickle mirth ;
 But Scotland all this while, sad skaith of wars,
 Oppress'd with want, in doleful case appears
 For many a day throughout this hurri'd land,
 No plough was drawn, but labour at a stand ;
 So that by August came, with lack of meat,
 Our folk with thin chaft blades, look'd unco' blate.
 But English men, who wanted not for gear,
 Were well hain'd callans, and had ay good cheer ;
 For to them duly, in good waggons came,
 All things to gust the gab, and cram the wame :
 Well fed they were ; nor wanted to propine,
 Among their friends ; but tisted canty wine.
 So cruce they grew, might no man them withstand,
 But as they lik'd, they rul'd o'er all this land.
 Till tidings came, that Wallace stout and fair,
 Had broke the prison in the town of AIR ;
 Which when they heard, they suddenly were cast
 Into the dumps, and stood right fore aghast.
 Earl Piercy too, when he had heard this tale,
 E'en thol'd the loss, as he had tint his kail ;

And thus he spoke, " I meikle dread that we,
 " My merry men, this doleful day shall dree.
 " For if so be that Wallace is not fast,
 " From Edward's yoke he'll free this land at last.
 " So prophecies of old long time have said,
 " As they inform, who antique legends read ;
 " As tho' of legends we, and spells might doubt,
 " Yet well the lown I ken, and ken him stout
 " And think it better, since better may not be,
 " To fleech him off, with gold and land in fee :
 " Would he stand steadfast for King Edward, then
 " Might all the land be rul'd by English men.
 " By force, his late escaping lets us see,
 " Not to be dung or vanquished is he."

Thus they, forfooth ; to Wallace we return :
 Sore thravn was he, and did with anger burn.
 In Richardtown no longer would he bide,
 For friends advice, or ought that might betide.
 So when they saw their counsel all was tint,
 They let him take his will, and forth he went,
 To 'venge him, if he might upon the plain,
 On South'ron blood that had his kindred slain.
 Sir Richard had three sons, as has been told,
 Adam, Richard, and Simeon, brave and bold :
 The eldest, Adam, might no man him flee,
 So stout, tho' aged but eighteen was he ;
 Of person large, right hardy, wise and wight :
 Thereafter, good king Robert made him knight.
 For in the Bruce's wars his trusty arm,
 On Englishmen had oft wrought meikle harm.
 This valiant squire with Wallace forth did ride,
 Into the field, and so did Robert Boyd,
 A canty carle, who scorn'd, he was so cruce,
 The English yoke, nor with their king made truce.
 Cleland was there, who was of Wallace' blood,
 And had with him full oft in peril stood,
 And Edward Little, his sister's son so dear ;
 A goodly gang, all graith'd in armour clear.
*Accouter'd thus, from Richardtown they rode,
 To Mauchline moor, but short time their abode ;
 For friends inform'd them that in bondage were,
 low Fenwick straight was coming on to Air,*

With waggon loads of victual, and rich spoil,
 And good purvey, they brought them from Carlisle.
 This Wallace heard, a blyth man then was he,
 And inly grain'd at bloody game to be.
 To Loudoun, then, they tryted straicht to ride,
 And in a shaw, a little there beside,
 They lodged them, and seeing it was night,
 Kept watch from gloaming until the morning light.
 A good true Scot, who kept a stabling there,
 By Loudoun hill, a true Scot, late and air,
 Frae be't he saw them, came within a blink,
 And brought them wealth of meat and tosie drink;
 Syne told them how the carriage men in haste,
 Had sent for tiders, who to Air had past,
 Leaving the rest with pow'r of great avail,
 Who were by then, he trou'd in Annandale.
 Then Wallace said, we must not sojourn here,
 Nor change our weeds, but wear our ilk day gear.
 For ay since from his prison he got free,
 A summer weed, was all the weed had he,
 Harness except, which still he bore for life,
 To work his will in case of sudden strife:
 A good habergion cover'd with his gown,
 Was in his hand, a steel cap on his crown.
 Two gloves of plate, his hands did guard full well;
 Close was his doublet, and the collar steel,
 His face when he came in among strange folk,
 He held it best to hide within his cloak,
 Else in the battle, it was ever bare.
 On foot no champion might with him compare,
 So strong he was, so terrible and sture:
 His dreadful dints were gruesome to endure.
 More did they set, if Wallace had been tane,
 Than if a hundred South'ron lowns were slain.
 These worthy Scots, would now no longer stay:
 To Loudoun hill they past by break of day,
 Devis'd the place, and loose their horses turn,
 And thought to win, or never home return.
 Two scouts they sent, to visit well the plain,
But they right soon returned in again,
Reporting, how the foes were coming fast:
Then quickly on the ground, they all them cast.

Praying with humble heart, the God of might,
 Them to protect, and Scotland's broken right.
 In harness bright, they graith'd them readily,
 Nor flinch'd there one of all the company.
 Said Wallace then, here was my father slain,
 And brother dear, which doth me meikle pain ;
 So shall myself aveng'd be on that head,
 The traitor here, that caus'd the felon-deed.

No longer tarrying, now with hearty will,
 Incontinent, they hy'd them up the hill,
 Fenwick the knight the convoy did command,
 And meikle dole had he wrought in the land.
 The sun was up, and dight in bright array,
 When Englishmen saw them upon the brae.
 Them as he saw, said Fenwick to his men,
 Yon Wallace is, for well the lowa I ken.
 Tho' he so lately did our prison break,
 Soon gripp'd again, he's no have leave to crack.
 His head, I ken, would better please our king,
 Than gold, or land, or any earthly thing.
 With carriage, he his servants bade bide still,
 Then with the lave he thought to work his will.
 Ninescore he led, in harness burnish'd bright ;
 And fifty were with Wallace in the right.
 Unrebuted the South'ron were in weir,
 And fast they came, full awful in effer.
 A dyke of stones they had quite round them made,
 And proudly there, with great rampaging rade.
 The Scots on foot, the pass took them before ;
 The South'ron saw there courage was the more.
 In prideful ire, they thought o'er them to ride ;
 But not as they did wish, it chanc'd that tide.
 For Scots on foot great room about them made,
 With prancing spears, and sore upon them laid.
 The South'ron, who were arm'd in plates of steel,
 That day did reckon to avenge them weel.
 And rudely on their horse about them rade,
 That scarce with ease upon their feet they bade.
*Wallace the foremost met so fell and keen,
 The wayward spear went through his body clean,
 Then swords were drawn, both heavy, sharp, and lang,
 On either side full cruelly they dang.*

A fore assailzie then there might be seen,
 Of horse and men, as e'er was on the green.
 The Englishmen, who were expert in weir,
 Thought by main force, the Scots quite down to bear,
 And with their horse environ'd them about,
 That of the day they made no longer doubt.
 But our men stoutly to their orders stood,
 And dy'd the field that day with South'ron blood.
 Fenwick their captain, dight in glitt'ring gear,
 Did on a prancing steed that day appear ;
 Forth to the thickest fight, he hies him fast,
 And syne his spear with dreadful fury cast.
 A cruel chiel he was and unco keen ;
 Of Wallace' father he the death had been,
 And brother also, whom he held so dear,
 Who, when he saw the traitor knight was near,
 Outragious as a hungry lion grew,
 And at full speed to claw his noddle flew ;
 Syne at the lown, a fearful fleg let flee,
 That from his rumple shear'd away his thigh.
 Ere he was dead, a throng came in so fast,
 Poor Robert Boyd was almost smoor'd at last.
 Wallace was near, and turned in again,
 To rescue him then chas'd them thro' the plain :
 The remnant follow'd after them full fast,
 And drove the South'ron, till they were aghast,
 There Adam Wallace heir of Richardtown,
 And Beaumont strake a squire of much renown,
 Right belly slaught, so that withouten mair,
 The burnish'd weapon him in sunder share.
 Some English yet, altho' their chief was slain,
 Them still abode, as men of meikle main ;
 Where Wallace was, their deed was little ken'd,
 Tho' they did all themselves for to defend.
 For he behav'd himself so worthily,
 With Robert Boyd, and all their chivalry,
 That not a South'ron ere ev'en-tide,
 Might any longer in that stour abide ;
 But thought their part was plainly for to flee,
 Which ev'en as many did, as could win free.
 An hundred at this brilliment were kill'd ;
 Three yeomen Wallace left upon the field

Two were of Kyle : and one of Cuningham,
 Who left to follow Wallace their own hame ;
 Of Englishmen fourscore escap'd that day,
 Leaving their convoy to the Scots a prey,
 Who there got wealth of gold ; and other gear,
 Harness and horse, and things of use in weir.
 The English knaves, they made the carriage lead
 To Clyde's green wood, till they were out of dread,
 Syne fair and fast with widdies they them band,
 To boughs of trees, and hang'd them out of hand.
 None did they spare that able was for weir ;
 But priests and women they did ay forbear.
 When this was done, full blyth they went to dine ;
 For they no scant of victual had, or wine.
 Ten score of harness horse, they got that day,
 Beside good provender and other prey.

The South'ron now, who from the field did fly,
 With sorrow to the town of Air they hie
 There to Lord Piercy, dolefully relate
 Their sad disaster, and unsonsy fate,
 What skaith he got, and who were slain in fight ;
 And how his men were hang'd by Wallace wight.
 Said Peircy then, if Wallace long we bear,
 Out of this land he shall exile us clear.
 Certes, when lately he our prisoner was,
 O'er slothfully our keeper let him pass.
 Not safe ev'n in this fortress shall we be,
 Since now our victual, we must bring by sea.
 Besides it grieves me, for our men so true,
 Our kin, the day that we came here may rue.

C H A P. II.

How the Englishmen made peace with Wallace.

WHEN Wallace now had vanquish'd in the field,
 The traitor false, that had his father kill'd,
 And brother, alas ! that brave and worthy knight,
 With many more, that all were men of might ;
 He caus'd provide, and distribute their store,
 To go on new exploits, and purchase more.
 In Clyde's green wood, they did sojourn three days ;
 To South'ron might adventure in those ways.

Death did they thole, durst in their gate appear ;
 And Wallace word did travel far and near.
 When it was heard he living was again,
 The Englishmen thereof had meikle pain.
 Earl Piercy straight to Glasgou did him fare,
 And of wise lords a council summon'd there.
 And tho' they had ten thousand men or more,
 Would yet no chieftain out on Wallace go,
 So did they dread the carle. Then did devise,
 How they by wylie gaits might him surprife.
 Sir Aymer Vallance, that false knight and strong,
 In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among ;
 He said, my lords, my counsel I'll propone,
 Which if ye take, ye meikle skaith shall shun ;
 Peace must be made withouten more delay,
 Or he more wicked pranks than these will play.
 Lord Piercy said, with him no truce can be,
 A carle so haughty, and so fell is he.
 More mischief he will do before he blin ;
 For South'ron blood to shed, he thinks no sin.
 Repli'd Sir Aymer, truce ye sorely need ;
 Thereafter ye may find out some remeed.
 I think 'twere best, so gentle he's and true,
 To try what good his kin with him can do.
 This matter bid Sir Rannald take in hand,
 With his nevoy, or forfeit all his land,
 Until such time as he the work hath wrought.
 Sir Rannald straight was to the council brought,
 Where him they charg'd with Wallace peace to gain,
 Or he in London, prisoner should remain.
 Sir Rannald said, my lords, ye know right well,
 For my advice he will not do a deal.
 His worthy kin ye cruelly have slain,
 And caus'd himself in prison thole much pain.
 How think you then he'll do this thing for me,
 Now he's at large, although you cause me die.
 Lord Piercy then did speak Sir Rannald fair ;
 Make but this peace, thou sheriff art of Ayr,
 And if the bus'ness can accomplish'd be,
 Under my seal, I shall be bound to thee,
 That Englishmen shall do him no distress,
 Nor any Scot withouten due redress.

Sir Rannald knew, he could not them gainstand,
 So undertook what Piercy did command ;
 Piercy, who true and valiant still had been,
 And mild in peace, altho' in battle keen.

Hy'd then Sir Rannald to the woods of Clyde,
 Where Wallace wight did with his men abide ;
 With whom foregathering, as to dine he went,
 He sat him down, and shar'd their merriment,
 And feasted was with dainties rare and fine ;
 King Edward's self drunk never better wine.
 'Then after meat, his errand he declar'd,
 And how, unless he came, he would have far'd ;
 Nevoy, said he, part of my counfel take,
 And for a season, truce with South'rons make ;
 To bear their yoke, that would indeed be sin,
 Who are so set to ruin all thy kin.

'Then Wallace said, unto his men shall be
 No peace, unless ye better like than me.
 Said Boyd, before this worthy knight should fall,
 I think, 'twere best make peace, though fore it gall.
 For that advice, Cleland put in his word ;
 And Adam, heir of Richardtown, concurr'd :
 As they agreed, did Wallace peace proclaim,
 In hopes within few months to gain his aim.
 Then leave they took full sadly on the plain,
 Praying they might in safety meet again.

Each went his way ; and Wallace bound to ride,
 To Crosbie with Sir Rannald to abide.
 In August's pleasant month was cri'd this peace ;
 And Mars and Juno their contentions cease ;
 Saturn grew mild ; and all the stars above,
 Gave place to Venus, gentle queen of love.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace slew the Buckler Player in the Town of Ayr.

BUT Wallace wight, still tholing in his breast
 His country's wrongs, at Crosbie could not rest,
 Much did he grane in travel for to be,
 And sorely long'd the town of Ayr to see.
 So with Sir Rannald passing on a day,
 Fifteen he took, and to the town went they.

Disguis'd they went, and in the gate they saw,
 An English fencer at the weapon shaw ;
 There as he stood, his buckler in his hand,
 Wallace near by a looker on did stand.
 Lightly he said, Seot, dar'st thou 'sye a stroke ?
 Quoth Wallace, yea, gin thou dar'st with me yoke,
 Smite on, he said, thy nation I defy :
 Wallace therewith a fleg at him let fly ;
 The sword so fell was on the buckler cast,
 Clear through his harns it to his shoulder past,
 Lightly returning to his men again,
 The women made a din, our fencer's slain.
 The man is dead, what need's there of words mair ?
 Fell men of arms, then round him 'sembled there.
 Eight score at once upon sixteen they set,
 But Wallace quickly with the foremost met,
 And lent him with good will a fearful blow,
 That through the helmet shatter'd all his pow.
 Syne struck another so, the breast aboon,
 The sword went clear throughout th' unsonsy lown,
 Great room he made, so did his trusty men,
 Till many a seekful chiel that day was slain.
 For they were wight and well train'd up in weir,
 On Englishmen right boldly did they bear.
 Great slaughter of the enemies they made ;
 Their hardy chief so well about him laid ;
 Till from the castle new recruits they spy'd ;
 Which Wallace seeing, wisely turn'd aside,
 Thinking it safest to evite surprife ;
 For he in war was not more wight than wise.
 Then through the throng as by main force he past,
 Their harns and heads asunder hew'd he fast.
 Himself return'd the hindmost in the rear,
 Till he had brought his men quite out of fear :
 Then to their horse they went, thereafter rode
 For better safety to the Lagland wood.
 Twenty and nine they fell in that day's feed,
 Of South'ron men that nevel'd were to dead.
 The remnant to the town did flee amain,
 Cursing the peace with Wallace they had tane.
 Earl Piercy at the heart was sorely griev'd,
 To find his men thus wofully mischiev'd.

Three of his kinsmen, whom he held full dear,
 Were slain that fatal day in armour clear.
 Great moan he made, then to Sir Rannald sent
 A herald, charging him incontinent,
 Wallace to keep from market town and fair,
 (Skaith to prevent) where South'ron did repair.
 The South'ron knew, it Wallace was alone,
 That them on this mischance had overthrown ;
 And therefore kept the truce made on their word,
 And liv'd with other Scots in good accord.

Now Wallace on a night, from Lagland rade
 To Crosbie, where the knight his uncle bade.
 Upon the morn, by it was peep of day,
 Came in Sir Rannald where wight Wallace lay,
 Shew'd him the writ Earl Piercy to him sent,
 And did intreat, that he would give consent,
 To do no skaith to any English born,
 Until the truce were ended which was sworn.
 Said Wallace, nought of harm 's be done by me,
 That you may grieve, while I abide with thee.
 His uncle with him then accorded was,
 And bade him welcome there his time to pass.
 There did he bide the space of seventeen days,
 Obey'd in ilka thing that might him please.
 But in his mind remain'd another thing ;
 Nor could he rest him, though he were a king ;
 Till he his friends, and native land might see,
 From thraldom, and proud English lowns set free.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace won the Peel of Gargunnoch.

'T WAS now September crown'd with fruits and core
 For sustenance of ev'ry creature born,
 When many English peers of high renown,
 In council did convene at Glasgow town.
*Behov'd Sir Rannald Crawford then be there ;
 For he of right was sheriff born of Ayr
 With him his nephew William Wallace went,
 And only servants three, that their intent.*

Might not misconstru'd by proud South'rons stand,
 And thereby bring new mischiefs on the land.
 But long they on their journey had not been,
 Ere Piercy's baggage passing by was seen.
 Five men, that were its convoy, march'd beside,
 Of these, two walk'd on foot, and three did ride.
 With tedious journey now their horse were tir'd,
 So they Sir Rannald's from his men requir'd ;
 Which mildly when refus'd, with might and main,
 They robb'd these honest Scots upon the plain.
 This Wallace saw, and sorely griev'd was he,
 Such mischief wrought upon his men to see.
 But mindful how his uncle did engage
 His word, he now restrain'd his deadly rage :
 Yet from his party, presently withdrew,
 Burning with anger, and revenge in view,
 To lie in wait for the rapacious breed,
 Who thus had perpetrate this foul misdeed.
 Near to Cathcart did he them overtake,
 And rudely straightway in among them brake.
 A burnish'd blade that tide did he unsheath.
 Which none provok'd, that e'er evited death ;
 There foreman first, with such good will he gave,
 That hat and head together off he drave.
 Syne on the ground, two of his comrades laid,
 The others fled discomfit, and afraid.
 While Wallace seizing on their gold and gear
 And passing Clyde, got into Lennox clear.
 Leaving his friends, his absence to lament,
 With Wallace to pass on is our intent.
 To Malcolm then of Lennox, mighty Earl,
 His way he took this Chief, the Scottish pearl.
 The Earl receiv'd him in a courteous way,
 And much entreated still with him to stay,
 Off'ring that he his men should all command ;
 But Wallace grieving for his native land,
 Resolv'd what store of men he might to raise,
 To combat in the field for Scotland's praise.
 Stephen of Ireland, exil'd from his home,
 Did there into a league with Wallace come.
 So did Faudon, a man of dreadful size,
 Of threatening aspect, and iniquious eyes :

Seldom he smil'd, was gruefome to the fight :
 And blood and batt'ry were his sole delight.
 With these and sixty more, went Wallace forth,
 Their valiant march directing to the north.
 Full in their way, upon Gargunnoch hill,
 The South'ron bands had fortifi'd a peel,
 With chambers meet, and hall commodious built ;
 And strength of men, and store of victual fill'd.
 Wallace this piece determin'd to take in,
 Could it be sily done withouten din.
 Spies having sent, and finding all was right,
 Resolv'd on th' enterprife that very night.
 His hardy men at arms were sent before
 To break a bar that held the outmost door.
 But they in vain to break it did essay,
 Till Wallace, fretting at the long delay,
 Came on himself, and with a furious shock,
 The bar and steeple all in flinders broke,
 Syne open drave the gate, and there withal,
 Came tumbling down three ell breadth of the wall.
 Much marvel did his men, who saw this storm,
 And him do more than twenty could perform,
 The passage clear'd into the house they rush'd,
 And all that did oppose before them push'd.
 A watch man had a felon staff of steel,
 Wherewith he Wallace thought at once to kill ;
 But he recoiling with a little pains,
 Soon rest it from him, then dang out his brains.
 The captain syne he in the throng did meet,
 And with the staff soon laid him at his feet.
 His men pursuing, slaughter'd all the lave ;
 No men at arms they order'd were to save.
 Women and bairns he would not doom to die.
 But let them safely pass unhurt and free :
 The gold and wealth the soldiers prey became ;
 But Wallace fought for Scotland, and for fame.
 Sojourning here four days, the val'rous crew,
 Upon the fifth, northward their march pursue ;
 The Teth they cross'd, and the clear running Ern,
 The motions of their South'ron foes to learn :
 In Methwin forest choose their next retreat,
 And for the hunting there, had store of meat.

Wallace was pleas'd he now a place had found,
 here for his men, provisions did abound :
 here now at rest, refresh themselves they might,
 or more be forc'd at once to fast and fight.
 Not for himself, no dainty fare he sought,
 did his country's cares possess his thought ;
 wet or dry, was still with him the same,
 and cold and hunger welcome, if they came.
 did he grieve for Scotland's woful case ;
 and such his hatred to the South'ron race.

C H A P. II.

*Wallace pass'd to St. Johnstoun, slew the Captain,
 and won Kinclavin.*

NOW Wallace grieving idle thus to be,
 Resolv'd at length St Johnstoun for to see,
 seven men went with him, graith'd in armour clear,
 the rest he left to Stephen of Ireland's care.
 Changing his name, he entrance soon obtain'd ;
 he heard himself miscall'd, and sore disdain'd.
 Not well dissembling his intent he chose
 a young maiden's mansion to live close :
 a gentle loving creature, mild and meek,
 he often squeez'd his hand, and clap'd his cheek ;
 from her he learn'd how things with South'rons went ;
 he say to do them skaith, his will was bent,
 when he heard, an aged cruel knight,
 Kinclavin kept, a castle wondrous wight.
 And of the tale, he straightway did repair
 to Methwin wood, among his comrades there.
 He drew them up, and march'd in good array,
 along the green and bonny banks of Tay.
 He approach'd the castle silently and slow,
 that of his coming South'rons might not know.
 But they within, fearful of sudden harms,
 were quickly all a stir, and up in arms.
 Then did a fierce and cruel fight ensue,
 never was maintain'd among so few.
 Not Wallace still the foremost of the fray,
 he gave the English lowns, right Scotsman's play.

Oft did he pierce their battle thro' and thro',
 And at each onset, many hack'd and flew.
 Buder himself, came Wallace to withstand,
 But who could grapple Wallace hand to hand?
 Sore did the knight the rash adventure rue:
 For with one stroke, his head in sunder flew.
 Their chieftain slain, the remnant English fled,
 Behind them leaving threescore soldiers dead.
 The castle yielding, after some short stay,
 They set on fire, then brought their gear away.
 Syne Wallace wisely all his men withdraws,
 And lodges safely in the Short wood Shaws.

C H A P. III.

Short Wood Shaws.

TH E English then, that in St. Johnstoun lay,
 Soon hearing of this fierce and fatal fray,
 Vowing revenge, a thousand men of weir,
 Sent towards the wood, right awful in effeir.
 These partly, Sir John Butler did command,
 A valiant chief, as any in the land.
 Seeking on Wallace well aveng'd to be,
 Who at Kinclavin, caul'd his father die.
 The like sought Loran who from Gowrie came:
 For th' umquhile Sir James Butler was his aim.
 Into the Shaw, their men came pouring in,
 Archers and spearmen, with a dreadful din.
 But Wallace undismay'd so plac'd his crew,
 Best to defend themselves, for they were few
 Then did a fell and bloody flour begin,
 As scarce before on Tay was ever seen.
 Such deeds were wrought, as truly 'twere a crime,
 Them to describe in our unlearned rhyme.
 How arms met arms, and swords went clisshy clash,
 For rural lays to sing, would be too rash.
 Of Wallace is my chief intent to speak,
 Much did he toil, and oft their ranks did break.
*Upon young Butler lighting at the length,
 Against him sole he guided all his strength;
 A manful stroke at him then letting flee,
 Defended underneath a bowing tree,*

The branch came down so weighty on his head,
 As in an instant fell'd the chieftain dead.
 Loran to see his friend so fall was wo,
 So flew on Wallace an enraged foe.
 But he defending with his awful blade,
 Dead at his feet, the doughty younker laid.
 The worthy Scots did nobly all that day,
 And drove their foes with shame at length away.
 Seven of their number fell in fight, no more ;
 But of the South'ron race at least six score.
 Now fearing lest their foes should gather new
 Recruits, and them with num'rous bands pursue,
 To Methwin wood they went ere it was dark,
 And thence retreated into Elchoke park.

C H A P. IV.

How Wallace was sold to the Englishmen by his Leman.

HERE while they tarri'd Wallace took a bee
 Into his head, that maiden for to see,
 Of whom we spoke before : a friar's gown,
 He to disguise his personage puts on.
 Then hies him to St. Johnstoun might and main ;
 To meet the dame, he was so wondrous fain.
 There having past a night in wanton play,
 He made a tryst to come another day,
 Mean time the South'rons did corrupt the maid
 With gold, to have him, w^hen he came betray'd.
 According to his tryst, he came in haste,
 Incontinent into her chamber past.
 What they did there, who reads, may rightly spell,
 And certes 'twere unmeet for me to tell.
 Their dalliance past, it smote the damsel's mind,
 To lose a love so trusty and so kind,
 With bitter wailings, then to him made known
 The case, and pray'd him quickly to be gone.
 Her crime he pardon'd with a loving kiss,
 Wip'd off her tears, nor took her fault amiss.
 Then straightway putting on her fema'e weed,
 Betakes him to the gate with utmost speed ;
 Pass'd unsuspect'd by all the watch but twain,
 Who wonder'd much at such a sturdy quean.

Him they pursu'd, till getting out of cry,
 He faces him about, their strength to try ;
 Pulls out a brand, was hid beneath his weed,
 And laid upon them, till they both were dead.
 Then hastes him to his men, he left behind,
 Such hazard is in trusting woman kind.

B O O K V.

How Wallace escaped out of St. Johnston, past to Elchoke Park, and killed Faudon. Past to Lochmabane. How he won the Castle of Crawford, and kill'd the Captain thereof.

COLD Winter now his hoary aspect shows,
 Frost bound the glebe, whilst Boreas fiercely blows ;
 Sweeping the snow along the rising hills,
 Which ev'ry glen, and slanting hollow fills :
 Cold grew the beams of the far distant sun,
 And day was done, ere it was well begun.
 Long, dark and hateful, was the gloomy night,
 Uncomfortable to each banish'd wight :
 Who durst not trust a roof to hide their head,
 But sculk from hill to hill, with cautious dread.
 Brave Wallace having plac'd his sentries right,
 Deem'd it not safe to leave his hold that night :
 For after his escape, full well he knew,
 His disappointed en'mies would pursue :
 And so it happen'd. After they made search,
 Finding him gone, they arm'd and made their march,
 Amidst the throng, his subtile miss with speed,
 Convey'd herself away, and sav'd her head ;
 Whilst they enrag'd the South Inch way have tane,
 Where their two men, they found by Wallace slain.
 Six hundred strong they were, well arm'd and bold,
 Who round beset our champion in his hold,
 A hound they had of wondrous bloody scent,
 Would trace the slayer's steps, where'er he went :
A guard he had. The rest the wood beset,
Looking on Wallace now as in a net ;

Around the strength. Sir Gerard Heron lay,
 While with three hundred, Butler made his way,
 Into the wood, where valiant Wallace stood,
 In shining arms, few were his men, but good :
 Not one to seven. Now past their power to fly,
 Resolv'd to cut their way, or bravely die ;
 The hardy Chief, unsheath'd his conqu'ring sword,
 Besought the aid of heav'n, then gave the word.
 Fiercely he met his bold attacking foes,
 And quick as light'ning dealt his fatal blows :
 With horrid din, the temper'd edges clash,
 On coats of steel, whence hasty sparkles flash ;
 But massy armour, and defensive shield,
 Must to the nervous arm of Wallace yield.
 Like a swoll'n current, rushing from a hill,
 Which does with wreck, the lower valleys fill :
 Thus thro' the martial press, he made a lane,
 Who durst oppose, no sooner did than slain :
 Forty of which infatuately bold,
 With gaping wounds, upon the earth lay cold :
 Thrice five there fell of Scots men, brave and true,
 Too great the loss, when good men were so few.
 Our martial Hero, thus cuts out his way,
 His men with hasty strides made towards Tay,
 Thinking to pass, but the attempt was vain :
 Rather, said he, let's die upon the plain,
 Than sink one single drop of Scottish blood,
 Without revenge, in the relentless flood.
 Then with new courage, in defence they stand,
 For Butler in array, was near at hand.
 Bathed in blood, and panting for revenge,
 Hastily they meet again, and deaths exchange :
 The youthful captain of the Scots in ire,
 Us'd to the wars, exerts his glorious fire,
 Runs thro' the croud, mows them down like grass,
 Whilst he invulnerable stands like brass.
 But many of his few with grief he spi'd,
 Whose gushing wounds, their shields and coats had di'd :
 No way he thought on could bring them relief,
 Unless the downfall of the South'ron chief :
 Him keen he fought, thro' throngs, from place to place :
 Butler, tho' bold, declin'd to see his face.

Amidst strong guards, beneath an aged oak,
 Evited at this time, the fatal stroke
 Stephen Ireland here, and faithful Kierly, shew'd,
 Their valour brave, and firm by Wallace stood :
 Upon the ground, at this bout, sixty more,
 Of English slain, lay welt'ring in their gore :
 Nine more of Scots were of warm life bereft,
 And only sixteen now with Wallace left.
 Who got clear off, whilst Butler's wearied rout,
 Confus'dly fled, 'twixt parties they got out.
 The Englishmen not knowing where they went,
 Set the sloth hound upon the bloody scent;
 With nose aground, closely the did pursue,
 Till soon both parties were in others view ;
 The enemy pursued on courfers fleet,
 While the brave Scots depend on nimble feet :
 Of rising ground, they had two miles in length,
 Before they could arrive at any strength ;
 Good hope they had for day is now expir'd,
 But to their grief ill fated Faudon tir'd.
 Wallace was loath to leave him on the way,
 Left to approaching foes he'd fall a prey,
 Urg'd him t'exert his strength, with words of love,
 But all in vain, no further would he move :
 The Chief enrag'd, his sword with fury drew,
 And at one stroke the lagging traitor flew ;
 Backward, a lifeless headless lump he lay,
 While the twin'd head babbled its life away.
 Just was the act, he was a villain found,
 Useful in this, his blood would stop the hound.
 Sure proof of falsehood, short way had they gone,
 In prime of years, strong muscles clad each bone.
 Him thus dispatch'd, Wallace his followers cheers.
 Then sprung the mountain swift as bounding deers.
 Ireland, mean time, and gallant Kierly stood,
 Eastward of Dupline, in a scroggy wood :
 By this the stars were twinkling from on high,
 From every opening of the cloudy sky.
 Soon as the English came where Faudon lay,
 The blood hound ceas'd to track the fier's way ;
 Nor farther mov'd, her scent now being sunk,
 In this new stream of blood her nose had drunk :

And now they deem'd, that the despairing Scots,
 Had fighting been, and cut each others throats.
 Kierly and Stephen, unknown, mixt with the croud,
 That press'd about, and Faudon's body view'd,
 And as Sir Gerard bow'd to take a look,
 Kierly a dagger in his bosom struck,
 Beneath his armour, upward gave the wound,
 And brought this leader staggering to the ground.
 Soon as his men the accident esp'd,
 Treason around, with mournful shrieks they cri'd.
 Justly convinc'd that this audacious blow,
 Was given by Wallace' self or such a foe.
 'Midst their confusion, aided by the gloom,
 The two brave Scots escap'd impending doom.

With grief and madness, Butler's colour chang'd,
 As he saw gasping, Heron unreveng'd.
 Part of his host he sent, t'inter the slain,
 Some to the woods dispatch'd, some to the plain,
 Whilst he himself with a strong party lay,
 To guard the passes, till returning day.

Good Wallace, ever careful of his train,
 Missing his two brave men, was fill'd with pain ; }
 For much he fear'd they taken were or slain.
 After vain search, into the wood he past
 And safely at Gaskhall arriv'd at last :
 Flint gave 'em fire, and hunger made 'em bold,
 To take two wedders from a neighb'ring fold,
 On which they supp'd. Meanwhile they heard a blast
 Of a loud horn, at which they stood aghast !
 Two were dispatch'd to learn who blew this horn,
 And long they waited for the spy's return.
 The noise continu'd still, and drew more near,
 The horrid din disturb'd the chieftain's ear.
 Two more he sent, but none return'd again ;
 Which fill'd his doubtful mind with rage and pain.
 The other nine he sent them, one by one,
 To find the rest : thus was he left alone.

The awful sound increas'd still more and more, }
 Louder and louder swell'd the dreadful roar,
 Which made him tremble who ne'er shook before.
But soon his dauntless sword he did collect,
Then, sword in hand, with daring front erect,

Mov'd to the gate ; where, to his odd surprize,
 The frightful Faudon stood before his eyes,
 Holding his bloody head in his right hand !
 Soon Wallace drew a cross, and made a stand.
 At him the apparition threw its head,
 But Wallace caught it by the hair with speed,
 And threw it back. Yet dreadful was his fright ;
 For well he knew, it was some hellish spright,
 That mock'd his sword. Straight up the stairs he flew,
 And soon himself out of a window threw.
 Silence up the river hastily he ran,
 Never so affrighted since he was a man.
 Backward he turn'd his eyes, from whence he came,
 And thought he saw the tow'r all in a flame,
 While on the top, did frightful Faudon stand,
 With a prodigious rafter in his hand.

But whether vested with compacted air,
 In Faudon's shape some demon did appear,
 Or, if the ling'ring soul, expell'd with pain,
 Strove to reanimate the corpse again,
 Leave we to those, who with unweari'd eye,
 Explore the latent depths of dark philosophy.

And now, his followers lost, the mournful Chief
 Stood wilder'd in his thought, o'erwhelm'd with grief ;
 Darkling he took his way, depriv'd of rest,
 While black ideas rankled in his breast.
 His soul was in amaze, nor could he find
 What heav'n's by this mysterious scene design'd.
 Yet still his rage, the distant en'my fought,
 And fierce revenge boil'd up in ev'ry thought.
 As thus he roam'd with clashing doubts oppress'd,
 That tore his soul, and battl'd in his breast ;
 Gay morn awakes, and with enliv'ning ray,
 Smiles on the world, and guides the rising day.
 Butler, invited by the smiling scene,
 Forsook his bed, and fought the plains unseen :
 There view'd how pensive Wallace all alone,
Incessant sigh'd, and made a piteous moan ;
And rightly guessing that he was a foe,
Demands his business with contracted brow,
Nor stopt ; but spurring quick his fiery horse,
Vith rapid haste precipitates his course.

Wallace unmov'd, th' impetuous shock sustains,
 And awful joy his gloomy brow serenes.
 Straight rising to the blow, he aim'd a wound,
 And brought his en'my stagg'ring to the ground.
 Now seiz'd his horse, mounted, and with loose reins,
 Forsook the place, and shot across the plains.

A soldier view'd his hapless leader's fate,
 With ardent eyes, and kindling into hate,
 Wing'd forth his spear, that whistled in the wind,
 Drove o'er the knight, and miss'd the mark assign'd;
 But now the enemy, with superior might,
 Besets the roads, and intercepts his flight.
 Collecting all himself, brave Wallace stood,
 Saw how they rag'd and panted after blood;
 And drew his sword, that with tempestuous sway,
 Dealt fate around, and cut a sanguine way.
 Three prostrate on the plain, of sense bereft,
 And stiff'ning into death the victor left:
 The tainted grass imbibes the flowing blood,
 That gush'd amain, and ting'd the ambient flood.

But as a torrent with impetuous pride,
 From some steep mountain pours its rapid tide,
 Then swell'd by meeting riv'lets rolls amain,
 With tenfold roar and swallows up the plain;
 So with successive troops the foe renew'd,
 Condense apace, and thicken to a crowd.
 The Chief retires, intrepid and serene,
 While twenty foes unsoul'd, adorn the fatal scene.
 Fearless he inches back. His sword on high,
 Refulgent, flaming, adverse to the sky,
 Still ey'd his enemies, with greedy view,
 And, Parthian like, still wounded as he flew.
 And now the foes no more enflame the war,
 But roar in fainter sounds, and menace from afar.
 The panting knight now ceas'd from warlike care,
 Reclines supine, and breathes the cooling air.
 Now had the night assum'd her still command,
 And spread her sable conquests o'er the land;
 Darkness alone sat low'ring all around,
 And more than midnight horror cloth'd the ground.
 Our Hero, weak and faint, pursues his way,
 Involv'd in gloom, without one glimpse of day.

The dreary wilds, with fens and mire o'erspread,
 Retard his passage, and his steps mislead.
 His horse grown restive, and o'ercome with pain,
 Fell giddy to the ground, and press'd the plain.
 Wallace on foot toils out his lonesome path,
 Now plung'd in fens, now lost in rising heath.
 Reviv'd by Heav'n, at length to Forth he came,
 That through the country rolls its awful stream.
 Circling it runs, and with majestic pride,
 Into old Ocean, disembogues its tide.
 Upon the gloomy margin Wallace stood
 Alone, and fearless plung'd into the flood.
 With nervous arms, he stems the surging waves,
 Dashes the tide, and all its horrors braves.
 His well tri'd sword cuts out a liquid path,
 And guides his course through watry scenes of death.
 Fainting, he made the land ; his veins all chill'd,
 With numbing colds that through his vitals thrill'd ;
 For winter now had tempested the air,
 And with bleak aspect froze the aged year :
 While the far distant sun, with slanting ray,
 Obliquely shone, and scarcely lit the day.

The Knight from towns and cities keeps aloof,
 Secure beneath a widow's lowly roof :
 Who with a lib'ral hand, reliev'd his wants ;
 Fondled his breast, and sooth'd his bursting plaints.
 To needful rest he now applies his head :
 But first the maid dispatch'd, with cautious dread,
 To view Gaskhall, that burning seem'd of late ;
 To trace his followers, and find out their fate.
 Now coming sleep spreads all her balmy charms,
 And clasps the Hero in her silken arms ;
 Within a darksome wood, securely laid,
 The shrubs his pillow, and the grass his bed :
 Attending, the kind widow's sons stood near,
 And guard his slumbers with officious care.

A priest beheld the chief compos'd to rest,
 Drew near, and thus his puny fears express'd :
 ' Behold the patriot now, whose puissant hand,
 ' *Must rid us of the foe, and free our land !*
 ' *Alas ! good vent'rous youth, how weak he lies,*
 ' *Expos'd to raging storms and wintry skies ?*

' Trembling he sleeps, and verging on despair,
 ' Obnoxious now to ev'ry female snare.'
 The Chief wak'd at the sound, flung up, enrag'd !
 ' I'm not,' he cri'd, ' so feebly equipag'd :
 ' My arm and fortitude assert my right,
 ' And all my honest actions dare the light. (sword,
 ' While Scotland's wrongs, edge keen, my well try'd
 ' I'll never poorly own a foreign lord.
 ' And thou, inglorious priest, untouch'd remain,
 ' And owe thy life alone to my disdain.'
 He said, and with his nephew turn'd aside,
 Recounting how he plow'd the foamy tide,
 Dark and alone ; while his poor ebb of blood,
 That flow'd amain, distain'd the chrystal flood.
 And how, to finish all his other woes,
 His men had fallen a prey to cruel foes.
 The priest o'erhearing cry'd, Dear son, behold
 How heaven confirms what I but now foretold,
 Thy friends are lost, thyself aloof from aid,
 To all th' assaults of fortune open laid,
 Forbear to tempt thy fate, give up thy sword,
 And own great Edward for thy rightful lord.
 No more. Fierce Wallace stern'd his brow and cry'd,
 My life alone shall the long strife decide :
 Thy tainted words venom the ambient air.
 Cut thro' my soul and aggravate my care.
 My country's wrongs, cry for revenge aloud,
 And this good sword is keen It thirsts for blood,
 And only can be sat'd with a flood. }
 But while he spake, with hasty strides drew near,
 Ireland and Kierly, still to Wallace dear ;
 As sorrow late a sovereign sway posses't,
 Smiles kindle in each cheek, and joy in every breast,
 While the vast pleasure that each aspect wears,
 Too big for words, now vents itself in tears :
 The chief beheld the scene of grateful wo,
 And now his kindly show'rs with theirs united flow.
 The wondrous friends their dubious fates review,
 And with amusing talk prolong the interview.
 How they had mingled Heron with the slain,
 And, unobserv'd, escap'd the fatal plain,
 By this came back the servant, and reveal'd
 What dismal scenes she every where beheld.

How goary corfes strew'd the purple ground ;
And death in bloody triumph stalk'd around.

No longer here the Hero would remain,
But left the wood, with his small faithful train.

And here the widow merits endless fame,
Who cheerful with her sons to Wallace came,

Both in the bloom of sprightly youth,
Endu'd with courage, loyalty and truth :

Them she made over to his guardian care,
To bear fatigues, and learn the arts of war,

Brave Heroine with manly virtue blest,

Her country drove the mother from her breast !

The chief set forth, adorn'd with arms and horse,

And held that night, to Dundaff heath, his course.

* Graham then possess'd these lands ; an aged knight,

Who with reluctance, own'd tyrannic might,

But now, alas ! in his last ebb of life,

He liv'd aloof from glorious feats of strife ;

His arm no longer could the faulcheon wield,

Nor shine in fulgent arms, and sun the field.

A son he had, with every grace endu'd,

Youth, honour, gallantry and fortitude :

His country's welfare triumph'd in his breast,

Tinctur'd each thought, and all his soul imprest.

Him the old sire, with ceremonial care,

On his good sabre drawn, oblig'd to swear,

The rugged paths of honour still to tread,

Wherever Wallace and his virtue lead.

Three times the night renew'd her gloomy reign,

While here the gallant Warrior did remain.

As the fourth morn her purple charms displays ;

And paints the cheek of day with orient rays ;

The chief set out, his pupils by his side,

Propos'd among his friends with him to ride.

Wallace yet conscious of his recent fault,

How into jeopardy his men he brought.

Deny'd the suit, until his better care,

Could with new force of arms revive the war.

Now to Kilbank, he bent his course apace,

In martial pomp, and quickly reach'd the place.

*The Knight, to every soul a welcome guest,
Enjoys the love of all and fills each breast.*

* *Sir John.*

His nephew here, resides in bloom of years,
And cheerful gladness in his aspect wears.

Mean while th' unwelcome news to Piercy came,
Of our young Hero's acts, and growing fame.
How with a run of conquests, he had slain
His foes, and all their cities storm'd and ta'en ;
Asper in speech, and swell'd with vengeful spite,
Piercy demands what shelter held the Knight ?
And sure cry'd out would he his warfare cease,
Acknowledge Edward, and accept of peace,
Soon might our king with unresisted sway,
Thro' Scotia's bleeding vitals urge his way,
Wallace would quickly tame the rugged north,
Inspire our men, and call their courage forth.
But still his rage, a cruel rancour feeds,
And bursts in winged thunder on our heads :
Sages illumin'd with interior light,
Who search the depths of fate, immers'd in night,
These have foretold, how Wallace, great in arms,
Shall fill our plains with war and fierce alarms.
The Chief, mean-while with active thoughts employ'd,
A messenger dispatch'd to Blair and Boyd.
Fame catch'd the news, and spread the welcome sound,
In buzzing whispers, quickly all around :
His friends convene apace, in gath'ring swarms,
Inur'd to war, and bred to feats of arms,
But Blair, above the rest for learning fam'd,
The first place in our Hero's bosom claim'd :
With early infancy their love began,
And grew as ripening youth shot up to man
Thus danc'd the rosy minutes, and the chief,
Securely liv'd at large, remote from grief :
His transports now run high, his cares decrease,
And every hour is mark'd with smiling ease
His friends with cheerful looks his orders wait,
And all his wants well pleas'd anticipate.

But now far diff'rent cares engross his soul,
And all th: manly rage of war controul.
Love bound the Hero in his flow'ry chains ;
For over all the god unbounded reigns.
In Lanark dwelt the fair. Well known to fame,
For *matchless beauties* crown'd the charming dame,

Now in her spring of life she grew apace,
 Spreading to bloom and crown'd with every grace.
 The Syrens with persuasive eloquence,
 Charm'd from her lips and beautify'd her sense,
 While piety adds lustre to her name.
 Wallace beheld and own'd the pleasing flame ;
 The print of love new stamp'd his ductile breast,
 And with soft characters his soul impress.

As waves, impell'd by waves, his mind is tost,
 And in the spreading sea of passion lost,
 Love tears his bosom, shoots along his veins,
 And a wild anarchy of thoughts maintains :
 Now with fresh warmth his martial flames awake,
 And he th' ignoble chain attempts to break.
 The fair arises now in all her charms,
 And with soft fires his languid bosom warms,
 The youthful Knight impatient of his wound,
 With strange disorder rolls his eyes around ;
 Tries every mean, and strives to quell the smart
 That tore his breast, and stung his bleeding heart.
 Now maz'd in doubts, and with strange tumults fill'd,
 The lover thus his secret pangs reveal'd.

‘ What, shall I then give up my breast to joy,
 ‘ And all my schemes of future wars destroy ?
 ‘ Shall I thus lose myself in pleasing dreams,
 ‘ While Scotia's welfare all my bosom claims ;
 ‘ No, thus I stifle the inglorious flame,
 ‘ And raze the image of the beauteous dame.
 ‘ Rise glory, rise ? assume thy wonted charms,
 ‘ And take me panting to thy sanguine arms,
 ‘ I'll drown each thought of her in war and loud alarms. }
 Kierly beheld how the young warrior strove,

In vain to quell th' unruly pangs of love ;
 How obstinately good, he scorn'd to know,
 All but the dear unhappy country's wo.
 No cheering bliss gilds o'er his gloom of cares,
 No sprightly joys his anxious bosom shares ;
 Fain would the friend his dreary cares beguile,
 When thus he answer'd, with an artful smile:

‘ And what can wound the strictest patriot's name,
 ‘ By wedding virtue in so fair a dame ;
 ‘ Since all your thoughts, impress by love arise,
 ‘ Enjoy the maid, bound yours by nuptial ties.

' She's chaste and virtuous, innocent and good ;
 ' Nor can her lineage ever stain your blood.
 ' Ungen'rous man,' reply'd the wond'ring Chief,
 ' And would'st thou have me dissipate my grief ;
 ' While Scotland weeps, weeps out her dearest blood,
 ' And floats to ruin down the crimson flood
 ' Th' important now, decides her future state,
 ' And see, the scales are hung to weigh her fate.
 ' While we're the only friends that she can boast,
 ' To counterpoise a hardy numerous host.
 ' Our every thought, in such an enterprize,
 ' Or big with conquest, or with death should rise,
 ' And sure while Scotia's enemies remain,
 ' Unnerving love should ever sue in vain.

‘ And what is love ?

' Nothing but folly, glaring emptiness ;
 ' Effeminate and frothy all its bliss ;
 ' A fleeting joy. Sure then it cannot be.
 ' That love and war at once should reign in me ;
 ' Yet love, they say, our brutal rage disarms,
 ' Refines our ardour, and our courage warms,
 ' But that is only when the fair one's kind,
 ' When blooming hopes distend the lover's mind.
 ' When bliss and beauteous conquest stand confes'd,
 ' And life redoubled, heaves within his breast.
 ' But when the virgin, nought but frowns bestows,
 ' Nor hears his am'rous plaints, or dying vows ;
 ' 'Tis then, his very manhood melts away,
 ' In tears by night, and mournful sighs by day.
 ' No more his breast the sprightly trumpet charms,
 ' No more he joys in war and shining arms.
 ' Our nation groans beneath a load of woes,
 ' And calls on us, against her cruel foes :
 ' And could such conduct suit a warrior's mind,
 ' (For women are inconstant, or unkind,)

' Who, before man, and heaven's all seeing eye,
 ' Must bravely conquer, or as bravely die.'
 The Warrior spoke, with indignation spoke ;
 While anger from his eyes like lightning broke,
 Yet in his bosom, love the tyrant play'd,
 And laugh'd secure, at what his fury said.
 The Chief at last, perceiv'd with anxious pain,

That still imperious love maintain'd his reign.
 What could he do? with utmost care he strove,
 Now to oppose, and now to fly from love,
 In vain. The god, still with the angler's skill,
 Or mock'd his force, or play'd him to the full.

Kierly beheld, how love his strength defies,
 Battles his soul, and triumphs in his eyes,
 And whilst the Chief, who ne'er before had sigh'd,
 Groan'd with a load of grief, he fondly thus reply'd,
 • Why does my lord create himself this pain?
 • Why strive with love? yet ever strive in vain,
 • Give up thy conquest, dissipate thy care,
 • Make way for bliss, and for the lovely fair:
 • The fair makes all the Hero's rage refin'd,
 • New-strings his arm, and cheers his drooping mind.
 • While in his soul the awful goddess reigns,
 • A double life his bosom knows, a double life his veins.'
 This said, th' advice, with tender zeal express'd,
 With poison'd steps, stole silent to his breast,
 And joy, unbidden, all his soul possess'd }
 Mean-while, with ebbing force as thus he strove,
 To stem the rage of fierce prevailing love,
 A maid approach'd, who from the fair one came, }
 (For love had fir'd her breast with hidden flame,
 And brought this message from the beauteous dame) }
 • Miranda sends, to honest fame well known
 • Fond to behold her country's bravest Son.'
 The Chief amaz'd, impatient of delay.
 • I go,' he cried 'and bade her urge the way.'
 Thro' secret paths they went, and thunn'd the town,
 And reach'd the house, secure, perceiv'd by none.
 While she severely good, and wondrous kind,
 Wish'd for his safe approach with anxious mind,
 The lovers met, and now a modest kiss,
 Lifts up the Hero's soul to laughing bliss.
 Love feels th' alarm, starts up in fond surprise,
 And thro' his veins, anew impetuous flies, }
 Inflames his soul, and sparkles thro' his eyes.
 His sparkling eyes, that gently rolling, play'd
 In hers, beheld bright virgin love betray d,
 And whilst a blush that redden'd on her face,
 Paints out a modest flame with rosy grace.
 crew'd to the highest strain of bliss, his soul

Could scarce th' impetuous tide of joy controul,
 But all was still, and all was calm around,
 When thus the Syren spoke in nectar'd sound :
 ' I own indeed, I love, nor blush to tell,
 ' The man that loves my country's peace so well.
 ' And would be fond, ev'n with my life, to please,
 ' The Chief that bravely scorns inglorious ease,
 ' While Scotia calls,
 ' Alas ! how much she needs, unhappy now,
 ' So good a Warrior and a friend as you.
 ' Her bravest sons by cruel foes are slain,
 ' And few her friends, ah ! hapless friends remain.
 ' Even while I speak, I scarce can boast an hour,
 ' Or of my life or honour in my pow'r.'
 The loving Chief returned, ' Oh ! maid divine,
 ' Your bleeding wrongs the glorious cause shall join ;
 ' And whilst the thund'ring battle loudest rings,
 ' And thousand deaths appear on fatal wings ;
 ' Inflam'd by am'rous rage, and aiding love,
 ' Like death himself, through groaning bands I'll move.
 ' And while the thoughts of thee wing every blow,
 ' How well I love, the gasping wretch shall know.
 ' But by yon awful Heavens, had not my mind,
 ' With hopeless Scotia, 'gainst her foes combin'd.
 ' I'd never leave thee, by th' immortal powers,
 ' My soul would mix, and lose itself in yours.
 ' Yet next to God, and to my country's care,
 ' You all my thoughts, and all my breast shall share.'
 With fond discourse, thus talk'd they out the day,
 While hours well pleas'd to hear, croud hours away.
 Till Wallace saw the night on high display'd,
 And with reluctance, left the weeping maid.
 With heavy heart he held the dreary way.
 And join'd his friends that wond'ring at his stay.
 Now from the fair remov'd, our Hero strove,
 By warfare, to divert the pangs of love.
 Fir'd with the thought, he choaks the rising sigh,
 And fondly seeks the distant enemy ;
 Who in Lochmabane, lorded it secure,
 Full grown in arrogance, and flush'd with power.
 Clifford, inhumane youth, bore chief command,
 And spread his cruel conquests o'er the land
 Now Wallace scarce had reach'd the guilty town,

(Conceal'd his name, his country only known,)
 When swell'd with malice, Clifford sought the place,
 And brands the Scots, and loads them with disgrace,
 Appriz'd, the Knight pursues the haughty lord.
 Th' affront lent weight and fury to his sword ;
 Urg'd home, the thirsty faulchion sought his side,
 Transpierc'd his heart, and drunk the vital tide.
 Sated, the Chieftain left the town. And now,
 Wing'd with revengeful spite, his foes pursue :
 'The knight serene, thus warn'd his faithful friends;
 ' Behold the raging en'my this way tends,
 ' Leave we the plains, and yonder thickets climb,
 ' Trusting th' event to providence and time.'
 His friends reluctant, hear the strict command,
 Sternly retire, and eye the approaching band.
 By this, with hasty stride the foe drew near ;
 'Their burnish'd arms reflect a gleam severe :
 With fulgent light they shone. 'The steely blaze,
 Shot full against the sun with mingling rays.
 Their arrows now with certain speed they aim'd,
 And wounded Blair, for wit and valour fam'd.
 Wallace beheld him bleed, and fir'd to rage,
 Turn'd instantly, in order to engage.
 His little band in dubious war well tried,
 Rush on the num'rous foe with gen'rous pride.
 And now, with adverse shock, the warriors met,
 Each urg'd the fight, nor thought of base retreat :
 'The South'ron army, thinn'd with num'rous slain.
 In multitudes lay grov'ling on the plain
 But still, in gath'ring crowds, new troops advance,
 'The fields resound, the neighing courfers prance.
 Moreland, the flower of arms, moves to the field.
 Lightning his eyes, his arms keen splendour yield.
 His waving plume, nods terribly from far,
 And whitens with its foam the tide of war.
 With boiling rage, his heaving bosom glows
 And martial terror glooms upon his brows.
 The English rais'd to hope, their chief survey,
 And meditate the ruin of the day.

*In vain the dauntless Scots attempt to fly,
 Clos wedg'd they stand resolv'd to win or die.
 And now both sides assault, and proudly vie ;
 Thickens the combat, and resound the sky.*

Wallace distinguish'd by his orby shield,
 Rode thund'ring through the tempest of the field
 Where Moreland rag'd; and with a pond'rous blow,
 Full on his neck, divides the bone in two.
 No more the joints the dizzy head sustain,
 The haughty chief rush'd head long to the plain.
 Seizing his horse, the Knight with active care,
 Revives again the thunder of the war :
 Inspir'd from Heaven, with more than human might,
 His arm alone inclines the scale of fight,
 Around, the verdant grass is sanguine dy'd,
 And heaps on heaps expire on every side.
 The English now, their cheiftain lost, give way,
 Dead'ned with fear, and fall an easy prey ;
 Now to the town, their rapid steps they bend,
 Throng to the castle, and in haste ascend ;
 Their haggard eyes their inward fears disclose,
 And look a voice, and speak their direful woes.
 Graystock, their gen'ral, here at ease resides,
 Who scorns their terrors, and their fears derides ;
 And now his soldiers arm'd, the fort he leaves,
 And with fresh powers the fainting war revives.
 Wallace mean-while the bloody scene had left,
 With victory, nor of one friend bereft.
 And clad in arms, he shot an iron light ;
 The en'my saw, and curs'd the unwelcome sight.
 ' Oh ! don't' they cri'd, ' our doom anticipate,
 ' Return, nor brave th' impending burst of fate.
 ' Yonder ! behold the valiant godlike knight,
 ' Whose mighty arm alone lays waste the fight.'
 ' Ha, dastards !' cri'd the gen'ral, with a frown,
 ' His strength owes being to your fears alone.'
 And spurr'd his horse. Now Wallace from afar
 Beheld th' increasing tumult of the war ;
 Nor could he tempt the storm, that with new roar,
 Rowl'd dreadful, menacing his scanty pow'r ;
 And now, o'ercome with toil his horse gave o'er. }
 Mean time, dispatch'd by heav'n, immortal Graham,
 Back'd with his friends, a brave retinue came.
 Thrice ten he led, a small but faithful train,
 Each could mark red the field with num'rous slain, }
 And the whole tempest of the war sustain.

The battle joins. And clamours, shouts, and cries,
 Ring through the plains, and tear the vaulted skies.
 Graham now, with ardent eyes his friend survey'd,
 And sent to ev'ry quarter timely aid ;
 Himself, meanwhile, from place to place engag'd
 Where the storm roar'd, and where the thickest rag'd ;
 Rush'd through the war that bleeds in ev'ry vein,
 Like some fierce tide, and sweep'd the standing plain.
 Wallace on foot cuts out a sanguine path,
 And stems the flood of war, and braves impending death,
 Restless he fights, with blood and dust besmear'd,
 Reaping the field, where nought but fate appear'd.
 And thus th' intrepid few still urge their course,
 Each in himself, a war, an army's force.

But now the foe repuls'd with foul disgrace,
 Their champion in the front retreat apace.
 While Wallace yet unwearied urg'd the chace.
 Before him Graham, active as lightning flew,
 Mix'd with the croud, and all promiscuous flew.
 The knight beheld, and check'd his vulgar rage,
 That stoop'd with the low rabble to engage.

' Away, he cried, nor thus disgrace thy sword,
 Yon flying chiefs will nobler stores afford,'
 He said. The youthful heroes shoot along
 With rapid haste, and reach the distant throng.
 Pierce Graylock, now abandon'd by his pride,
 Nought but despair appear'd on every side.
 Graham sought the haughty chief. And now on high,
 His sword that flam'd and lighten'd in the sky,
 With whirlwind sound descends, and cleaves his head ;
 No force of motion could the stroke impede :
 The yawning chasm well'd out a purple flood,
 Forth rush'd the soul effus'd with gushing blood.
 Wallace, mean while, dealt ruin all around,
 And with dead corpses strew'd the blushing ground.
 The en'my still experienc'd his pow'r,
 And those who felt his arm harass'd the Scots no more.

The chace now finish'd, the brave warriors meet,
 And with kind intercourse of souls unite.

The Knight well pleas'd his panting friends espies,
 With joy his bosom glows, with transports glut his eyes ;
 His visage rough'n'd into frowns ere while,
 Assumes the softer beauties of a smile ;

Fair victory sat blooming on his head,
 And all around her, sacred blessings shed.
 But now the sun rowl'd down with fading light,
 Red Vesper took his post. Arose the night,
 On hills of slain the scarlet heroes fate,
 Pond'ring new toils of war in close debate.
 Pale Scotia still her bleeding veins display'd,
 And pointing to the foe, and call'd aloud for aid.
 Fir'd with her wrongs, and with new anger fraught,
 They steel their hearts, and bar each milder thought ;
 Nor fated with the vengeance of the day,
 To Lochmabane directly take their way.
 And now to aid their rage, a night of shades
 Muffles the sky, and the pale moon invades,
 No stars appear'd in the dark firmament,
 As if their everlasting oil were spent :
 Lone midnight silence quell'd each whisp'ring sound.
 And spread his gloomy pinions all around.
 Conceal'd the wary spies rode on before,
 The destin'd town in order to explore.
 With darkness 'velop'd soon they reach'd the gate,
 Where watching, all alone the keeper sat.
 With silent rage they aim'd a random wound,
 And laid the felon prostrate on the ground.
 The following band came on with hasty pace,
 Breathing revenge, and quickly made the place.
 The gleanings of the field they here surprize,
 Refounds the house with clamour, shrieks, and cries, }
 While terror wildly peeps forth from their eyes.
 Naught but the groans of wretches now is heard,
 Where mirth and miltim'd riot late appear'd.
 'Twas now past ebb of night, and dawning morn
 Appear'd on infant smiles and blushes borne ;
 The victors now quite spent with toils of war,
 Give o'er, and panting breathe the fragrant air.
 Reclin'd, they gladly take a short repast,
 To satiate Nature's call not please the taste.
 That done, with gen'rous wine they brim the bowl,
 Each quaffs, and sucks the nectar to his soul ;
 The dancing tide rolls through each languid vein,
 And swells them with o'erflowing streams again.
 Sated at length they leave the humbled town.
 The fortress taken, and their foes o'erthrowa,

And bent their course to where impetuous Clyde,
 Through precipices pours its foamy tide.
 With many wand'ring rows, the circling stream,
 The pride of rivers, and the poets' theme.
 Now grateful slumber creeps o'er all space,
 And fonds their senses with a soft embrace.
 Within a darksome vale, retir'd, they lay
 At ease from all the busy toils of day :
 Through every limb the soft infection crept,
 And guardian angels watch 'em as they slept.
 A fort remain'd, where fill'd with rage and spite,
 The enemy rul'd and triumph'd in their might.
 While thus secure the slumb'ring warriors lay,
 Wild fancy now assumes internal sway :
 Still to their sleeping thoughts the fort arose,
 And hagg'd their dreams, and shook them from repose.
 Th' inverted scale of heav'n now weigh'd up night,
 Sunk was the sun, and faded was the light.
 Waking at length, unseen they leave the vale,
 The fated place determining t' assail.
 Wallace before the rest went forth alone,
 With eager speed, and reach'd the guilty town.
 And here a hideous noise insults his ear,
 Of drunken mirth, unlike the voice of war.
 Enrag'd the chieftain gave the order'd sign,
 His friends throng in, and all their powers combine.
 With active care the gates they first possess,
 Then guard the passes, and the strength invest,
 Wallace first sought the house, inflam'd with hate,
 That sunk in luxury the captain sat.
 Unsheath'd his sword, and aim'd a certain blow,
 That hurl'd to shades of night th' abandon'd foe.
 With equal rage he gave to fate the rest.
 And mingled with their blood their horrid feast.
 Their mangled bodies strew'd the sanguine floor,
 Grinning in death, and welt'ring in their gore.
 Mean time, without, Graham plies the lofty fort,
 Built up of beams, and fortifi'd by art.
 Straight flung triumphant from his thund'ring hand,
 Full to the steepy roof, a flaming brand ;
The red contagion, blazing, flew along,
With crackling roar, and scorch'd the trembling throng.

And now the ruddy ruin whirls on high,
 Swells in the wind, and triumphs to the sky.
 Wild shrieks within and yellings of despair,
 A blended horror! rend the midnight air,
 And now the turret ground, and all around,
 With burst of thunder, tumbled to the ground : .
 It fell, and crush'd the wretches underneath.

Soon as the radiant morn renew'd the day,
 The victors, on each side the place survey,
 That now in smoking heaps and rubbish lay,
 The works that stood they levell'd with the ground,
 And spread a gen'ral ruin all around.

B O O K VI.

A R G U M E N T.

Winter being past, and the summer advancing, Wallace returns again to Lanark, to visit his mistress. An account of the first beginning of his passion is to be found in Book V. where meeting with a kind reception, he marries her.

But the English, during that time he had spent in his courtship, having occupied and taken possession of all the forts and towns in Scotland, obliged him to rise again in arms to vindicate his country. But before he took the field, he thought it necessary to remove his wife from the hazards of the war; which occasions a moving colloquy between them, she earnestly imploring him to take her along with him, and he declaring to her the ill effects of it.

The morning arriving, Wallace goes out to the fields, where having implored Heaven for the success of his undertaking, he blew his horn, to call his followers he had with him together; where discovering his intent, they all, with one consent, agree to the war, and make preparation for it.

The English perceived their intent, and under the command of Hefstrig and Thorn make head against them, and the Scots overpowered with multitudes, retreated to Carlane cruigs. The night approaching, Hefstrig insulting Wallace's wife, most barbarously kills her, when behold Wallace after expressing his sorrow for her loss, resolves to revenge it, and coming back in the night time slew Thorn, Hefstrig, and the Englishmen, in Lanark. This being told King Edward, he gathered a great

army, and came to Biggar, where Wallace, being now joined with a considerable number, met him, and encouraging his men, fought and defeated them, but the Engl. being told by spies, that the Scots had intoxicated themselves with the wine left in the camp, returned and were again defeat. After this, Wallace took in a castle on a rock, and with continued defeats, so weakened the English, that they were content at Rutherford Kirk, to conclude a peace for a year : that both should rest from committing any hostilities.

C H A P. I.

NOW had cold February spent its store,
 And Boreas' rushing blasts offend no more ;
 No more the hurricane embroils the deep,
 And driving winds on its smooth surface sleep :
 No more the plains in standing lakes appear,
 And March had spent the winter of the year.

Now April. joyous month, its course begun,
 And hoary snows now melted to the sun ;
 A springing verdure crowns the happy land,
 And smiling nature own'd the Summer's hand.
 While thus the earth smiles in its gaiety,
 And Summer weeds adorn each springing tree :
 The busy Nymphs renew their annual toil,
 And build their grotts perfum'd with balm and oil,
 Each blythsome hour, in ranks they dance along,
 And the pleas'd hunter listens to their song.

In this blest June. when all conspir'd to move
 His manly soul, with the soft flame of love,
 Our Knight to Lanark went of new again,
 Seiz'd with the pangs of his returning pain,
 He runs with joy to meet his lovely fair,
 Nor reck'd he of his English foes since he was there :
 The subtle flame fierce roll'd within his breast,
 Hot in his pain, he thought ne'er one so blest ;
 Sometimes the thought of conquest would return,
 And fierce ambition in his bosom burn ;
 His country's glory rise before his sight ;
 And love's soft joys, yield to the toils of fight ;
 At other times, love would usurp again.
 Fair glory's charms decay, and war subside again.
 ' Shall I no more hear the fierce battle's rage,
 ' No more in bloody fields my foes engage ?

- ‘ Shall love’s imperious powers thus controul
- ‘ My easy heart, and move my pliant soul ?
- ‘ What plague is this ? this bane of mortal’s love ?
- ‘ That me from arms and glory would remove.
- ‘ My honour calls, and nothing e’er shall make
- ‘ Me lose my honour, for my pleasure’s sake :
- ‘ To war I will, and shine in arms again,
- ‘ And love shall spread its silken chains in vain.’

While thus the Hero spent his anxious life,
 And love and honour held the doubtful strife,
 Alternate passions rul’d his wav’ring mind,
 And now to this, and now to that inclin’d.
 At last resolv’d to finish all his grief,
 And give his mourning soul a sure relief :
 To wed with holy love, the beauteous dame,
 Give loose to his desire, and quench the sacred flame.
 And now the morning its fair beams display’d,
 And music wak’ned into bliss, the maid ;
 Connubial Hymen wav’d his torch on high,
 And bade their future life, completest joy :
 Now live in strictest unity of love,
 And from all jarring dissonance remove.
 Let wing’d with pleasure the soft minutes flow,
 And lasting bliss no interruption know.
 A rising joy now dawns within his breast,
 Of all that heaven could bestow, possess :
 With pleasure now he runs his dangers o’er,
 And fortune’s various face offends no more :
 In her alone, he places his delight,
 And joy arises from her only sight :
 While with like heat, her faithful bosom warms,
 For in his time he was the flower of arms :
 Thus blooming love extends his soft command,
 And joyful Hymen reigns with equal hand.

While now the Hero, far from war’s alarms,
 Enjoys all pleasure in his consort’s arms ;
 His former love of glory fires again
 His martial soul, and prompts him to the plain ;
 To bear aloft again the patriot shield,
 And vindicate his country in the field :
 His burning breast glows yet with fields unfought,
 And future triumphs rise upon his thought.

Now leave thy mirth, and seek thy country's foes,
 Though round thy head the gath'ring battle glows,
 Go leave thy love, or glorious freedom lose
 Which ne'er on earth can be redeem'd again ;
 Go live in war, go live in cruel pain :
 And then just God, who does this world sustain,
 Let not this thirst of vengeance be in vain.
 Let heav'n with due success still crown the just,
 And lay the proud oppressor in the dust.

But now his faithful wife employs his care,
 Expos'd to all the common ills of war ;
 Should he by adverse fate be forc'd to yield,
 And to the foe give up the vanquish'd field ;
 A thousand sad corroding cares infect,
 And fate hangs gloomy on his anxious breast.
 Far from the hoarse noise of the thund'ring war,
 He would remove the object of his care ;
 But sad with grief relents his bleeding heart,
 And his thoughts shrink at the dread word to part.

'Twas now the time when all to rest repair,
 And weary wretches laid aside each care :
 When with fond arms, the fair Fidelia prest
 Her panting Hero to her snowy breast ;
 With grief she found the rising tears bedew
 His manly face, and heard the sighs he drew :
 With frequent sobs her heaving bosom roie,
 And catch'd the dear infection of his woes ;
 On her pale cheeks does livid paleness rise,
 And sorrow speaks in silence from her eyes :
 Then with a groan, thus he, ' Long I've suppress'd,
 ' The struggling passion in my lab'ring breast :
 ' But now all sad restraints at once give way,
 ' Fierce sorrow bids me speak, and I obey ;
 ' Behold our native country drown'd in tears,
 ' Around, one general face of wo appears.
 ' In vain we're blest with kind indulgent skies,
 ' And suns in vain with genial ardour rise.
 ' In vain a yellow harvest crowns the plain,
 ' And nodding boughs their golden load sustain :
 ' The peasant comfortless repining stands,
 ' And sees his harvest reap'd by others hands,
 ' See the fierce soldier rages o'er the land,
 ' The flames wide spreading from the hostile band.

' Those shining spires who lately pierc'd the sky,
 ' Now equal with the ground in ruins lie. }
 ' O dire and curst effects of slavery.
 ' Yet once I nobly durst assert her right,
 ' Bold in her cause, and dauntless in each fight :
 ' But now the useless sword is laid aside,
 ' And my once faithful helm long been untry'd.
 ' But now the tyrant's pow'r we dare restrain,
 ' And liberty shall rear her head again :
 ' With fell revenge, another war prepare,
 ' Bend the long unstrung bow, and launch the rusty spear.
 ' But various cares sollicitate my breast,
 ' Invade my heart, and rob my soul of rest ;
 ' While to my drooping mind's prophetic eyes,
 ' A thousand griefs in fatal prospect rise :
 ' Methinks I view the cruel raging foes,
 ' End that dear life to finish all my woes.
 ' Methinks I see that sacred blood now spilt,
 ' To fill up Hefilrig's black scene of guilt :
 ' And now to save thee from the coming blow,
 ' And shield thee from the malice of the foe :
 ' I have prepar'd, of youth, a chosen band,
 ' Ready to march where-e'er thou shalt command :
 ' Some well built tow'r, a hospitable seat,
 ' Shall prove from war's alarms a safe retreat ;
 ' There, nor the battle's voice shall wound thy ear,
 ' Nor the fierce spoiler, black with guilt, appear.
 ' There may thy constant prayers bless my sword,
 ' And waft thy kindest wishes to thy lord ;
 ' Till circling time bring back the happy day,
 ' When Scotland shall be free from English sway ;
 ' Till her extended plains be call'd her own,
 ' And yet a Scottish king ascend a Scottish throne.'
 He said, and ceas'd, nor groan'd, but deep suppress'd,
 Each rising passion, in his manly breast :
 But fiercer grief, her tender heart assail'd,
 She wept, and the frail woman all at once prevail'd.
 ' And wilt thou, then, she said, and wilt thou go, }
 ' Where thunders call thee, and where battles glow,
 ' And leave me here expos'd to every foe ?
 ' See Hefilrig with lustful rage appears,
 ' *Derides my passion, and insults my fears.*

' With hasty steps he comes to be possess'd,
 ' Or stab his poinard in my hated breast :
 ' In vain with piteous shrieks, I fill the air,
 ' And stung with sorrow my bare bosom tear,
 ' When he that should revenge me is not near. }
 ' Hast thou forgotten how his ruthless sword,
 ' In my dear brother's blood has deep been gor'd ?
 ' Fir'd with bright glory's charms both met the foe,
 ' And sunk beneath the mighty warrior's blow ;
 ' 'Tis true that fighting for their country's right,
 ' They glorious dy'd, nor recreant left the fight,
 ' That thought indeed should flowing grief restrain,
 ' But nature bids me, and I must complain.
 ' But say, in vain is all this flow of tears,
 ' Fantastic passion, a weak woman's fears ;
 ' No, Hefilrig, red with my kindred's stain,
 ' No friends destroyed, and no brothers slain,
 ' Yet with her Wallace let his consort go,
 ' Join with his ills, sad partnership of wo !
 ' Or if propitious heaven shall deign to smile,
 ' With faithful love reward my Hero's toil,
 ' What though my tender nerves refuse to bend,
 ' The twanging yew, and the fleet dart to send ;
 ' Round thy distinguish'd tent, yet will I stay ;
 ' And wait impatient the decisive day :
 ' When freedom on thy helm shall crested stand,
 ' Nor fortune linger with her doubtful hand.
 ' But canst thou, thou wilt say, endure alarms,
 ' Hear war's rough voice, and the hoarse sound of arms
 ' When the big drum, and sprightly pipe prepare,
 ' In dreadful harmony to speak the war ?
 ' Then shall thy breast with trembling heaving rise,
 ' And female sorrow gather in thy eyes ;
 ' But let the war's rude shock assault my ears,
 ' The woman, Wallace, shall throw off her fears,
 ' On this weak breast shall love new force impress,
 ' Nor let that doubt repel my happiness.
 ' But whither can I go or where retreat,
 ' From following vengeance, and impending fate ?
 ' *Even* should I go, where dreary caves forlorn
 ' *Horrid* with night, exclude the joyous morn,
 ' *And* lonely hermits never cease to mourn, }

' Yet would keen Heflrig find out the place,
 ' And in my ruin finish all my race ;
 ' What tho' the bounding vessel waft me o'er,
 ' To lands remote, and far from distant shore ?
 ' What tho' extended tracts of lands and sea,
 ' Divide the war and my dear lord from me ?
 ' The wife of Wallace can't be long conceal'd,
 ' But soon by bab'ling fame shall stand reveal'd ;
 ' Then take me with thee, what e'er chance betide,
 ' Firm to thy cause and honest I'll abide :
 ' Nor let me mourn, alone when I am left
 ' Of thee, and ev'ry joy with thee bereft "

She said, and wept, nor yet his sorrows rise,
 But awful grief sits decent in his eyes :

' Cease, cease, he cri'd, nor urge a vain relief,
 ' Nor by thy ling'ring doubts increase my grief.
 ' Now if kind heaven shall bless my enterprize ;

' Nor fate look on me with her envious eyes :
 ' In flowing ease, shall end our hated strife,
 ' And joy conduct us to the verge of life.
 ' But if just heaven shall otherwise ordain,
 ' 'Tis heaven that wills it—why should we complain ?"

Thus while the faithful pair their grief express,

And sooth'd the passions in each others breast ;

The beauteous morn disclos'd its early ray,

And the grey east shone with the future day.

The Hero rose and with becoming art,

Feigns a false joy, at the same time his heart

Was fill'd with grief, which touch'd each tender part. }

Then to the fields he went with sorrow fraught,

While thousand woes surcharg'd each rising thought.

With patriot groans he fills the morning air, (prayer ;

And spreading both his hands to heaven, this was his

' Hear me, kind heaven, if still my feet have trod,

In virtue's paths, nor devious from my God :

Since first with floods of tears and constant prayer,

My weeping parents gave me to thy care.

When round my head, the guardian angels flew,

And conscious heaven approv'd my little vow ;

That if propitious fate, increas'd my span

And length'ned tender childhood out to man.

My country's foes should always feel my might,
 Nor my sword sparkle in another fight :
 Then soon commenc'd my woes, and hateful strife,
 With war embroil'd my tender years of life.
 Oft has the soldier, under my command,
 From slav'ry base redeem'd his native land ;
 But now oppress'd with foes we droop again,
 And panting liberty forsakes the plain.
 Yet bold in virtue's cause we nobly dare,
 To raise the sleeping embers of the war :
 No impious itch of empire fires our mind,
 Nor are our hearts to those base thoughts inclin'd :
 But our fierce breasts glow with a holy rage ;
 Thine are the fields we fight, and thine the war we wage :
 But if, alas ! Some unforeseen offence
 Lies latent in the book of providence :
 For which the trembling Scot shall shameful fly,
 And leave the field to the fierce enemy ;
 Then let me die, preventing all my foes,
 And close these eyes, nor see my country's woes."

He ceas'd, when he observed thro' the sky,
 A strange prodigious meteor to fly ;
 The chief beheld it kindling as it flew,
 And from the sight a happy omen drew :
 ' And does consenting heaven yield,' he cries,
 ' And better hours from better omens rise ?
 ' Now, now, the English shall the danger fear,
 ' And trembling fly before the Scottish spear.
 ' And now a growing hope springs in my mind,
 ' And leaves vain jealousy and fears behind.'
 Then blew his horn, well known in war's alarms,
 To call the hardy soldier to his arms.
 To the shrill notes heav'n answers all around,
 And Scotia takes new vigour from the sound.
 Spreads wide the noise, and undulates on high,
 And reach'd the soldiers where dispers'd they lie,
 Enflaming ev'ry breast with love of liberty.

Now all around the Chief they list'ning stand,
 Each his keen sabre threat'ning in his hand,
 And eagerly devour his last command.
 ' Enough my friends, enough has Scotia borne,
 ' The foes insulting and her sons forlorn.

• The trembling peasant, wild with dread affright,
 • Shrinks from the war's rude shock, and ruthless fight,
 • Refrains his riches to th' oppressor's hand,
 • And sees another's sickle reap his land.
 • And long we not to urge our fate again,
 • Glows not each breast, and swells not ev'ry vein ?
 • Does not our heart with love of freedom burn,
 • And once again our exil'd souls return ?
 • Where are those trophies by our fathers won ?
 • Triumphs related down from son to son.
 • Where is that crown, the first sam'd Fergus bore,
 • And that fierce sceptre stain'd in Pictish gore ?
 • Should these old rev'rend forms again arise,
 • In Mystic vision dreadful to our eyes,
 • What sad reproaches justly would they give,
 • To those who choose in bondage thus to live :
 • How would their cheeks blush with a kindred shame,
 • And throw us back the hated father's name ?
 • And are we so degen'rate from our race,
 • Such sons begotten to our fires' disgrace,
 • That thoughts like these shan't force us yet to arm,
 • And liberty thus want the power to warm ?
 • Let the pale coward own a panic fear,
 • Of unknown wars, and distant triumphs hear.
 • Let his heart startle at the trumpet's voice,
 • And shrink unequal to the battle's noise.
 • Can souls like these, alas ! assist us now
 • Or rise to dangers which they never knew ?
 • But we, whose courage bids us pant for fame,
 • And be distinguish'd by the patriot's name,
 • How should our breast with sacred fury glow,
 • And rush undaunted on the guilty foe ?
 • The lawless rage of tyrant's to restrain,
 • Nor let fair liberty thus court in vain."

He said. A gen'rous ardour stood confess'd,
 And a fierce patriot twinn'd in ev'ry breast.
 Revenge alone employs each warrior's care,
 Bends ev'ry bow, and sharpens ev'ry spear.
 Some scour the flying horse along the plain,
 And bids his haughty neck obey the rein,
 With goring rowels urge him in his speed,
 And stop in full career the bounding steed.

Wallace beheld the auspicious fury rise,
 And rage redoubled flushing in their eyes.
 With joy he hears this omen of success,
 And saw just heaven decree his happiness.

Nor do the English with less studious care,
 Observe the growing progress of the war,
 And for the fierce encounter all prepare.

Keen Hefilrig arms all their glitt'ring bands,
 And thousand swords shine in a thousand hands.

A savage fury brandishes each dart,
 And reeking slaughter steels each impious heart.
 But oh! ye gods, shall yon weak bands prevail,
 When hot with rage more num'rous troops assail?
 May righteous heaven still blast the lawless might.

And the just patriots vanquish in the fight:
 But now advancing near, they other meet,
 And with no friendly salutation greet.

Stern vengeance, low'ring, frowns on ev'ry brow,
 And hate arms ev'ry visage like a foe,

Behold what diff'rent passions now excite,
 And join two nations in the toils of fight!

Here pride, ambition, arms each guilty foe,
 And tyranny attends on ev'ry blow.

Here patriots stand, and boldly dare restrain,
 The tyrant's growth, and check th' oppressor's reign,
 And the fair cause of freedom to maintain.

Now all the plains with arms are cover'd o'er,
 And the bent bow unloads its feath'ed store
 From well stor'd quivers, but declining light,

And ruddy vesper led the starry night;
 Wallace withdrew where Carlisle rocks on high,
 Erect their shaggy tops, and threat the sky.

Safe shelter'd there the Scottish heroes stay,
 And wait impatient for the rising day,

Mean while, Fidelia, with sad cares oppress'd,
 Had sunk into the silken arms of rest;

A thousand spectres dance before her sight,
 And add to the pale terrors of the night;

Sword, shield, and helms, in mix'd confusion rise,
 And blended horrors stare before her eyes,

Ev'n in that time, when all should be at rest,

When not one thought should discompose her breast.

Ev'n then she shakes at Hefilrig's fierce hate,
 And her soul shrinks, as previous of her fate.
 Now fierce with rage the cruel foe draws near,
 Oh! does not heav'n make innocence its care!
 Where fled thy guardian angel in that hour,
 And left his charge to the fell tyrant's power?
 Shall his fierce steel be reddened with thy gore,
 And streaming blood distain thy beauties o'er?

But now awoken'd with the dreadful sound,
 The trembling matron threw her eyes around,
 In vain, alas! were all the tears she shed,
 When fierce he waves the falchion o'er her head,
 All ties of honour by the rogue abjur'd,
 Relentless deep he plung'd the ruthless sword;
 Swift o'er her limbs, does creeping coldness rise,
 And death's pale hand seal'd up her fainting eyes.

Now borne upon the mournful wings of fame,
 To Wallace the unhappy tidings came;
 The rising wo fore thrill'd in ev'ry part,
 And sought its painful passage to the heart.

Graham and his mourning friends with tears o'erflow,
 And join society of great grief and wo.

When Wallace them beheld, he hush'd in peace,
 And kindly bade their growing sorrows cease,

' This waste of tears, alas! he cri'd, is vain,

' Nor can recal the fleeting shade again;

' Could that vain thought afford the least relief,

' How would I mourn? but impotent is grief:

' Then let those tears, to war's rough toil give way,

' And the fierce sword perform what words would say.

' Hear me, brave Graham, companion of my arms,

' Whose soul alike is fir'd with glory's charms.

' To thee I swear, this sword I'll never sheath,

' Till I revenge my dearest, dearest's death.

' Heavens! what new toils of death and war remain?

' Rivers of floating blood and hills of slain!

' But, steel'd with rage, to slaughter let us fly,

' And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.

' When men thus weep their courage grows the less,

' It slack's the ire of wrong they should redress;

' But let us haste while yet the dusky night,

' *Extends her friendly shade, and drowns the infant light.*

He said, the melancholy troops around,
 With pleasing anguish catch the mournful sound.
 A fierce revenge bends ev'ry warrior's bow,
 And steely vengeance sends him to the foe :
 For now the armed warriors careful tread,
 And march undaunted through the mirky shade :
 No light in the high firmament was seen,
 And like their vengeance low^rring was the scene ;
 To Lanark swift they shape the destin'd way,
 The town defenceless, all before them lay.
 Opprest with sleep, the weary English lie.
 Nor knew, sad wretches ! that their death drew night.

Now in two-bands, they part their hostile force,
 And to these sleeping tyrants bend their course ;
 Where Heflrig, the cruel murd'rer lay,
 Eager on slaughter, Wallace wings his way ;
 A thousand ills the traitor's mind infest,
 And warring furies combat in his breast ;
 There slaughter, rage, rapine together roll,
 And guilt sits heavy on his dreadful soul,
 Full on the gate a stone the Hero threw :
 Swift to the stroke the rocky fragment flew.
 Bars, bolts, and brazen hinges soon were broke,
 And tumbl'd down before the sweepy stroke.
 Surpris'd he stood, and list'ning to the noise,
 With beating heart he heard the warrior's voice :
 Anon, beheld the distant beaming lance,
 And trembling saw the injur'd man advance :
 ' And thought'st thou traitor, fierce the Hero cri'd,
 When by thy murd'ring steel she cruel di'd ;
 When thy fell hand her precious blood did spill,
 Wallace though absent, would be absent still ?'
 Furious he spoke, and rising on the foe,
 Full on his head discharg'd the pond'rous blow ;
 Down sinks the felon headlong to the ground,
 The guilty soul flew trembling through the wound.

Meanwhile, enraged Graham, from his flamy hand,
 Full on the roof directs the hostile brand.
 Inclos'd within, Thorn saw with dire amaze,
 The spreading ruin, and the rolling blaze.
 Consum'd in flames, he yields his latest breath,
 And sinks into the fiery arms of death.

But now the morning rais'd her beamy head,
 Around them lay vast heaps of slaughter'd dead.
 Freed Albion's ensign glitters in the wind,
 And a new hope exults in ev'ry mind,
 The soldier views with joy the sanguine plain,
 And Scotia well redeem'd with heaps of slain.
 The willing nation own him for their lord,
 And joyful croud to his auspicious sword.
 With grief, fierce Edward heard his mighty name,
 And burns invidious at his growing fame
 He bids his haughty soldiers come from far,
 Blacken the field, and calls forth all his war.
 None can the dictates of his soul controul,
 While his high conquests urge his rapid soul.
 Swift to fair Scotia's plains he bends his way,
 By fate reserv'd for Biggar's glorious day.

C H A P. II.

The Battle of Biggar.

NOW Biggar's plains with armed men are crown'd,
 And shining lances glitter all around.
 The sounding horn and clarions all conspire
 To raise the soldier's breast, and kindle up his fire.
 The Hero tir'd of Lanark's luckless land,
 Swift now to Biggar leads his conqu'ring band ;
 Each heaving breast with thirst of vengeance glows,
 And in their tow'ring hopes already slay their foes.
 The careful warrior on a rising ground
 Encamp'd, and saw the dreadful foes around,
 Stretch'd out in wide array along the plain,
 And his heart biggens with the glorious scene.

But now the morning in fair beams array'd,
 Rose on the dark, and chas'd the nightly shade,
 Each eager soldier seiz'd his ready shield,
 Draws the fierce blade, and strides along the field ;
 In blacking wings extend from left to right ;
 Condense in war, and gather to the fight ;
 Thick beats each heart, waiting the least command,
 And death stands ling'ring in the lifted hand.
 Wallace then threw around his skilful eyes,
 And saw with joy their eager passions rise.

' To day, my friends, to day let's boldly dare,
 ' Each doubtful hazard of th' uncertain war ;
 ' Let our fierce swords be deeply drench'd in gore,
 ' And then our toils and labour shall be o'er.
 ' See round our heads the guardian angels stand,
 ' And guide the jav'lin in each eager hand,
 ' To Edward shall they bear the flying dart,
 ' And with the pointed jav'lin pierce his heart ;
 ' Let glorious liberty each soul inspire,
 ' Raise ev'ry heart, and rouse the warrior's fire.'

He said, —————

And kindling into fury rose each breast,
 With love of virtue all at once possess'd,
 Eager they thicken on the mountain's brow,
 And hang impendent on the plain below.
 The foe, surpris'd, look up and see from far,
 The progress of the swift descending war.
 They run, they fly, in ranks together close,
 And in a steely circle meet their coming foes ;
 But now the Scottish heroes bend their way,
 Where in his tent, the royal monarch lay ;
 There rose the battle, there the warriors tend,
 A thousand deaths on thousand wings ascend ;
 Swords, shields and spears in mix'd confusion glow,
 The field is swept, and lessens at each blow.
 Wallace's helm, distinguish'd from afar,
 Tempests the field, and floats amidst the war ;
 Imperious death attends upon his sword,
 And certain conquest waits her destin'd lord.
 Fierce in another quarter, Kent employs
 The wrathful spear, nor fewer foes destroys ;
 Where e'er he conqu'ring turns, recedes the foe,
 And thick'ned troops fly open to his blow.
 His bounding courser thund'ring o'er the plain,
 Bears his fierce rapid lord o'er hills of slain ;
 Scarce can the weak retreating Scots withstand,
 The mighty sweep of the invader's hand.
 Wallace beheld his fainting squadron yield,
 And various slaughter spread along the field ;
 Furious he hastes, and heaves his orb'd shield :
 Resolv'd in arms to meet his enemy,
 Before his spear they rush, they run, they fly.

And now in equal battle meet the foes.
 Long lasts the combat, and resound their blows :
 Their dreadful faulchion brandishing on high,
 In wavy circles heighten to the sky.
 With furious ire they run the field around,
 And keen on death explore each secret wound.
 They heave, they pant, they beat in every vein,
 While death sits idle on the crimson plain.
 Long in suspense th' uncertain battle hung,
 And fortune, fickle goddess, doubted long
 On whom she should the laurel wreath bestow,
 Whom raise as conqu'ror, whom depress as foe ;
 At last the Hero, tir'd with forc'd delay,
 At his full stretch rose, and with mighty sway,
 Bore from the foe his shield's defence away. }
 Now high in air the shiny sword he rear'd,
 Pond'rous with fate the shiny sword appear'd :
 Descending full, it stopt his stifed breath,
 Giddy, he turns around, and reels in death.
 The stringy nerves are wrapt around in gore,
 And rushing blood distain'd his armour o'er.
 Now all is death and wounds, the crimson plain
 Floats round in blood, and groans beneath its slain.
 Promiscuous crouds one common ruin share,
 And death alone employs the wasteful war.
 They trembling fly, by conqu'ring Scots oppress,
 And the broad ranks of battle lie defac'd.
 A false usurper sinks in ev'ry foe,
 And liberty returns with every blow :
 Before their prince, the mangled subjects die,
 The slaughter swells, and groans ascend the sky :
 The king beheld with sad astonished eyes,
 The havock of the various battle rise :
 Unable to sustain, fain would he stay,
 And yet again retrieve the vanquish'd day.
 At last, behind h's back he threw the shield,
 Spurs on his rapid steed, forsakes the field.
 The Scots pursue, and follow fast behind ;
 The rattling noise swells dreadful in the wind.
 With grief, Longcastle saw the foul retreat,
Restrain'd their flight, and durst prolong their fate.
 ' Whence does our hearts this coward terror know,
 ' Defeat ne'er stain'd our conqu'ring arms till now :

' Stay recreant, stay, nor thus ignoble fly,
 ' But bravely conquer, or yet bravely die.'
 Scarce had he spoke, when quiv'ring all with fear,
 'Scap'd from the foe, two fugie friends appear :
 ' Stop, stop, they cri'd, your hasty flight restrain,
 ' And with swift vengeance meet your foes again ;
 ' Opprest with wine the Scottish Heroes lie,
 ' And feel the soft effects of luxury :
 ' With ease we may return again, and spread
 ' The crimson plain around with heaps of dead,"
 Longcastle took the word, and led them on,
 Resolv'd to fight, with ardent haste they run.
 The Scottish watch men from afar descry'd
 The rallying foe, and swift to Wallace cry'd :
 He seiz'd his horn, and gave the signal sound,
 The summon'd soldiers gather fast around ;
 A fiercer fury kindles in their eyes,
 And once again their madding passions rise.
 So Triton, when at Neptune's high command,
 He heaves the swelly surge above the land ;
 When with full breath he bids the tempest roar,
 And dash its sounding billows to the shore ;
 His angry waves the wrinkled seas deform,
 They rise, they roar and blacken to a storm.
 A marsh now does either host divide,
 Eager they view, and frown from either side ;
 But the fierce duke, unable to restrain
 This rising passion, gave it the full rein,
 And first encouraging his troops around, (ground ;
 He spurs his thund'ring steed and dares the faithless
 All plunge at once, resounds th' assaulted skies,
 And thousands sink, doom'd ne'er again to rise :
 The thund'ring coursers roar, and neigh aloud.
 And then with foamy rage o'erlay the crowd.
 While those who struggling with the miry tide,
 And with strong sinews gain the further side :
 Tho' landed, only meet a change of death,
 By the fierce Scots depriv'd of fleeting breath.
 But now Longcastle gain'd the dryer land,
 And plunging stood upon the shoaly strand :
 Graham soon perceiv'd, and hast'ning rais'd a blow,
 And with his sword received the rising foe.

Back sinks the found'ring courser down again,
 O'erlays his lord, he tumbles 'midst the slain.
 Thus Edward the important day has lost,
 And to his kingdom leads his remnant host :
 While the glad nation smiles in liberty,
 And send their humble thanks to heaven with joy.

Now where the Cree rolls down its rapid tide,
 And sees the herds adorn his wealthy side,
 A tow'ring rock uprears its bending brow
 And throws its frowning terror down below ;
 Deep in the earth is fix'd its ample bed,
 And mirky night involves its airy head.
 There elder and tough oaks conspire with art,
 To raise on high the rock, a steepy fort ;
 Where a great gate its brazen arms oppos'd
 And from the victor's rage, defends th' inclos'd.
 Safe in their planky tow'r, they shelter'd lie,
 And from the oaky wall, the Scottish power defy ;
 Wallace beheld, and eager to obtain
 The airy fort he swell'd in ev'ry vein.
 And when the night o'erspread the silent ground,
 And on black wings dark vapours swim around ;
 Eager he bids the weary soldiers rise,
 And with slow heavings labour up the skies.
 Himself and Kierly led the airy fight,
 Strain up the steep, and toil with all their might.
 The centinel lay sleeping at the gate,
 Doom'd ne'er to wake, unconscious of his fate.
 Deep in his breast was plung'd a shining sword,
 The ruthless steel his bleeding bosom gor'd :
 Then ent'ring in they slay each foe they meet,
 The trembling wretches groan'd beneath their feet :
 They all give way, and thund'ring down the steep,
 Shoot in the waves, resounds the parted deep.

But, O how quickly alter'd is the case !
 The English now, most humbly sue for peace ;
 Worn with defeats, their stubborn passions yield,
 Nor dare appear within the bloody field,
 Their hoary senators, whose early care,
 Would stay the fatal progress of the war,
 In suppliant words, the Scottish Hero greet,
 And lay their laurels low beneath his feet.
 At Ruglen church it was where they did meet ;

The Hero to the terms of peace agreed,
 And with an oath the truth is ratify'd :
 That either nation shall from battle cease,
 And death should hang his weary wings in peace ;
 But soon these vows shall all dissolve in air,
 And the returning year bring back the war ;
 The thund'ring battle spread along the plain,
 And the brave Hero shine in arms again.

B O O K VII.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace burnt the Barns of AIR, put Bishop Beik out of Glasgow, and killed Lord Piercy.

WITH Wallace now concluded is the truce,
 But mark what treach'ry it does produce :
 To English faith, the great seal they append
 In February ; yet March doth scarcely end,
 When they, of new, contrive a hellish plot,
 Do break their faith and murder many a Scot.
 The English king takes journey in April,
 And holds a mighty council in Carlisle :
 To which the English captains hastened fast,
 And privy were to ev'ry thing that past.
 None other to be present thought he good,
 But such as were of true born English blood ;
 Except Sir Aymer Vallance, as I'm told,
 Who to the Scots a traitor was of old,
 The South'rons here consult him, how and where,
 They might cut off the Barons bold of AIR,
 Who, when he had in Pluto's myst'ry divid'd,
 Gave such advice, as hell and he contriv'd
 ' Four barns, he said, built by the king's command,
 ' At the head burgh of that old county stand ;
 ' Where, at one time none but a single man
 ' May enter in, or see another can :
 ' That is,' said he, pox on his bloody face,
 ' I think, the only, and the proper place,
 ' To call the barons to a justice ayre,
 ' And then dispatch them at your pleasure there.'

To which they all, with spite and malice fill'd,
 Consent, and vote them basely to be kill'd ;
 Except Lord Piercy, who, the curs'd design,
 And villany, pretended to decline.

' The Scots, said he, have kepted faith so long
 ' With me, I'll not be witness to such wrong ;
 ' But at the time appointed will withdraw
 ' To Glasgow town, from such a bloody law."

Fy on thee, Piercy, that was so unkind,
 Not to reveal the barbarous design.
 Where were thy bowels of compassion then ?
 That might have sav'd four or five thousand men,
 Of Scots and English, that no harm did fear,
 As by the tragic story shall appear.

A cruel justice then, they chose, and fierce,
 Whose bloody acts a heart of stone would pierce :
 Lord Arnulff, whom Beelzebub scarce could match,
 He undertook the barons to dispatch.

Another ayre in Glasgow order'd they,
 For Clydesdale men upon the self same day.
 Thus they like devils fit in human shape,
 And charge that Wallace by no means escape.
 For well they knew, if he were overthrown,
 They might possess all Scotland as their own.
 Thus they conclude, to other give the hand,
 And set their seals on this black hellish band.

To Air the justice speedily comes down,
 And Piercy marches off for Glasgow town.
 The justice ayre, on June the eighteenth day,
 Was set proclaim'd, no baron was away.
 The Scots they wonder'd, in a peaceful land,
 Why Englishmen should rule with such high hand.

Sir Rannald did appoint before this ayre,
 At Monkton kirk, his friends to meet him there.

Wallace was present 'mongst those gentlemen,
 He warden was of Scotland chosen then.

Good Mr John, who surnamed was Blair,
 Discharg'd his friends from going to that ayre :
 And did suspect, since Piercy left that land,

He was no friend to Scots. did then command,
 Wallace from them, went to the church with speed,
 There said a Pater Noster, and a Creed.

He lean'd him down upon a place hard by,
 Then in a deep sleep fell immediately :
 Into that slumber Wallace thought he saw,
 A Stalwart man, that towards him did draw :
 Who hastily did catch him by the hand,
 ' I am, he said, sent to thee by command :'
 A sword he gave him of the finest steel,
 ' This sword, said he, son, may thou manage weel :'
 A topas fine, the plummet did he gues,
 The hilt and all did glitter o'er like glass.
 ' Dear son, said he, we tarry here to long,
 ' Shortly thou must revenge thy country's wrong.'
 Then led he him unto a mountain high,
 Where he at once might all the world see.
 Where left he Wallace, contrair his desire,
 To whom appear'd a very dreadful fire,
 Which fiercely burnt, and wasted thro' the land,
 Scotland all o'er, from Ross to Solway sand.
 Quickly to him, descended there a queen,
 All shining bright, and with majestic mein :
 Her count'nance did dazzle so his sight,
 It quite extinguisht all the fire light.
 Of red and green gave him, with modest grace,
 A wand, and with a sapphire cross'd his face.
 " Welcome, she said, I choose thee for my love,
 Thou granted art by the great God above,
 To help and aid poor people that get wrong,
 But with thee now I must not tarry long :
 To thine own host thou shalt return again,
 Thy dearest kin in torment are and pain.
 This kingdom, thou redeem it surely shall,
 Tho' thy reward on earth shall be but small.
 Go on and prosper, sure thou shalt not miss,
 For thy reward, the heaven's eternal bliss."
 With her right hand, she reached him a book,
 Then hastily her leave of him she took.
 Unto the clouds ascended out of sight.
 Wallace the book embrac'd with all his might.
 The book was writ in three parts, and no less ;
 The first big letters were, and all of brass :
The second gold, silver the third most fine,
At which he greatly wond'ered in his mind :

To read the book, he made great haste, but as
 He did awake, behold a dream it was.
 Quickly he rose, and there a man he found,
 Who did his dream and vision all expound.
 The Stalwart man, who gave thee that fine sword.
 Was Fergus King of Scots, upon my word.
 The mountain does prognosticate no less,
 Than knowledge how our wrongs thou must redress.
 The fire hasty tidings doth presage,
 The like of which was not heard in our age.
 The bright and shining queen, whom thou didst see,
 Was fortune, which portends great good to thee.
 The pretty wand which she unto thee sent,
 Betokens pow'r, command, and chastisement.
 The colour red, if I rightly understand,
 Means bloody battles shortly in our land :
 The green, great courage to thee does portend,
 And trouble great, before the wars shall end,
 The Sapphire stone, she blessed thee withal,
 Is happy chance, pray God it thee besal ?
 The threefold book, is this poor broken land,
 Thou must redeem by thy most valiant hand.
 The great big letters which thou saw of brass,
 Prognostic wars, that shall this land oppress.
 Yet ev'ry thing to its true right again,
 Thou shalt restore ; but thou must suffer pain.
 The gold betokens honour, worthiness,
 Victorious arms, manhood, and nobleness.
 The silver shows clean life, and heav'nly bliss ;
 Which thou for thy reward shalt never miss.
 Then do not fear, or in the least despair,
 He shall protect thee, who of all takes care.

He thanked him, then committing all to God,
 Home unto Crosby with his uncle rode.

Both blyth and glad all night they lodged there,
 And on the morn made ready all for AIR.
 Wallace, he ask'd Sir Rannald at Kincafe,
 Where was the English charter of the peace,
 At Crosby, said Sir Rannald in the chest,
 Go seek it there, thou'lt find it if thou list.
 None but *thyself* where it does lie doth know,
Then by good luck he back again did go.

Sir Rannald he rode on, and rested not,
Then came to AIR, knew nothing of the plot.
Into the town he did not tarry long,
Went to the bloody barns, dreading no wrong.
A baulk was knit with cruel ropes and keen,
O! such a slaughter-house was never seen.
Strong men to keep the entry they prepare,
And none but one at once must enter there.
Sir Rannald first, that ancient night comes in,
And then the bloody murder does begin.
A running cord they slipped o'er his head,
Then to the baulk they haled him up dead,
Sir Bryce the Blair, after Sir Rannald past,
The cruel dogs to death him hast'ned fast.
No sooner enters, but he's in the snare;
And on the bloody baulk was hanged there.
A gallant knight, Sir Neil Montgomery,
Was hanged next, which pity was to see.
Great numbers more of landed men about,
Went in, but none alive at all came out,
The Wallaces and Crawford's, stout like steel,
Great cruelty from barb'rous South'ron feel.
The Kennedys of Carrick slew they also,
And the kind Campbels that were never false.
Nor did rebel against the righteous crown,
For which the South'ron hang'd and hew'd them down;
The Barclays, Boyds, and Steuarts of good kin,
No Scot escap'd that time, that enter'd in.
Unto the baulk they hang'd up many a pair,
Then in some ugly by nook cast them there.
Since the first time that men did war invent,
To so unjust a death, none ever went.
Thus to the gods of their most cruel wrath.
They sacrific'd the Scots, and broke their faith,
Such wickedness, each Christian soul must own,
Was ne'er before in all the world known,
Thus eighteen score to death they put outright,
Of barons bold, and many a gallant knight.
Then last of all, with great contempt and scorn,
Cast out the corpse, naked as they were born.
*Good Robert Boyd, with twenty gallant men,
Of Wallace' house, went to the tavern then.*

Brave, stout, and bold, the choice of all the land,
 He them in Wallace absence did command.
 Kierly who did the South'ron often mall,
 Cleland and Boyd were all upon a call :
 And Stephen of Ireland, who upon the street,
 With a good woman and a true did meet,
 He asked at her what news there was in AIR ?
 ' Nothing, said she, but sorrow, dole, and care.'
 All frighted like, she look'd him in the face :
 Then ask'd for Wallace in a little space :
 Who told, his uncle, the good ancient knight,
 Had sent him home, but would be back on fight.
 ' Pray charge his men, said she, to leave this place,
 I'll Wallace watch as he comes from Kincaise ;
 And him acquaint with ev'ry thing that's past,
 The sad barbarities from first to last,
 Now quietly together call your force,
 Get all to arms, and quickly mount your horse.'
 He with the woman did no longer stay,
 But to his comrades posted fast away :
 Told the sad news ; who, without speaking more,
 March all to Laglan wood, with hearts full sore.
 Now with the charter, Wallace hastes to AIR,
 But little knew the massacre was there.
 Then loudly on him the good woman calls,
 ' Nothing but breach of faith within those walls,
 ' Our barons bold, through horrid treachery,
 ' Are kill'd and hang'd like beasts, up to a tree.
 ' Most basely murdered, as they went in.'
 Then Wallace wept for loss of his good kin.
 Unto the woman, up he gallops fast,
 To understand the truth of all was past.
 ' Is my dear uncle dead, or how besel
 ' The case ? good woman pray make haste and tell.'
 ' Out of yon barns, with great contempt and scorn,
 ' I saw him cast naked as he was born.
 ' His cold pale lips, with grieved heart and sore,
 ' I kiss'd, then spread a cloth his body o'er.
 ' His sister's son, thou worthy art and wight,
 ' Revenge his death, I pray, with all thy might.
 ' I shall assist, as I'm a woman true.'
 Then he inquired at her if she knew

Good Robert Boyd, and if she saw him there ;
 Or William Crawford, if he living were :
 Or Adam Wallace, a good friend indeed,
 But true and trusty in the time of need.
 ' Call them to me, with little noise and din ;
 ' Then cunningly spy out the justice inn :
 ' See what discov'ries thou of them can make,
 ' And then I'll see the next best course to take '

This in great haste he spake, and said no more,
 Then wheel'd about with griev'd heart and sore.
 To Lagland woods, then pleasant, sweet and green,
 Which oft his refuge had and safety been :
 There for his friends did mourn, with grief and wo,
 Till his proud breast was like to burst in two.
 Lord Arnulph, quickly after him does send,
 Fifteen hand wail'd, well mounted Englishmen :
 A macer also, to bring him back to law ;
 Who, furiously, towards good Wallace draw ;
 With sword in hand, among them soon he went,
 And paid them soundly to their hearts content.
 One through the middle there he cut in two,
 Unto the second gave a deadly blow :
 The third he struck, down through the body clave,
 The fourth unto the ground he quickly drave ;
 The fifth, he smote in such great wrath and ire,
 He on the spot did presently expire.
 Three men he had that killed other five ;
 With much ado the rest escap'd alive,
 Fled to their lord, told all the passage o'er,
 How ten, of fifteen men, were kill'd by four :
 And had it not been for their horse, that they,
 The other five, had gone the self-same way.
 A right Scotch stroke, none of us sooner got,
 Than without mercy we lay on the spot.
 So fierce they fought it, and so furiously,
 At every stroke they made a man to die.
 Then thought they all it must be Wallace wight ;
 To whom repli'd an ancient English knight ;
And said, if Wallace hath escap'd this ayre,
All that is done is adding grief to care.
Then spoke the justice, when this rumour rose,
What would ye do if there were many foes ?

' That for one man, so frighted seem to be,
 ' And are not sure as yet if it be he.
 ' And though it were, I count the matter light :
 ' Each gentleman who stays here shall be knight.
 ' And so soon as the morrow comes, I'll then
 ' Deal the Scots lands to true born Englishmen.'
 Thus spoke that cruel, inconsiderate beast,
 But was mistaken, faith, for all his haste :
 Which minds me of a saying, age and wise ;
 ' Who counts before the roast, he counteth twice.'
 The South'ron to their quarters now repair,
 Four thousand strong that night did lodge in Ayr,
 And in the bloody barns, without the town,
 Where the proud Justice caus'd proclaim around :
 The walls and garrison on ev'ry side,
 That no Scotsman within them should abide.
 By Providence that night it happen'd so,
 The Justice to the castle would not go :
 Lodg'd in the barns, knew nought of Wallace' plot,
 Who long ere morn gave him a wak'ning hot.
 At supper they eat a prodigious deal,
 Then plenty drank of wine and English ale.
 No watch they set, having no fear or doubt
 Of harm from Scots, who lodged all without.
 The great fatigue and toil, that bloody day
 The rogues had got, and too much wine, which they
 Drank off in bumpers, lull'd them so asleep,
 They quite forgot that night a guard to keep :
 Thus all secure they snorting lay like swine,
 Their chieftain was great Bacchus god of wine.
 So soon 's the woman saw them lying so,
 Some men she warn'd, and made to Lagland go.
 Foremost she went, her faithfulness was such,
 At which good Wallace was comforted much.
 He thanked God when as he saw them there,
 ' What news good woman hast thou brought from Ayr ?'
 ' Yon bloody hounds (said she) are all so drunk
 ' With wine, they're now all in a deep sleep sunk ;
 ' When I them left, could not so much as see,
 ' One single Scotsman in their company.'
 ' If that be true, its time to steer my stumps,
 ' And set a fire unto their English rumps.'

To him resort three hundred chosen men,
 Willing and ready, their best blood to spend.
 Out of the town there came good ale and bread,
 And each thing else whereof they stood in need :
 They ate and drank, and welcome were, for nought,
 The gentry then, Jop unto Wallace brought,
 ' Alas ! said Wallace, my dear friends you see,
 ' Our kin are slain and murd' red barb' rously ;
 ' Therefore, I pray, for our poor country's sake,
 ' Let's now advise what course is best to take.
 ' Your Warden, though I chosen was to be,
 ' Yet in the place since I so many see,
 ' Of as good blood, and ancient Scots descent,
 ' And ev'ry way on honour as much bent,
 ' Forward and brave, in all good likelihoed,
 ' As ever I ; then let us here conclude,
 ' To choose us five of this good company,
 ' And then cast lots who shall our captain be.'
 Wallace and Boyd, and Crawford of renown,
 And Adam, then the Lord of Richardtown,
 And Auchinleck, in war a skilful man,
 To cast the lots about these five began.
 On Wallace still unto their great surprize,
 The lot did fall, though it was casten thrice.
 Then Wallace rose, and out his sword he drew,
 And solemnly did to his Saviour vow,
 And to the virgin Mary, that ere long,
 He should aveng'd be on the South'ron.
 ' I do protest, he said, to all that's here,
 For my brave uncle's death, they shall pay dear.
 And many more of our good worthy kin,
 Who's blood they shed, and did not mind the sin.
 For which I'll play them such an after game,
 Shall make them all pass through the fiery flame.
 Before I either eat, or drink, or sleep,
 This solemn vow most sacredly I'll keep.'
 Then all most humbly, and with one accord,
 Receiv'd him as their chieftain and their Lord.
 Fine chalk the woman quickly does procure,
 Wherewith she chalked ev'ry English door ;
 And all the gates which led unto the streets,
 Where Southrons sleep'd securely in their sheets.

Then twenty men he caus'd widdies thraw,
 No sooner spoke than's word it was a law.
 With which the doors they instantly made fast,
 To hasp and staple with a sicker cast,
 Boyd, to the castle past, the safest way,
 With fifty men, and there in ambush lay,
 That in revenge of his poor slaughter'd kin,
 None might escape of all that were within;
 The rest with Wallace, all the barns surround;
 And noble service from the woman found.
 Who flax and fire brought unto their mind,
 And all combustibles that she could find:
 Wallace commanded all his men about,
 On pain of death, no South'ron should break out;
 Nor rescu'd be, though he were of their kin,
 From the red fire, or they should burn therein.
 The conflagration shin'd so clear and bright,
 ' Is not, said Wallace, this a pleasant sight!
 Our former wrongs, this will in part redress,
 When these are gone, their pow'r will be the less.'
 Then Wallace call'd with majesty and awe,
 ' Brave Justice, Sir, come execute your law,
 ' 'Gainst us that live, and are escap'd your ayre,
 ' Deal not our lands; for, faith that were not fair.
 ' Thy cruel bloodshed now confess and mourn,
 ' And take thy choice whether thou'lt hang or burn.'
 With that the fiery flames ascend aloft,
 To sleeping folk such wak'ning was not soft,
 The sight without was terrible to see,
 Then guess what cruel pain within might be;
 Which to the bloody monsters there besel,
 Next to the torments, I may say, of hell.
 The buildings great were all burnt down that night,
 None there escap'd, squire, lord or knight.
 When great huge roof trees fell down, them among,
 O such a sad and melancholy song.
 Some naked burnt to ashes all away:
 Some never rose, but smother'd where they lay.
 Others attempting to get to the air,
 With fire and smoke were burnt and choked there.
 Their nauseous smell, none present could abide,
A just reward, for murder will not hide.

With sorrow thus, and many a grievous groan,
 They languish'd till their sinful days were gone.
 Some sought the door, endeavoring out to get,
 But Scotsmen them so wisely did beset,
 Out of the burning flames whoever got,
 Immediately was cut down on the spot;
 Or driven back, with fury in the fire,
 Such wages got these hangmen for their hire.

A friar, Drumlaw, who prior was of AIR,
 Seventy that night upon him lodged were,
 Of South'ron lowns, for he an inn did keep,
 But watch'd them well till they fell all asleep,
 The smoke and flame no sooner there arose,
 Than he contriv'd revenge upon his foes,
 Unto his brethren seven, the secret told,
 All stately fellows, sturdy, brisk, and bold.
 Who soon the English armour do command,
 And a choice sword each one takes in his hand.
 In harness thus, they do themselves infold,
 And then the friar leads on the brothers bold.
 These eight brave friars to sundry places go,
 With sword in hand to ev'ry house went two,
 Wherein the bloody drunken Southrons were,
 And them dispatch'd, as they lay sleeping there.
 Some did awake into that doleful case,
 Who naked fled, and got out of the place.
 Some water sought, confus'dly thro' their sleep,
 Then drown'd in the Friar's well both large and deep.
 Thus slain and drown'd were all that lodged there:
 Men call it since, the Friar's blessing of AIR.
 Few in the castle that were men of note,
 Remain'd alive but burnt were on the spot.
 Some, when the furious fiery flames were out,
 In haste came forth, not having the least doubt
 Of harm from Scots, either by lass or lad,
 But far less from good Boyd, his ambuscade;
 Who like a soldier prudent, wise, and douse,
 Let them alone, then straight march'd to the house,
 And won the port, enter'd with all his men,
 Where only left were keepers nine or ten.
 The foremost soon he seiz'd in his hand,
 Made quit of him, then slew the rest he fand.

Arnulph, who did refuse his lodging there,
 Was burnt to ashes in the barns of AIR.
 Provisions in the castle there were none,
 Not long before, from it was Piercy gone.
 Boyd, there made twenty of his men to stand,
 Then went and waited Wallace's command.
 Who kept the town, till nothing left was there,
 But raging fire, and brave buildings bare.
 Of Englishmen, in spite of all their might,
 By sword and fire, five thousand di'd that night.

When Wallace' men together all were met,
 ' Good friends,' he said, ' you know an ayre was set ;
 ' That Clydesdale men to Glasgow should repair,
 ' To Bishop Beik, and the Lord Piercy there.
 ' We'll thither haste : therefore, though we be few,
 ' Of our good kin, some kill'd are ere now.'
 The burgeses, he caus'd unto him call,
 And gave command in gen'ral to them all ;
 Safely to watch and guard the house of AIR,
 With utmost caution, diligence, and care ;
 To which they all consented, and did say,
 ' With cheerful heart they'd his command obey.'
 Wallace's men, refresh'd themselves, and so
 For Glasgow town prepar'd in haste to go.
 Choice of good English horses to their mind,
 They took along, and left the bad behind.
 In haste away rides that brave cavalry,
 Three hundred strong was the good company ;
 To Glasgow town march these good men and true,
 And pass the bridge before the Southron knew.
 Lord Piercy soon, with diligence and care,
 His men conven'd all in good order there.
 Who do conclude, that it must Wallace be
 Prepare for fight, either to do or die.
 Then Bishop Beik, and Piercy upon sight,
 Led on a thousand men in armour bright.
 Wallace views their force, then back does ride,
 And in two squadrons did his horse divide.
 Harness'd his men, who were in number few,
 Then call'd on Auchinleck, both stout and true.
 ' Uncle, he said, ere we these men assail,
 ' Whether will ye bear up the bishop's tail :

' Or with the foremost will ye gallop on,
 ' Kneel down, and take that prelate's benison.'
 Quoth Auchinleck, ' I'll not ambitious be,
 ' Yourself may take his blessing first for me.
 ' That is the post of honour, and your right,
 ' I shall bear up his tail with all my might.'
 ' Since we must part, you'll be much in the wrong,'
 Good Wallace said, ' if you stay from us long,
 ' Your men will not regard their number vast,
 ' For God's sake then march on your squadron fast.
 ' Our parting, I would not the Southron saw,
 ' March you behind in through the north east raw :
 ' Good men of war are in Northumberland.'
 Thus parted, and took other by the hand.
 Quoth Auchinleck, ' we'll do the best we may,
 ' 'Twill not be right if we stay long away.
 ' There's be a reel among us speedily ;
 ' But to the right almighty God have eye.'
 Then Adam Wallace and good Auchinleck,
 With seven score men of note and good respect ;
 Brave clever boys, stout, able, hail, and sound,
 March briskly up the backside of the town :
 Till they were fairly out of Southron-sight,
 ' The other squadron dress with all their might.
 Wallace and Boyd up thro' the plain street go,
 The English wond'ring when they saw no moe.
 An ensign was with Beik and Piercy there,
 Who boldly call'd, and challeng'd what they were.
 A fierce encounter then and sharp, between
 The Scots and English, as was ever seen ;
 Quickly ensues, with such a dreadful dint,
 Till from their swords the fire flew like flint.
 The hardy Scots most manfully they fought,
 And to the ground heaps of the South'rons brought.
 Pierced their plates with pointed swords of steel,
 At ev'ry blow, they made them there to kneel,
 The stour like smoke arose among them fast,
 Dark'ned the sun, and to the clouds it past.
 Honour to gain, each Scotsman did his best,
 Tho' with great numbers they were sadly prest.
 Yet gallantly they fought, and pushed on.
 With sword in hand, and charg'd the South'ron.

Lord Piercy's men, expert in war I wot,
 Most fiercely fought, and flinched ne'er a foot,
 Then Adam Wallace and good Auchinleck,
 Their duty next, in truth do not neglect.
 But like brave foldiers do obey command,
 And boldly enter all with sword in hand.
 Amidst the contest hot, and fierce dispute,
 At which some South'ron bravely fac'd about ;
 Who stoutly charg'd the Scots, and very fast,
 But were oblig'd to yield their ground at last.
 This fresh relief so eager fought and keen,
 And made such slaps as never yet was seen,
 'Mongst Englishmen, that to their very will
 The Scots got room to fight and slay their fill.
 Then Wallace mids that cruel bloody throng,
 With his good sword, that heavy was and long,
 At the Lord Piercy, such a stroke he drew,
 Till bone and brain in diff'rent places flew.
 Whom, when his men perceiv'd that he was dead,
 With Bishop Beik all marched off with speed.
 By the friar church, out thro' a wood they throng,
 But in that forest durst not tarry long.
 Thus in a hurry, all to Bothwell scour,
 The Scottish swords were sharp for to endure.
 So cruel was the skirmish, and so hot,
 The English left seven hundred on the spot.
 Wallace he followed with stout men and tight,
 Altho' fore foughten, marched all that night :
 Many he slew into the chafe that day,
 But yet with Beik, three hundred got away.
 The traitor Vallance he escap'd also,
 To all true Scotsmen still a mortal foe
 Five thousand South'rons Wallace burnt at Air,
 At Glasgow town seven hundred killed there.
 The South'ron chas'd to Bothwell, that strong place,
 Then did return within a little space.
 Thus with fatigue, and want of sleep oppress'd,
 Rode to Dundaff, and there took him some rest.
 Told good Sir John of all besel in Air,
 Who did regret he was not with him there.
 Wallace he sojourn'd in Dundaff at will,
 Five summer days, with pleasure there until

He tidings got, from good men all forlorn,
 Buchan was up, Athol, Monteith and Lorn.
 That on Argyle, a furious war they make,
 All for king Edward's cruel bloody sake.
 Campbell the knight, that witty was and smart,
 Staid in Argyle in spite of Edward's heart
 And kepted still his heritage Lochlow.
 In spite of the M'Fadzean's sword and bow.
 Who cause he had unto king Edward sworn.
 Gave him Argyle, and all the lands of Lorn.
 False John of Lorn to that gift did accord,
 Because in England he was made a lord.
 Duncan of Lorn, he stood up for the land,
 Who when o'ercome by the M'Fadzean ;
 Did join himself to Campbell that brave knight,
 In war. who was both worthy wise and wight.
 M'Fadzean now with diligence and care,
 His five new lordships 'bout him 'sembles there.
 That tyrant to the land no sooner comes,
 Than he packs up an army of vile scums :
 Full fifteen thousand cursed rogues indeed,
 Of omnegat hums after him does lead,
 Many of whom he had from Ireland got,
 Man, wife, nor child, these monsters spared not.
 Wasted the land, where e'er they came, at will;
 Nothing they knew, but burn, destroy and kill.
 Into Lochlow they enter speedily,
 Which, when the good knight Campbell did espy,
 In Craigmure three hundred men he puts,
 And holds that strength in spite of all their guts,
 Then broke the bridge, that o'er they might not pass.
 But thro' a ford, that deep and narrow was :
 Securely there, and safe made his abode,
 Aufe did defend him, that was deep and broad.
 M'Fadzean was on the other side,
 And there per force, obliged was to bide.
 Till 'twixt a rock, and a great water side,
 Where none but four in front could either march or ride,
 M'Fadzean has a little passage found,
 Were he o'er that, he thought all was his own.
*Where plenty, he, of cattle for no cost,
 Might get to maintain his savage host.*

Duncan of Lorn, unto his travels got,
 In quest of Wallace to prevent the plot :
 For speedy succours to the knight's relief,
 Against M'Fadzean, that false traitor thief.
 Gilmichael then a footman, clean and tight,
 With Duncan went, to guide his way aright.
 Thus cleverly away the couple trudg'd,
 Till they came straight where the wight Wallace lodg'd.
 There they, tho' weary, all fatigu'd and faint,
 Against M'Fadzean table their complaint.
 When Earl Malcom he the tidings knew,
 To Wallace hastes, with his men stout and true.
 Sir John the Graham there does him also meet,
 M'Fadzean's wars so griev'd his noble sp'rit.
 Richard of Lundie came the self same day,
 Who all with Wallace boldly march away.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace slew M'Fadzean.

THEN Wallace march'd to view M'Fadzean's host,
 Of savages and knaves made up almost ;
 By Stirling castle held to the south hand,
 Which that great rogue old Ruickby did command.
 To Earl Malcolm, Wallace looking back,
 ' What would you think this fortress to attack,
 ' And it reduce by some new stratagem ?'
 ' All good,' said he, so said Sir John the Graham.
 Wallace his men then he divided so,
 That his true strength the English should not know.
 The Earl lay in ambush out of sight,
 Wallace with him took good Sir John the knight.
 A hundred brave bold Scots do him attend,
 Who never turn'd their backs on Englishmen.
 Thro' Stirling town, straight to the bridge rode they,
 In noble order, and in good array :
 Whom when old Ruickby narrowly did view,
 Caus'd seven score archers presently pursue,
 And them engage ; but Wallace void of fear,
 Into his hand holding a noble spear.
 He fiercely to these proud archers drew,
 And on the spot the first that met him slew.

Sir John the Graham, none could him there withstand,
 Who also had a good spear in his hand :
 The first he met to present death was sent,
 His spear in pieces on the second went ;
 His gallant sword then drew he out with speed,
 A noble friend to him in time of need.
 Fresh English archers round about them drew,
 And with their arrows his brave horse they flew.
 When Wallace saw that good Sir John was put
 To such distress, and that he fought on foot,
 He with some others from their horse alight,
 And quickly put the Southron all to flight.
 Who to the castle back thought to repair,
 But Earl Malcom baulk'd their fancy there.
 Betwixt them and the castle gate he got,
 Where he kill'd many Englishmen of note.
 Into the throng Wallace with Ruickby met,
 Of the old rogue, there such a stroke did get ;
 As made his head upon the field to dance,
 But his two Sons by accident and chance,
 Into the castle, whence they came before,
 With thirty men escap'd, and no more.
 The Lennox men, both stout and bold also,
 There from the castle would not stir nor go ;
 But carefully besieg'd it round about,
 As knowing well it could not long stand out.
 The siege goes on, unto the Earl's mind,
 But Wallace he pursues his first design.
 To fight M'Fadzean, that most bloody rogue,
 Who for his villany did bear the vogue.
 Against him Wallace vow'd and swore revenge,
 From which his mind ne'er alter should, nor change.
 That till he had the honour to put down,
 That wicked tyrant he should ne'er sleep sound.
 At Stirling bridge assembled to him then,
 Two thousand brave, and valiant Scotsmen.
 Who to Argyle in noble order ride :
 Duncan of Lorn, he was their trusty guide,
 By this time, Ruickby's sons did fancy that
 It was time for them to capitulate,
 And with the Earl Malcolm for to treat,
 Who were both destitute of men and meat.

That on condition he their lives wou'd spare,
 And mercy grant to all the rest were there,
 And give them safe guard to their native land,
 They would resign both castle and command.
 The articles were sign'd that very day,
 Then bag and baggage, they march all away.
 Now Wallace he is gone with all his force,
 Against the rogue M'Fadzean, foot and horse.
 Duncan of Lorn, Gilmichael, as a spy
 Has sent, who knew the country perfectly.
 Scaree by Strathfillan was the army gone,
 Till horse and foot were like to faint each one.
 ' Brave lads,' said Wallace, ' it's not time for us,
 In broken ranks to meet the en'my thus,
 The feebler sort let them still following be,
 The rest shall march into divisions three.'
 Five hundred first unto himself he told,
 Of Westland men, all sturdy stout and bold.
 Five hundred next, Sir John the Graham he got,
 Lundie five hundred more, all men of note.
 'Mongst whom was Wallace stout of Richardtown,
 Who at a pinch a sturdy friend was found ;
 Five hundred of the weak was left behind,
 Tho' cross unto, and sore against their mind.
 Thus Wallace host began to take the height,
 Then o'er a mountain march'd out of sight,
 Into Glendocher, they met with their spy,
 And good Lord Campbell, who couragiously
 Led now three hundred valiant chosen men ;
 A merry meeting was betwixt them then.
 ' Cheer up,' he said ' and never dread your foes,
 ' Yon silly beasts have neither arms nor clothes,
 ' Soen shall they fly, and shortly we pursue '
 Then to Lochdocher speedily they drew,
 Where Wallace said, ' One fate to all shall be,
 ' Since here is none will from his fellow flee.'
 Upon the moss, an out spy does appear,
 To see if roads and passes all be clear.
 M'Fadzean for that purpose had him sent,
 Who shortly after thought his time ill spent.
 Gilmichael at the rogue nimbly did make,
 With a good sword, and did him overtake :

Thro' fear the fellow there beshit his trues,
 And ne'er return'd to tell his master news.
 The cavalry are forced now to light,
 And quit their horses, tho' both fresh and tight,
 The moss and craigs them to their shifts did put.
 ' Let's see, quoth Wallace, who walks best on foot.'
 Out thro' the moor his men does bravely lead,
 Into a strength, which service did indeed.
 In along the shore, three in the front they pass,
 Till all the men march'd safely up at last.
 ' Yon folk,' Lord Campbel said ' I'll pawn my neck,
 ' Shall get a meeting they do not expect ;
 ' I see no way they have from us to fly,
 ' But waters deep, and craigy mountains high.'
 Then eighteen hundred valiant Scots indeed,
 Attack M'Fadzean's num'rous host with speed.
 Upon their front great havock soon did make :
 The frighted foes surpris'd with terror shake ?
 Yet boldly rally, and together rush,
 Till Wallace does them with such fierceness push
 That furiously, with dreadful strokes and sore,
 He drove them back five acres breadth and more :
 In modest speaking, with good swords of steel,
 He made them dance a sore and bloody reel.
 Whom e'er he hit no longer there could stand,
 Made room about him a large rood of land.
 Sir John the Graham did show his warlike art ;
 Lord Campbel also, and Lundie play'd their part.
 Stout Adam Wallace, and good Robert Boyd,
 Where e'er they came, cut down and all destroy'd.
 The conflict grew so very sharp and hot,
 And the M'Fadzean fought so on the spot,
 With Irish men, that hardy were and stout,
 The victory for some time stood in doubt.
 The bloody streams from front to rear did run,
 And many a man lay gasping on the ground
 For two long hours, they fought it hand to fist,
 Until the very stoutest gladly wish'd
 For some respite, their wearied arms to rest,
 As yet none knew which of them had the best.
 So fiercely fought M'Fadzean's cruel curs ;
 But Wallace men together stuck like burs.

So hardy were, so valiant and so good,
 Made great effusion of the en'my's blood,
 With sword in hand they fiercely forward throng,
 Made fearful slops their cruel foes among.
 Numbers of Irish sleep'd in a cold bed,
 The rest wheel'd to the left about and fled.
 O'er craigy rocks, some fell thro' great despair,
 And in the water drown'd two thousand were.
 M'Fadzean's Scots born men staid on the field,
 Threw down their arms, and on their knees they kneel'd:
 On Wallace loudly cry, and mercy crave,
 Who gen'rously them gallant quarters gave,
 ' They're our own blood, he said, both man and boy,
 ' Such penitents can any heart destroy ?'
 Then order'd all Scotsmen that were found,
 To save alive, but foreigners cut down.
 M'Fadzean fled, and is with fifty gone
 Under Graigmure, unto a cave of stone.
 Duncan of Lorn, from Wallace asketh leave,
 To pay a visit to this ancient cave :
 Which Wallace grants, then quickly does him send,
 With a detachment of some sturdy men.
 Who soon dispatch'd the fifty, kill'd them dead,
 And then brought back the rogue M'Fadzean's head.
 Thro' all the field they show the villain's face
 Upon a spear, unto his great disgrace.
 High on Craigmure, Lord Campbel made it stand,
 Upon a pole for honour of Ireland
 The best men there that were of Scotland born,
 To Wallace they fidelity have sworn ;
 He did protect all came unto his peace,
 So pitiful he was, and full of grace.
 Then after all straightway to Lorn he went,
 And rul'd the land unto their great content.
 A council at Archattan did proclaim,
 Where many came, so soon's they heard his name,
 From ev'ry art, and humble thanks they gave,
 With joyful hearts, unto their Warden brave,
 All Lorn he gave to Duncan stout and wight,
 Who always acted what was just and right.
 ' Brook thou this land, as thy true heritage,
 ' And for thy brother's son that taketh wage

' From Edward: if he will return, shall have
 ' His lands, I'll lose no man that I can save.'
 Of worthy Scots, to Wallace not a few,
 Unto Archattan from their strengths withdrew
 Brave Sir John Ramsay, who with heart and hand,
 Did still stand up for his true native land;
 Of noble blood and ancient pedigree,
 To Wallace there with sixty men came he.
 Who 'gainst the English did great danger risk,
 And was so stout, courageous, and brisk
 He from his faith was never known to flinch,
 Nor to King Edward ever yield an inch.
 Into Stochane, a long time there did lie,
 And fought the South'ron always valiantly.
 Who him and his did grievously oppress,
 His son was call'd the flow'r of courtlines:
 Who otherwise dare say, do him traduce,
 If they'll but read the history of Bruce,
 They'll find recorded there his glorious fame,
 Brave Alexander was his christian name:
 In peace and war, he always ruled well,
 Such was his courage conduct, and his skill.
 In time of war for honour did contest,
 Of the crown's friends, was thought one of the best.
 In time of peace he never had a peel,
 So courteous he was, and so genteel.
 Ambitiously, each his acquaintance sought;
 Of manners, he was quintessence thought.
 Freely and truly at all times he spoke,
 And what he promis'd, never ru'd nor broke.
 Roxburgh he won, and held it faithfully,
 Till traitors thro' their treason caus'd him die.
 But in what cursed way or manner, how,
 It is not proper to relate it now:
 And on that subject we shall talk no more.
 His father came, as I have told before:
 Who cheerfully, great willingness did show,
 For to assist against the common foe.
Each man did him esteem, and highly prize
In war; for sober, vigilant and wise.
 A prelate next, unto Archattan came,
 Who of his lordship nought had but the name.

He worthy was, both prudent, grave, and sage,
 Of Sinclair blood, not forty years of age
 The Pope, to save poor sinful souls from hell,
 Did him create Lord Bishop of Dunkell.
 But Englishmen thro' greed and avarice,
 Depriv'd him basely of his benefice :
 Not knowing then to whom to make his suit,
 To save his life, dwelt three full years in Bute.
 During which space he was kept safe and sound,
 And under the Lord Steuart shelter found.
 Till Wallace, who won Scotland back with pain,
 Restor'd him to his livings all again ;
 With many more, who were all overthrown
 By English, and restor'd unto their own.

Wallace' small host, of whom I spoke of late,
 Having the rogue M'Fadzean now defeat,
 Return'd unto the field where they had fought,
 Got arms and spoil, behind them left they nought.
 Thro' Lorn they march as handsome as they can,
 And of their number scarce had lost a man.
 On the fifth day, unto Archattan went,
 Where they found Wallace blyth and well content.
 His men he welcomes, highly sounds their praise,
 Who did behave themselves so well always.
 " Take all the spoil, said he, falls to my share,
 " I fight for honour, and for no more I care."

C H A P. III.

How Wallace won St. Johnstoun.

WHEN Wallace quite had clear'd the Highland coast,
 Kill'd the M'Fadzean, and defeat his host :
 And wisely settled all Argyle and Lorn,
 In spite of all that rogue's contempt and scorn.
 Nothing he long'd so much to see on earth,
 As sweet St. Johnstoun, now the town of Perth.
 Ramsay he calls, both trusty, true and kind,
 And there to him discloses all his mind.
 ' Bonny St. Johnstoun, on the river Tay,
 Where Southron rule with arbitrary sway :
 There captive Scots I've set at liberty,
 And made ten English for one Scotsman die :

But yet methinks I want sufficient mends,
 Till I kill thousands more, instead of tens.
 I'll make them know they have no right to rule,
 And cause them shortly all sing up port-yuell.
 'That town,' said Ramsay, 'long they cannot keep;
 The walls are low, although the ditch be deep,
 Which our good men can very quickly fill;
 Then we may march a thousand at our will.
 The Southron pride perhaps we then may quell.'
 Wallace was pleas'd and both rode to Dunkell.
 There three full days away their time they past,
 And all their projects wisely did forecast.
 Ramsay caus'd make great big machines of tree,
 By the best workmen could be had for fee;
 And down the water in a little space,
 Does carry them to the appointed place.
 Then all the host unto St. Johnstoun past,
 With earth and stone fill'd up the ditches fast.
 Flaiks there they made of timber fresh and tight,
 Then to the walls a passage made on sight,
 Bastalies strong they suddenly up rear,
 Then do advance with glittering sword and spear.
 Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay that bold knight,
 The turret bridge besiege with all their might.
 Wallace himself, with his good men around,
 Doth take his post at mid side of the town.
 The Southrons much perplexed in their minds,
 Defend themselves with new and strange engines,
 Wherewith they furiously, and very fast,
 Great numbers of prodigious stones do cast.
 Yet the brave Scots, that hardy still had been,
 With swords and spears, that clever were and keen:
 At handy blows no sooner with them met,
 Than in their blood their weapons all were wet.
 Though English there, like gallant men and brave,
 Into that conflict boldly did behave:
 Yet suddenly they were put to the worse,
 The Scots upon them enter in by force.
*A thousand o'er the wall got speedily,
 Then in the town rose a prodigious cry.
 Ramsay and Graham, such was their lucky fate,
 Soon gain'd, then enter'd at the turret gate.*

A squire true, who Ruthven was to name,
 At that assault was with Sir John the Graham,
 And thirty men who laid about them well,
 As to their smart the Southron there did feel.
 Then the true Scots came in upon all sides,
 And bravely curri'd all their English hides.
 Two thousand there they kill'd upon the street,
 And in the kennel tread beneath their feet.
 When Sir John Stewart saw the town was lost,
 He like a coward fled and left his host :
 Then sixty men in a light barge, and he,
 Scour down the water, straight unto Dundee.
 Wallace abode till the fourth day at morn,
 But left none there that were in England born.
 Great riches got, and ev'ry thing was good,
 And then the town repeopl'd with Scots blood,
 Ruthven he left, their captain there to be,
 That post by right, full well deserved he :
 He sundry gifts got more in heritage,
 His service so did Wallace' heart engage.
 Thus after Wallace settled matters so,
 He to the north prepares himself to go.
 In Aberdeen he caus'd proclaim and cry,
 That Scotsmen there should meet immediately.
 To Cooper rode, to view that Abbacy,
 From which the Abbot he thought fit to flee.
 Good Bishop Sinclair, without longer stay,
 Met him at Glams, and travell'd on the way.
 To Brechin, where they lodg'd all that night,
 Then on the morn, Wallace, by it was light,
 Caus'd noblemen, all in their rich array,
 The Scottish banner fairly there display.
 Then instantly proclaim upon the spot,
 To kill all Southrons where they could be got.
 In battle rank, then through the Mearns they march,
 And diligently after Southrons search,
 Who frighted all before the host do flee,
 Unto Dunsotter, standing in the sea.
 To that great strength, they all in haste do throng,
 Their number then made up four thousand strong.
Some in the church their sanctuary took,
The rest march'd up all to the craigy rock.

With whom the Bishop fairly treated so,
 To spare their lives, if from the land they'd go.
 Like fools, they on his words would not rely,
 Therefore a fire was brought speedily :
 Which burnt the church and all those Southron boys ;
 Out o'er the rock, the rest rush'd with great noise ;
 Some hung on craigs, and loth were for to die,
 Some lap, some fell, some flutter'd in the sea ;
 And perish'd all, not one remain'd alive.
 What man could think such rogues could better thrive ?
 When Wallace men saw them all dead and gone,
 They ask'd the bishop absolution.
 Wallace he thought their fault it was but small :
 Then leugh and said, I do forgive you all.
 Remember our brave barons hang'd in AIR,
 What pity did the Southrons show us there ?
 To Aberdeen then Wallace quickly pass,
 Where Englishmen were sitting very fast.
 Numbers of ships, resembling growing woods,
 Lay in the harbour to turse off their goods.
 At an ebb sea, the Scots did make a trip,
 And seiz'd the servants there of ev'ry ship :
 Took out the goods, the ships they set on fire,
 The men on land they burn'd both bone and lyre,
 The priests and children, maids and marri'd wives,
 They sav'd, and freely let pass with their lives.
 To Buchan next, good Wallace he does ride,
 Where the Lord Beaumont order'd was to bide.
 Earl he was but short time made before.
 And after bruk'd it very little more.
 When he got notice Wallace was in view,
 Unto the Slains he privately withdrew ;
 Took shipping, and return'd to England back,
 Had little of his government to crack.
 Wallace rode on both over height and plain,
 At Cromarty hath many Southrons slain,
 And then return'd back to Aberdeen,
 With his blithe host upon the Lammas ev'n,
 Where to his friends a welcome sight was he,
 Then with his army march'd unto Dundee.

C H A P. IV.

How Wallace laid Siege to Dundee, and gave Battle to Kirkingham, Treasurer to King Edward, and the Earl of Warran at Stirling Bridge.

WALLACE his valiant soldiers does oblige,
 Most vig'rously the castle to besiege.
 Wisely disposes all, no time is lost,
 And to each man assigns his proper post.
 By this Sir Aymer, that unnat'ral foe.
 In haste for England does prepare to go:
 Like to b—sh—t himself, with panic fear,
 Packs up his baggage, all his goods and gear.
 Among the Southron, like a poor exile,
 To lurk, and to abscond himself a while.
 There Wallace' actions all he doth relate,
 Which did oblige the English to regret
 Their sad misfortunes, and unlucky chance
 Which now had put their measures to a stance.
 Edward to Scotland could not go that time,
 Yet still the more to aggravate his crime,
 He Kirkingham, his treasurer does command,
 And Earl Warran, with a num'rous band
 Of horse and foot, on Scotland for to fall,
 To worrie Wallace, and destroy up all.
 This num'rous host do march with all their speed,
 The Earl Patrick them receiv'd at Tweed,
 Invet'rate malice who 'gainst Wallace bore,
 As like a rogue he always did before:
 And to his native country now does strive
 To work all mischief that he can contrive.
 The English now a mutter do intend,
 And find their host full sixty thousand men.
 Then march they all straight unto Stirling bridge,
 And in their way the castle do besiege
 When of those news Wallace had got some taste,
 He then indeed bestirr'd himself in haste.
 A captain plac'd, of vigilance and care,
 For to command the siege was lying there.
 Two thousand good, in number they would be,
 North-country men, and dwellers at Dundee.

Then march'd his men all clever young and tight,
 And in St Johnstoun quarter'd that same night.
 At Sheriff muir them up in order drew,
 And narrowly he did them all review.
 Then with brave air spoke Sir John the Graham,
 The glory of that noble ancient name :
 ' Great feats we have performed in the field,
 With smaller force. and stronger foe made yield.'
 ' Who fight, said Wallace, for just, righteous ends,
 God unto them assistance always sends ;
 Then though the enemy were ten thousand more,
 Let's up and beat them as we've done before.
 Near Stirling bridge I purpose for to be,
 There to contrive some subtil jeopardy ;
 In which we may our Southron foes ensnare,
 So soon as the fat lugged lowns come there
 We'll keep the bridge with our true men and stout,
 They're not acquainted with the way about,'
 Wallace sends Jop to tell that Tuesday next,
 To fight the Southron was the day prefix'd.
 On Saturday unto the bridge they rode,
 Which was well join'd with good plain boards and broad.
 Watches he set about him e'y'ry where,
 That none might know what he was working there.
 A cunning carpenter, by name John Wright,
 He quickly calls, and falls to work on sight.
 Caus'd saw the boards immediately in two,
 By the mid trest, that none might over go,
 On cornal bands caus'd nail it very soon,
 Then fill'd with clay, as nothing had been done.
 The other end to stand, directeth there,
 On wooden rollers, with great art and care.
 When one was out, that all the rest might fall,
 The carpenter below, he caus'd withal,
 In a close cradle cunningly to sit,
 And loose the pin, when Wallace thought it fit,
 Which by one blast, he of a horn would know,
 Then to be sure to let the roller go.
*The day of battle does approach at length,
 The English then advance with all their strength,
 And fifty thousand march in battle rank,
 Full six to one yet Wallace never shrank.*

The rest they lay about the castle hill,
 Both field and castle thought to have at will.
 The worthy Scots together close did bide,
 In the plain field, upon the other side.
 Hugh Kirkingham, the vanguard on led he,
 With twenty thousand likely men to see,
 The earl of Warran thirty thousand had,
 If all were good, the number was not bad.
 Thus fifty thousand silly Southron fots,
 Proudly march up against nine thousand Scots.
 When Kirkingham his twenty thousand men,
 Had past the bridge, quite to the other end ;
 Some of the Scots in earnest without scorn,
 Thought it high time to blow the warning horn.
 But Wallace he march'd stoutly through the plain,
 Led on his men, their number did disdain ;
 Till Warran's host thick on the bridge did go,
 Then he, from Jop. did take the horn and blow :
 So loud and shrill, he warn'd good John Wright,
 Who soon struck out the roller with great slight.
 Then all went down, when the pin was got out,
 At which arose a fearful cry and shout.
 Both men and horse into the river fell,
 Honest John Wright did act his part so well.
 The hardy Scots, with heavy strokes and fore,
 Attack the twenty thousand that came o'er.
 Wallace and Ramsay, Lundie, Boyd, and Graham,
 With dreadful strokes made them retire, fy shame !
 The Southrons front they fought, all face to face,
 Who, to their ignominy and disgrace,
 Did neither stand nor fairly foot the score,
 But did retire five acre breadth and more.
 Wallace on foot, with a great sharp sword goes,
 Amongst the very thickest of his foes ;
 On Kirkingham there such a stroke he got,
 In spite of all his armour and mail-coat,
 That kill'd him dead : none durst him there rescue,
 Then to that valiant captain bade adieu
 When Kirkingham, dead on the spot to lie,
 The Southron saw, then they began to fly :
Who, though they had fought it most bloody hot,
Ten thousand lost, and left dead on the spot.

The rest they fled, nor none durst stay behind ;
 Succour they fought, but none at all could find.
 Some east, some west, and some fled to the north ;
 Seven thousand flutter'd all at once in Forth,
 Who from that river little mercy found ;
 For few escap'd, and most of all were drown'd.
 On Wallace' side, no man was kill'd of note,
 But Andrew Murray, a true hearted Scot.
 When Warran's men saw all was lost and tint,
 They fled as fast as fire does from a flint,
 Ne'er look'd about, nor once a Scotsman fac'd,
 But to Dunbar march'd in a dev'lish haste.

Thus thirty thousand English, in a word,
 Like cowards fled, without one stroke of sword.
 Then Wallace host pursu'd with all their might,
 Took up the bridge, and loos'd good John Wright,
 The Earl Malcolm from the castle past,
 And with his men pursu'd the Southron fast.
 Through the Torwood the Earl Warran fled,
 Where many of his men got a cold bed.
 He had the rogne Corspatrick for his guide,
 With whip and spur they both away did ride,
 Straight to Dunbar, and left their scatter'd host,
 Who in their flight were all cut down almost.
 The Scottish horse they had pursued so,
 Were so fatigu'd no further could they go.
 Wallace and Graham, who still together rode,
 At Haddington, a mighty slaughter made.
 Ramsay and Boyd, Adam of Richardtown,
 Richard of Lundie, are all lighted down :
 With them three hundred brave Scots cavalry,
 Which Wallace was extremely glad to see.
 The Earl Malcolm he was also there,
 And blithe and glad all sumptuously fare.
 The earl Warran and Corspatrick are,
 By this time, safely got into Dunbar.
 Whom Wallace did most hotly there pursue,
 But missing them had little more to do,
 Having at least, full thirty thousand slain,
 In the pursuit, and upon Stirling plain.
 In Haddington, he quarter'd all that night,
 Then back for Stirling march'd by morning light.

On the Assumption day, this battle's fought,
 Where the brave Scots have perfect wonders wrought.
 Then after all, sure sicker work to make,
 Of all the barons he an oath does take,
 That as Scots Warden, they would him respect,
 And he with all his power would them protect.
 Sir John Montieth, who was of Arran Lord,
 Most readily unto it did accord :
 And faithfully, himself by oath he bound,
 To stand by Wallace, and defend the crown.
 All those who freely would not thus comply,
 He caus'd be punish'd with severity.
 Some put to death, and some to prison sent ;
 His glorious fame thro' both the kingdoms went ;
 Soon after, by a tyrant got Dundee,
 And yet the men fled all away by sea.
 The English captains that were free to stay,
 Their cattles left, and then stole all away.
 So that in Scotland, when ten days were gone,
 An English captain there you could see none.
 Except in Roxburgh, and in Berwick town,
 Which to reduce Wallace intended soon

That time there was a baron of great fame,
 Who Chrystal Seaton was unto his name ;
 He with the Southron often did contend,
 And did in Jedburgh wood himself defend.
 From the Scot's faith, to swerve he never would.
 Not for a million of King Edward's gold.
 Heabottle, who did Jedburgh then command,
 When he the Southron saw expell'd the land,
 He suddenly did from the castle flee,
 With all his men, seven score in company.
 Chrystal, with forty Scots, does him pursue,
 Most of the men, and captain there he slew
 Great store of riches, gold and household stuff,
 From Southron got, and purely swin'd their buff.
 Jedburgh he took, plac'd Ruth'ven captain there,
 Brave Seaton then to Lothian did repair :
 Of him hereafter, greater feats and more
 You'll hear, than what he did to the seven score.
 And whoso please the Bruce's book to read,
 Will see him fam'd for many a valiant deed.

Wallace does now consider and advise,
 Where to find out good faithful men and wise,
 Who by experience did understand,
 Rightly to manage and govern the land.
 Captains he made, and sheriffs very good,
 Some of his own, and some of other blood.
 His cousin Crawford, governor to be
 Of Edinburgh, and the castle order'd he.
 Now Scotland's free, lives in great peace and ease,
 And Southrons are fled home to toast their cheese.
 Wallace, much like a prince, doth rule and reign,
 Waiting a time to get his lawful king,
 From Edward, who kept him in London town,
 Most wrongfully, from his own righteous crown.

B O O K VIII.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace put Corispatrik out of Scotland.

FIVE months, thus Scotland had peace and rest.
 From war, wherewith they were so much oppress'd :
 Then a convention's call'd of the estates,
 To settle matters, and end all debates.
 And in St Johnstoun are assembled all,
 Except Corispatrik, who did mock their call.
 Then Wallace he address'd that parliament.
 And humbly ask'd, if they would all consent,
 For to forgive Corispatrik what was past,
 Providing he would own his fault at last ;
 And swear fidelity unto the crown,
 To which they all consented very soon.
 A letter then they speedily indite,
 And in most kind and friendly terms they write :
 Beseeching him, with handsome compliment,
 He would accept share of the government.
 Which kindly message all did prove in vain,
He leugh, and it contemn'd with great disdain.
"We have great need, said he, now of a king,
When Wallace he as governor does reign.
That King of Kyle I cannot understand,
Of him, I never held a fur of land.

That Bauchler thinks, and does believe it weel,
 That fortune, she will never change her wheel.
 As for your lords, I let you understand,
 I'm not oblig'd to answer your demand ;
 As free I am in this realm-to reign,
 Lord of my own, as either prince or king.
 Great lands in England, there I also have,
 Whereof no subject rent of me can crave.
 What would you then ? I warn you I am free,
 No answer more your letters get from me."
 Back to St Johnstoun this fine speech is sent,
 And laid before the lords of parliament.
 At reading which, Wallace no patience had,
 But storm'd and stared, as he'd been almost mad.
 Himself could not recover for a while,
 'Cause in disdain, he call'd him King of Kyle.
 Then up he rose, and without more or less,
 Unto the lords, he did himself address.
 ' My lords,' said he, ' there can be but one king,
 Who can at once over this kingdom reign.
 If Earl Patrick take such ways and gates,
 And suffer'd be, thus to insult the states,
 I plainly think, and I shall add no more,
 We are in worse condition than before,
 Therefore, I vow to God, if that he be
 In this realm, one of us two shall die.
 Unless he come and own his lawful king,
 'Gainst the false title Edward takes to reign.
 His taunt and scorn, he shall repent and rue,
 Who calls me king, that am a subject true."
 He took his leave of all the council then,
 And march'd away with two hundred good men.
 Towards Kinghorn does hasten very fast,
 And on the morrow over Forth he past.
 Then into Musselburgh does safely get,
 Where he with honest Robert Lauder met,
 Who 'gainst the crown did never yet rebel,
 And hated Edward as he hated hell.
 'Gainst Earl Patrick was most glad to go,
 Who to his country was a bloody foe.
 Chrystal of Seaton, with his men, ere long,
 Came and made Wallace full four hundred strong.

A squire Lyle, that did the country ken,
 At Lintoun, he came up with twenty men.
 Told that Corspatrick and his men of war,
 From Cockburn's path, were marching to Dunbar.
 'Come on,' said Lauder, 'let us faster ride,'
 'No, no, said Wallace, he'll our bellum bide.
 Another thing pray also understand,
 A hardier lord is not in all our land.'
 By east Dunbar they march'd, and tarri'd not,
 But Earl Patrick of them notice got,
 Who in a field, near Innerweik, did then
 Draw up nine hundred able fighting men.
 Wallace with his four hundred, stout and tight,
 Approached fast, and came within their fight;
 Who fiercely up to Earl Patrick ride,
 Where they like furies fight on ev'ry side.
 That conflict was both terrible and strong,
 On either side, and did continue long.
 Much Scottish blood was spilt, they fought so fierce,
 More than with pleasure, I can here rehearse.
 But Earl Patrick left the field at last,
 Some few with him to Cockburn's path they past.
 Towards Dunbar march'd Wallace, but was told,
 That no provisions left were in the hold.
 Nor men of worth the castle to defend,
 When he that story heard from end to end,
 Dunbar he took and no resistance fand:
 Gave it to Chrystal Seaton to command.
 After the Earl, Wallace marches then,
 To Cockburn's path, with him three hundred men.
 Whom in a range about the park he led,
 To Buncle wood, Corspatrick then he fled:
 Then out of that to Norham passed he.
 When Wallace saw that better could not be,
 To Coldstream rode, and lodged upon Tweed,
 Then Earl Patrick made great haste and speed,
 And passed by ere Wallace' men arose:
 To Ettrick forest without resting goes,
 Into Cockholm, Corspatrick took him rest,
 Then for more force Wallace march'd to the west.
 The Earl Patrick he goes by and by,
 For England, seeking some more new supply.

To Bishop Beik, he there complained fore,
 Whom Wallace had from Scotland chas'd before.
 Who all Northumberland, with great surprize,
 Caus'd quickly with the Earl Patrick rise.
 Then order'd Bruce, likewise to Scotland go,
 To win his own, they coaxed him up so
 Made him believe Wallace set up for king,
 A most ridic'lous, and calumnious thing ;
 Whereas, the whole design he had in hand,
 Was to bring Bruce free home to his own land.
 Thus from Oys water, to the river Tweed,
 An host of thirty thousand pass'd with speed,
 And from the Thames came ships immediately,
 To watch Dunbar, that none should them supply.
 With twenty thousand all bred up in war,
 The Earl Patrick does besiege Dunbar.
 The Bishop Beik, and Robert Bruce did then,
 Abide at Norham with ten thousand men.
 Then Wallace like a sudden thunder crack,
 Came with five thousand Scotsmen at his back ;
 All shining in their armour clear and bright,
 For to rescue the Seaton wife and wight.
 Then under Yester, that night lodged he,
 Where Hay came to him with good cavalry.
 Who in Down forest all that time had been,
 And had the coming of the Southron seen.
 Fifty good men that Hay had with him there,
 Corspatrick's case to Wallace all declare,
 ' My counsel is,' said Hay, ' you battle give ;
 It is a pity he so long should live :
 If with your men, you could them overset,
 Such pow'r again he would not quickly get.'
 Wallace he thank'd him for his counsel kind,
 Yet after all, consulted his own mind,
 By this, Corspatrick caus'd a fellow pass,
 Who told to Beik, that Wallace coming was.
 He of the tidings was exceeding glad,
 Amends of him, fain would he there have had.
 But more ado, thro' Lammer muir they rode,
 Near the Spot muir, in ambush there abode.
Most cunningly so close together drew,
That of their coming Wallace nothing knew.

Then, which was worse, did suddenly espy,
 Corpatrick marching very furiously,
 On a plain field, with all his num'rous host,
 Of whom, the Braggadocio much did boast.
 Brave Seaton, who was a most welcome guest,
 To Wallace's assistance came in haste.
 Yet prudently the Scots concluded then,
 Themselves too few for twenty thousand men.
 Jop musing also, did advise at length,
 That Wallace would retire into some strength.
 ' To lose your men great folly were, therefore,
 I'll go with speed, and quickly bring you more.'
 ' A dang'rous chace, said Wallace, they may make ;
 We are too near, such counsel now to take :
 Therefore I'll never flee, nor yet give o'er,
 So long as I have one against their four,
 There's twenty here with us this very day,
 Would them attack, altho' I were away.
 If they be num'rous we are stout and strong :
 Let's up and fight them, for they'll ne'er stand long.'

C H A P. II.

How Corpatrick brought into Scotland Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce, and how Wallace gave them Battle, and put them out of Scotland.

NOW warlike Wallace 'gainst Corpatrick goes,
 And both the armies fast together close.
 The bloody battle quickly does appear,
 Each with his hatching sword and piercing spear :
 Against his fellow, furiously does ride,
 And havock great makes there on ev'ry side.
 Some were kill'd dead, some got their mortal wound,
 Some from their horses suddenly knock'd down.
 On South'ron side, five thousand on the spot
 Lay dead : the Scots did push so very hot,
 And did their front cut down so furiously,
 That all the rest were on the wing to fly.
 But Earl Patrick, in the wars expert,
 Kept still his ground, and caus'd his men take heart.

The Scottish host, men of renowned fame,
 Did cut down cleanly all where e'er they came.
 Wallace and Ramsay, and the Graham worth gold,
 Richard of Lundie, and the Seaton bold,
 And Adam Wallace true, of Richardtown,
 Both Hay and Lyle, all men of great renown.
 Boyd, Barclay, Baird and Lauder, true and tight,
 Numbers of Englishmen kill'd in the flight,
 Yet Earl Patrick fiercely still fought on,
 With his own hand, to death put many a one.
 Then the brave Scots so boldly him accost,
 Great stops they made through all the English host.
 The Southron then, plainly began to flee,
 Till Bishop Beik approaching fast they see.
 The ambush all at once does quickly then
 Break up, consisting of ten thousand men.
 Whom, when good Wallace saw so fast appear,
 He thought it fit on horseback to retire :
 But yet his men together stuck so fast,
 Fain would he try the Southron as they past.
 He so surrounded was with this fresh host,
 On either side, that he was almost lost.
 The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,
 Of Beik's new men, abundance they have slain.
 The Earl Patrick sturdily he fought,
 Thro' all the throng, and there for Wallace fought.
 To whom he did in spite o's coat of mail,
 Give such a blow as wounded him a deal.
 Then Wallace drew against that traitor lown,
 A stroke which mist him, but clove Maitland down,
 Who rakesly, betwixt the two did pass,
 Such his hard fate, and sad misfortune was.
 Good Wallace now, he is left all alone,
 And quite surrounded by the Southron ;
 His horse is stick'd, he's forced to alight,
 And fight on foot the best way that he might.
 Who laid about him without fear or dread,
 With his good sword that trusty was indeed.
 The Earl Patrick then commanded soon,
 With spears that they should bear good Wallace down
 Who like a Champion brave stood on the field,
 Hew'd off their heads, and scorned for to yield.

The worthy Scots of this they little wist,
 Got to good Graham, when they their chieftain mist.
 Lauder and Lyle, and Hay, that were so wight,
 And Ramsay bold, that brave and gallant knight;
 Lundie and Boyd, and Chrystal Seaton true,
 Five hundred horse brought Wallace to rescue.
 Then in among them furiously they rade,
 Large room about them quickly there they made.
 The Bishop Beik was trampled on the ground,
 Without respect unto his lordship's gown.
 Ere he got up a great deal there they slew,
 Then gallantly, brave Wallace did rescue.
 Upon a horse they mounted him on sight,
 Then to a strength rode off with all their might.
 Where he four thousand of his men did find,
 To the great satisfaction of his mind.
 To Bishop Beik, Corspatrick does return,
 Curses misfortune, and begins to mourn;
 When as he found seven thousand men were lost,
 And kill'd that day for all the bishop's boast.
 Of Wallace men, five hundred kill'd I guess,
 But not one chieftain, so he car'd the less.
 The Bishop Beik with what men he had there,
 Left Lammer-muir, and quartered else-where;
 Who, when the field of battle he had past,
 To Wallace all the country flocked fast.
 Crawford of Edinburgh, brought with him on sight,
 Four hundred men, all in their armour bright.
 From Tiviotdale, came many a good man,
 From Jedburgh also with what speed they can.
 Sir William also, the Lord of Douglas came,
 With fourscore men of most undoubted fame.
 Two thousand fresh new men do there propose,
 A full revenge that night upon their foes.
 Wallace' watches, all good men and true,
 Attentively the Southron's quarters view.
 Then after supper, Wallace quietly,
 To Lammer-muir march'd with his cavalry,
 Sir John the Graham, and Seaton that Good hand,
 Lauder and Hay, three thousand did command,
 The rest himself most wisely he did guide,
 With him were Douglas, Ramsay, Barclay, Boyd:

Richard of Lundie, a bold man and stout,
 And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt.
 Who, by the time the sun was come in sight,
 Surpriz'd the English, unprepar'd for fight :
 And furiously, with sword in hand cut down,
 Many a proud and saucy southron lown ;
 Some rose confus'dly, and some fled away.
 Some on the ground were smoores where they lay.
 Great noise and cry arose all round about ;
 Then came Sir John the Graham both bold and stout
 With his brave men, all cheerful, blyth and glad,
 At sight of whom, ten thousand southron fled.
 Yet Bishop Beik behav'd well in that throng,
 And in the fight continu'd very long
 One Skelton, there, that was an English knight,
 Before him stood in shining armour bright ;
 To save his Lord, he fought most valiantly ;
 Whom, there so soon as Lundie did espy,
 With his good sword, a backward stroke he gave,
 Which kill'd the English knight both stout and brave.
 Then fled they all, no longer durst abide,
 Patrick and Beik, away with Bruce do ride.
 Who with five thousand took the readiest way,
 To Norham house with all the speed they may.
 The Scots who were both able, young and tight,
 Pursu'd and kill'd great numbers in the flight.
 Thus twenty thousand Southron in a word,
 In flight and battle, perish'd by the sword.
 Wallace returns from Norham without more,
 But for the Bruce his heart was mighty sore :
 Whom he had rather seen the crown enjoy,
 Than master been of all the gold in Troy.
 O'er Patrick's lands, Wallace he march'd fast,
 Took out the goods and castles down did cast.
 He twelve of them, that Mathamis they call,
 Broke quickly down, and them destroyed all.
 Within the Merse, and Lothian left he none,
 To him belong'd excep: Dunbar alone.
 To Edinburgh then, he march'd on the eighth day,
 And on the morrow, he without delay,
 Unto St Johnstoun very quickly past.
 And told the barons all from first to last.

How sacredly he kept had his vow,
 And got a master to Corspatrick now ;
 Who said of late, that he as free did reign
 In this realm, as either prince or king.
 Of what he's won, needs not great boasting make,
 Let him come back and now take up his stake.
 Great thankfulness the lords did there express,
 To Providence for Wallace' good success.
 Then Wallace with an open lib'ral hand,
 To men deserving dealt the rebels land.
 To his own kin, no heritage gave he,
 But offices, that ev'ry man might see,
 All he propos'd, was this one very thing,
 The nation's peace, and honour of his king.
 For which, he would abide and stand the law,
 So soon as he his king and master saw.
 Now old and young, the girl and the boy,
 Have peace and rest, and clap their hands for joy.

C H A P. III.

*How Wallace march'd into England, and remained there
 three quarters of a year, and returned without Battle.*

OCTOBER now, by this time's almost past,
 And cold November is approaching fast,
 When to his shifts, those news King Edward puts,
 And do confound him to the very guts.
 Yet by Corspatrick's counsel does intend,
 Once more an army 'gainst the Scots to send,
 Wallace informed of their wicked plots,
 Assembled quickly forty thousand Scots,
 In Rosin muir, where he the lords address.
 ' Edward ' he said, ' our nation's common pest,
 Us to invade does threaten with bold face.
 But, faith, I'll try if I can turn the chace,
 And with an host be first on English ground,
 In spite of all the subjects of his crown.'
 The lords they off'red very cheerfully,
 To march along with all their cavalry.
 Wallace he thank'd them, thought it needless then,
 Choos'd of that number twenty thousand men.

With horse and harness, weapons new and tight.
 Does them provide, and shining armour bright.
 The rest to march, he quickly did command,
 To their own homes, to cultivate the land.
 ' This army's big enough for my design,
 If we be all of one and the same mind.
 Then let us to it, either do or die,
 Who flies or yields shall never ransom'd be.
 Our kingdom's poor, watted by Southron knaves,
 We shall get gold or honourable graves " "
 Then all the host promis'd with heart and hand,
 Clost to stand by him and obey command,
 With Wallace also, Earl Malcolm's gone,
 A better lord and braver could be none.
 And Campbell kind, the good knight of Lochlow,
 To Southron still a fearful grievous cow.
 Good Ramsay also, honour to his name.
 And the most valiant good Sir John the Graham.
 And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt.
 And Robert Boyd, both trusty, true and stout,
 Lundie and Lauder, and brave Auchinleck,
 Seaton and Hay, all men of great respect
 This noble host, with courage march away,
 To Broxe's field, in good and brave array,
 Where Wallace made a little haste, and then
 To Roxburgh gate rode up with twenty men :
 Where boldly he did call on Sir Ralph Gray,
 Told him, for sieging now he could not stay :
 Therefore desired he would quickly please,
 To quit the castle, and give up the keys.
 If he refus'd, then swore before them all,
 At his return, he'd hang him o'er the wall." "
 Then wheel'd about, back to his army went,
 The like command to Berwick quickly sent,
 With Sir John Ramsay, who dispatch'd on fight.
 Then march'd the host all in their armour bright.
 Began at Tweed, and nothing spar'd they fand,
 But burn'd by force thro' all Northumberland.
 All Durham town up in a flame they sent,
 But churches spar'd, and abbeys where they went.
 Then unto York they march'd, without delay,
 No sin they thought it, there to burn and slay.

For Southron had committed the same thing,
 When they as tyrants did in Scotland reign.
 Forts and small castles, Wallace did throw down,
 Burn'd to the gates and suburbs of the town.
 About the walls, full fifteen days they spent
 And then at last, Edward to Wallace sent,
 A knight, a clerk, a squire of the peace,
 Intreating that from burning he would cease.
 Who promise in King Edward's name, and says,
 He would have battle within fifteen days.
 Good Wallace smil'd and to the gentlemen
 With noble air replied briskly then,
 " I'll both desist from fire and from sword,
 " For forty days, if he but keep his word."
 King Edward's faith under his seal they gave,
 That in that space, Wallace should battle have,
 Who quickly did consent unto the thing,
 Then they retur'd all unto their king.
 Who told that they, never as yet had seen,
 Such men for order and good discipline.
 Then spok' the king, when they were at an end,
 " It wisdom is, our enemies to commend,
 They're to be fear'd, as sure as shines the sun.
 They will resent the inj'ries we have done."
 Frighted, I leave them here to their new plots,
 And do return unto the valiant Scots.
 Wallace from York did march the second day,
 With his whole host in noble good array.
 To the North west, they peaceably go down,
 And pitch their tents near Northallertown.
 Proclaim'd his peace, and markets all to stand,
 For forty days throughout the whole land
 There Sir Ralph Raymount, secretly did boast,
 For to surprize good Wallace and his host.
 Of which, some Scotsman private notice got,
 Then unto Wallace did reveal the plot.
 Good Lundie then, he call'd to him there,
 And Hugh the Hay of Lochartquart, the heir.
 Three thousand men, he quickly with him sent,
 Then quietly out from the host they went.
 The men he took, that came to him of new,
 To be their guides for they the country knew.

Silence, profound, he order'd there to be,
 And then drew up the host most privately.
 Raymount he with seven thousand did advance,
 Of English horse, who there did proudly prance.
 The ambush then bambusht'd all their game,
 For with pellmell, the Scots upon them came.
 Three thousand whole they quickly brought to ground :
 And with a vengeance they were all cut down.
 Sir Ralph himself was stiked with a spear,
 Then all the rest in hurry fled with fear,
 To Milltown, where Wallace pursued fast,
 Great numbers kill'd, and seiz'd the town at last.
 Great store of riches he got in the town
 Wherewith it did so very much abound.
 Plenty of victuals, ale, and noble wine,
 Sent to his host a very sweet propine.
 They ate and drank, truss'd off their whole desire,
 Broke down the walls and set the rest on fire.
 Three days he liv'd at the expence and cost
 Of Southron, then returned to his host.
 Caus'd cast a ditch about him speedily,
 To keep his camp from sudden jeopardy.
 When Englishmen got notice of this thing,
 They from all arts ride straight unto their king,
 Who lay at Pumfret ; but his parliament,
 Battle to give, would not at all consent.
 Which carried was, by most of all their votes,
 Unless that Wallace were crown'd king of Scots.
 But if on him Wallace the crown would take,
 To give him battle all would ready make
 This message quickly they to him dispatch'd,
 But in that snare he was not to be catch'd :
 The messengers he quickly did discharge,
 Out of his presence, in a mighty rage.
 His council call'd, and told them all the plot,
 And treasonable message he had got,
 ' It were, said he, a too presumptuous thing,
 Against my faith to rob my righteous king.
 It's ne'er be said in country nor in town,
 I'm such a rogue as to usurp the crown.
 But still my king and country I'll defend.
 Let God above reward me in the end.'

Some cri'd to crown him, some said the consent
 Must first be had of a Scots Parliament.
 Campbel the knight was there among the rest,
 Who, in hi- judgement, thought it truly best,
 To crown him king solemnly for a day,
 And put an end to Edward's long delay :
 Which, when the earl Malcolm he did hear,
 Both he, and people all, were very clear.
 Yet Wallace in his mind abhorr'd the thing,
 Though all cri'd out, to crown and make him king.
 Then in short terms he said " It ne'er should be,
 Rest satisfi'd, you'll get no more of me ;
 But if you please to let the story pass
 That I am crown'd (though still the same I was)
 Assuredly, we quickly then shall know,
 Whether they do design to fight or no.'
 Then to the messengers the news they bring,
 Make them believe Wallace was crowned king,
 Who, like poor credulous and lying sots,
 Affirm'd they saw Wallace crown'd king of Scots.
 Then said the lords, " He did so well before,
 Now when he's king, he'll certainly do more.
 If we give battle, he's so fortunate,
 We may repent it when it is too late.'
 Then spake another, ' He must battle have,
 Or waste our land, there's nothing else can save,
 Through all his conquest- first since he began,
 Nothing but death ransoms an Englishman.'
 Woodtock said, " Though we fight and them defeat,
 They've men enough behind that will debate :
 If Wallace be but safe they do not care ;
 Therefore, methinks, more safe and sure it were,
 To keep each strength, castle, and walled town,
 And save our men, than to expose our crown.'
 Then all approv'd what Woodtock he did say,
 And cowardly the battle did delay.
 Thus, through their falsehood and subtilty,
*Thinking that Wallace of necessity,
 Through want of food his ground could never stand,
 But be oblig'd to steal out of the land :
 divis'd the king to cry the markets down,
 om Trent to Tweed, in ev'ry burgh and town,*

That in the bounds no man should victual lead,
 Under the pain of death, without remead.
 Wallace lay still, while forty days were gone,
 Waiting to fight, but battle got he none.
 The Scottish banner then he did display,
 Trode under foot the English seal that day.
 An ignominious, but deserving thing,
 To such a base and cowardly false king.
 Then rais'd he fire, burn'd Northallertoun,
 March'd through Yorkshire, boldly up and down.
 Destroy'd that land, as far as they could ride.
 Seven miles about they burn'd on ev'ry side.
 Proud palaces and tow'rs they did cast down,
 Gardens and orchards there did all confound.
 Nothing they spar'd of all came in their lurch,
 But women, children, and the holy church.
 To York they march, and then they very soon,
 With all their force, closely besiege the town.
 A strong defence they do prepare within,
 And they without a grand assault begin.

C H A P. IV.

The Siege of York.

WALLACE his army does in four divide,
 And then the town invests on ev'ry side,
 Himself, with Lauder, that good clever hand,
 At the south port, to take the chief command.
 The Earl Malcolm, noble, stout, and great,
 With valiant Boyd, commanded the west gate.
 Campbel the Knight, and sir John Ramsay brave,
 At the north gate, their post assign'd them have.
 To the east gate Wallace he does direct,
 Sir John the Graham, Crawford, and Auchinleck.
 One thousand archers of the Scottish side,
 At the four gates, caus'd equally divide.
 Full seventeen thousand Southron then appear
 Upon the walls, with all their bow and spear.
 Who furiously do sally out, but got
 A warm reception, from each worthy Scot,
 In spite of all their arrows and big stones,
 Were driven back, with fore and bloody bones.

Who, when they got within the town at last,
 Faggots of fire out o'er the walls do cast.
 And great prodigious red hot gades of iron,
 Which from old Nick, their master, they did learn,
 Hot burning pitch and scalding stinking tar,
 And other curs'd contrivances of war :
 Nevertheless the Scots that were without,
 So valiant were, so hardy and so stout,
 They fiercely burnt the bulwark of the town,
 Their barmkin won, and cast great turrets down.
 The wearied host, with great fatigue oppress'd,
 And night approaching, think of taking rest.
 Most carefully, first they wash ev'ry wound,
 Their watches set, and then sleep safe and sound.
 Next day their clothes were scarce well on their backs,
 When all cri'd out for a new fresh attack.
 Drew up again, as they had done before,
 And then the town assaulted wondrous fore.
 The Scottish archers all so leilly shot,
 Numbers they kill'd, in truth they miss'd them not.
 Then burning fire set to ev'ry gate,
 So mortally they did the Southron hate.
 Yet notwithstanding, the fierce Englishmen,
 Themselves and town, did gallantly defend.
 When that whole day was spent, and come the night,
 To his pavilion went each weary wight.
 The English then, with vigilance and care,
 For a fresh sally, do themselves prepare.
 Sir William Morton, and Sir William Lees,
 Most cunningly they draw up by degrees,
 And make a fearful furious sally then,
 On Earl Malcolm with five thousand men.
 Wallace himself, as he rode the grand round,
 Seeing them coming, caus'd a trumpet sound,
 The harness'd Scots that kept guard that night,
 Took the alarm, then mounted all on fight.
 Then briskly charg'd the cruel Southron foe,
 With sword in hand, and many a bloody blow.
 Wallace, who knew the Earl was too hot,
 That he would fight, though die upon the spot,
 Up to him rides as quickly as he may,
 With a good sword, that paved well his way.

The first he struck fell dead upon the place,
The second's nose he levell'd with his face.
The hardy Earl did no Southron spare.
But hew'd them down, and left them crawling there.
By this, the host were all in good array,
And Southron thought t'was time to march away.
Wallace knew well they could not stand it long,
Wherefore he thrust into the thickest throng.
And cleverly so laboured their buff,
Their armour did not signify a snuff.
The Scotsmen there behav'd extremely well
As the poor Southron sensibly did feel
Then all the English left the field and fled ;
And Sir John Morton he was killed dead.
Twelve hundred more, upon the field are slain,
The rest fled back unto the town again.
And then good Wallace with his valiant host,
Return'd each man unto his proper post,
And took them rest, wherewith so fresh they grew,
They on the morn assault the town of new.
Against the city all their force do bend,
And fight as if they had been more than men,
But now the victuals to be scarce begin,
Though little knew the Englishmen within,
Who that same day, a parley caus'd be beat,
At which good Wallace did appear in state.
Attended by some of his chiefest friends,
And boldly asketh what the parley means.
To whom, the major, in name of all, did say,
' We'll pay a ransom, if you'll march away.
We would give battle, or do any thing,
Would purchase peace, but dare not for our king.'
Then with a countenance, austere and bold,
Wallace repli'd. ' We value not your gold,
Your King he promis'd we should battle have,
Which faithfully under his seal he gave.'
The major did then reply most courteously,
He is the king, and we but subjects be,
Therefore, we pray, as you would us oblige,
To take the gold, and do remove the siege.
Then with his council he consulted long,
Who thought the town for siege was too strong ;

And victuals scarce, therefore it safer found,
 To take some gold, then march for Scottish ground.
 Wallace repli'd, ' I'm not at all content :
 Unless the town give us their whole consent
 To let our banner blow upon their wall.
 And there to flourish in the fight of all.'
 This answer soon was sent unto the major,
 Who did consent, with all the rest were there.
 The banner set, to Scotland's great renown,
 Upon the walls, from eight to twelve at noon.
 Then was five thousand pound of English gold,
 Paid down in specie, to that army bold.
 Good bread and wine, they gladly to them gave,
 And all provisions that they pleas'd to have.
 Twenty long days at York remained they,
 Then gloriously in triumph march'd away.
 Unto the country back again they're gone,
 Burn'd and broke down fine buildings, spared none.
 All Mydlame, they burn'd up into a fire,
 Broke down the parks, destroy'd all the shire.
 Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were none,
 And fed like princes on good venison.
 Toward the south, they turned at the last,
 Made buildings bare, as far as e'er they past.
 The commons now, for London all design,
 Where they most freely tell the king their mind :
 Unless from wars, he would cause Wallace cease,
 They'd take protection, and accept his peace,
 No herald then durst unto Wallace go,
 The king to him, his faith had broken so,
 And Edward, that was once so bold and pert,
 His army now does cowardly desert.
 So long in England there was never one.
 Since Bruto's death, except Wallace alone :
 That march'd from England, without stroke of sword,
 Fy on the king that broke his royal word.
 Great Julius, for all his strength and force,
 Was chas'd from England twice, and got the worse,
 With Arthur also, first when the wars he priv'd,
 Twice did they fight, altho' they were mischiev'd.
 But awful Edward durst not Wallace bide,
 In a plain battle, for all England wide.

In London lay, at his own ease and rest,
 And brake his vows, which of them think you best ?
 Wallace's host, for Scotland long to go,
 So scarce the victuals ev'ry day did grow.
 Immediately good Wallace calls for Jop,
 In him was all his confidence and hope,
 Next unto God, because he knew the land,
 And still was ready to obey command.
 Who said, ' If you'll advis'd be by me,
 The plentiest part of England you shall see
 Good wine and wheat, you'll get in Richmond shire,
 And each thing else unto your heart's desire.'
 Thither they went, their time did not purloin,
 Nine thousand Scots did there with Wallace join,
 All swinging, able, lusty, well look'd men.
 He and his host, had great rejoicing then.
 Into that shire, they plenty had of food,
 Both tame and wild, and ev'ry thing was good.
 Throughout that land they march'd in good array,
 A handsome place they found upon the way,
 Ramswatch to name, then Jop to Wallace told,
 Fechew was lord, and captain of that hold.
 Five hundred there, quickly assembled then,
 To save their lives and goods from Wallace's men.
 A noble house stood by the forest side,
 With stately turrets, in great pomp and pride,
 Well built about for strength ingeniously,
 With five great tow'rs that mounted very high.
 Numbers of men upon the walls are seen,
 Bravading in their armour clear and clean,
 The host march'd by, not one word said at all,
 But they within aloud on Wallace call.
 Their trumpets blew with many a warlike sound,
 Then Wallace said, ' Had we yon gallants down
 On a plain ground they should get sport their fill,
 Such as his brother got on Tinto hill.'
 Sir John the Graham would at the bicker be,
 But Wallace soon the danger did foresee.
 Commanded him to let alone his hake,
 ' We have no men so foolishly to waste.
 But yet to gratify your fond desire,
 Our first attack shall be with burning fire.

I see their bulwark of old wither'd oak,
 Were that on fire it would not bide a stroke.
 Houses and woods in plenty here there be,
 Who hews best of this forest let me see
 Pull houses down, let each man take his turn,
 Old timber will make green wood bravely burn.
 At his command most busily they wrought,
 Great store of wood unto the place they brought.
 The bulwark won, then closely at the last,
 Unto the barmkin, heaps of timber cast.
 The bowmen fiercely shot on ev'ry side,
 But Southron worsted were for all their pride.
 Women and children on their knees do fall,
 And loud for mercy do on Wallace call.
 So pitiful he was, though bold and stout,
 He heard their cries, and let them safely out.
 Then fire and smoke, in fearful clouds arose,
 And burning flames, all round their castle goes.
 Barrels of pitch, which stood long there before,
 Went all in flame, the mischief was the more.
 Both man and beast, are all burn'd up with fire,
 Thus Wallace host have got their hearts' desire.
 Fec Chew himself, smother'd with smoke and smell,
 Lap from a height, and on the barmkin fell.
 Wallace, with a good sword, struck off his head,
 Five hundred more were choak'd and burned dead.
 On the next day, the fire then being spent,
 Wallace's men unto the castle went :
 Struck down the gate, and took what they could find,
 Jewels and gold, great riches to their mind ;
 Spoiled the place and nothing else left there
 But beasts, burn'd bodies, and great buildings bare.
 Then Wallace to the widow of Fec Chew,
 Said, " Promise here, as you're a woman true,
 To turse your husband's head to London town,
 And tell king Edward, if he do not soon
 Give battle, I do swear by all the fates.
 This month once past, to be at London gates.
 For if he keep not his faithful word to me,
 All the South west of England I shall see."
 To London town, then without more she went,
 Where Edward lay; displeas'd and ill content.

His nephew's head did him with anguish fill,
 And more and more increas'd his sorrows still.
 With great unease, upon his feet he stood,
 Weeping and wailing, for his tender blood.
 Then rose the council praying him to cease,
 ' We England lose, unless we purchase peace.'
 Woodstock for peace was clear, then in the end,
 The king consents then bids a message send :
 No man the message then would undertake,
 Because the king so oft his faith did break.
 The queen when she saw all refuse the thing,
 Down on her knees she fell before the king,
 ' Sovereign, she said, if it your pleasure be,
 I pray, permit me Wallace once to see ;
 Perhaps he may do more for woman far,
 Than for your men, that mind him still of war.
 If with him I prevail not very soon,
 I may return with little damage done.'
 The lords were glad the queen was minded so,
 And humbly begg'd the king to let her go.
 To which the king, although much discontent,
 And backward to it, did at last consent.
 Some said, the queen did Wallace much admire,
 Who daily so much honour did acquire,
 And in her heart, by far did him prefer,
 To most of men for his brave character ;
 And that she lov'd him, but till once they meet,
 I'll pass no judgement, 'tween themselves two be't.
 Meantime she's march'd (to leave our drolls and jests)
 With fifty ladies, and seven ancient priests.
 Now Edward, for Fechew does sigh and mourn,
 But unto Wallace must now return.
 The worthy Scots among the Southron ride,
 And great destruction make on ev'ry side.
 The host was glad, and blest their happy fate,
 No force there was, that durst with them debate.
 Riches and gold they got their very fill,
 And ev'ry thing they pleas'd at their own will.
 Soon they are march'd, and to St. Alban's gone,
 In all that country, damage did they none.
 The prior sent them venison and wine,
 Refresh'd the host, and made them bravely dine.

The night appeared shortly in the place,
 They pitch'd their tents from thence a little space,
 Into a valley, by a river fair,
 Where hart and hind, on either side repair,
 Their watches set, all in good order keep,
 To supper went, and in due time did sleep.

C H A P. V.

How the Queen of England came to speak with Wallace.

UPON the morrow Wallace quickly rose
 To take the air, out of his tent he goes.
 And then the good and reverend Mr. Blair,
 For morning service quickly does prepare.
 Wallace most humbly himself did array,
 In shining armour glorious and gay.
 It's several parts are needless to rehearse,
 From top to toe, he look'd exceeding fierce.
 Boyd and Adam Wallace wait on him with speed,
 Along a river, thro' a flow'ry mead
 Thus, on the fields all pleasant, sweet and green,
 Fetching a walk, they spy the English queen,
 Towards the host, riding most soberly,
 With fifty ladies in her company
 And seven old priests, religious, grave and wise,
 Who in all matters did the queen advise.
 To the pavilion, with the lion all
 Ride, then light down, and on their knees do fall,
 Praying for peace, with many a piteous tear,
 Lord Malcolm said, ' Our Chieftain is not here :
 Pray madam rise, a queen I'll not allow,
 Unto a subject, on her knees to bow.'
 Then did he lead her by the tender hand.
 To Wallace, where he like a prince did stand.
 So soon's she saw him, she began to kneel,
 Then Wallace did a mighty passion feel,
 He her embrac'd, and kiss'd, but did no more,
 The like to Southron he ne'er did before.
 Then smiling, softly whisper'd in her ear,
 ' Madam, how please you our encamping here ?'
 ' Sir, very well, but we your friendship need,
 'd grant we may in this our errand speed.'

• Madam, I must remove a little space.
 With this Lord, then I'll wait upon your grace.
 To the pavilion both they do repair,
 And very quickly call a council there.
 Where he enlarg'd on woman's subtil'ty,
 How by their cunning men may tempted be.
 • On pain of death, therefore your men commend
 Or to their highest peril let them stand,
 That none with them converse, but such as born
 Of high blood are, and to this council sworn."
 This, out in orders thro' the army's gone,
 To ev'ry single, individual one.
 Then to the queen, he and the earl went,
 And court'ously conducted her to the tent.
 Went to a sumptuous noble dinner then,
 All serv'd with stately handsome gentlemen.
 Some of her chiefest royal dainties there,
 The queen pull'd out, and kindly did them share.
 Of ev'ry thing, she first did taste and prive,
 • No poison's here, my lord, you may believe.
 Soon after meat, all did themselves absent,
 Excepting those that to the council went.
 Meanwhile the ladies did the queen attend,
 Until the council over was, and then
 Good Wallace quickly waited on the queen,
 And calmly ask'd what did her journey mean?
 • Peace, said the queen, we have no other thought,
 This raging war hath such destruction wrought,
 Then grant it, Sir, for his sake di'd for us.
 • Madam, we cannot lightly leave it thus,
 You ask no peace but for your own self ends,
 That cannot make us a sufficient mends,
 For the injustice done our Royal Prince,
 The breach of faith, and bloodshed ever since.
 • These wrongs, she said, ought all to be redrest.
 But Wallace still the more for battle prest.
 The queen she answer'd, with great modesty,
 • Peace now were best, if it might purchas'd be:
 For which if you a truce with us will take,
 Through England all we shall cause prayers make,
 That matters go not on from bad to worse.
 • Compell'd prayers, madam, have no force.

Before that they get half way to the heavens,
 I hope for mends, then shall we all be ev'ens.
 Then to the queen did all the story tell,
 At Alexander's death what us befel.
 How Bruce and Baliol long time did contend,
 Who should be king, at length did condescend,
 And did the matter to a reference bring,
 To the decision of her lord and king.
 And how unjustly Edward did decide,
 And then usurp the crown through hellish pride.
 In short he told her all the story o'er,
 As I have told you in my book before.
 How Edward made him prisoner at Air,
 Broke a strict truce and hang'd our barons there.
 How Hefilrig kil'd his beloved wife,
 And therefore would hate Southron during life.
 The silver tears (great pity to behold,)
 Came trickling down, when he his tale had told.
 The queen with Wallace so did sympathize,
 The tears that moment blinded both her eyes,
 'Curs'd days,' she said, 'that Hefilrig was born,
 'On his account many are now forlorn.'
 'As queen or princess, madam,' then said he,
 'She in her time was full as dear to me'
 'Wallace' she said, 'from this discourse we'll cease,
 The mends thereof is prayer and good peace'
 Three thousand pounds she down before him told,
 All of the finest and true English gold.
 'Such tribute, madam, now we do not crave,
 Another mends of England we would have.
 For all the gold and riches of your reign,
 I'll grant no peace in absence of your king.'
 When she saw gold, nothing would Wallace move,
 Then sporting said, Sir, you are call'd my love,
 I've ventur'd here my life, laid at the stake.
 Methinks you should do something for my sake.'
 'In love, you Southron, with your subtle cracks,
 One thing pretends, and the quite contrair acts.
 With pleasant words, you and such ladies fair,
 Would us decoy like birds into a snare.
 We'll take our chance, whatever may befal,
 No flatt'ring words, nor gold, shall tempt us all.'

At which a rosy blush her cheeks did fill,
 ' Dear Sir,' she said, ' pray let me know your will,
 For solemnly, I here to you protest,
 I think a truce wou'd for us both be best.'
 ' With ladies, madam, truce I cannot make,
 Lest your false king hereafter do it break.
 Then have we none but ladies to reprove,
 That shall not be, by him that sits above.
 The whole affair he on himself shall take,
 Of peace, or war, what e'er we chance to make.'
 The queen she said, ' it was sufficient,'
 To which the rest did freely all consent.
 Yet sorry was she, and did blush for shame,
 That she obtain'd not all for which she came,
 Unto the host, the gold she freely gave;
 To ev'ry one that pleased for to have.
 When Wallace saw what every one had got,
 He said, ' that kindness shou'd not be forgot.
 We you assure, our host shall nothing act,
 Till you a message from your king send back.
 Your heralds also, thither to and fro,
 May likewise very safely come and go.'
 She and her ladies thanked him, and crank
 To Wallace and the lords of ev'ry rank.
 Her leave she took, no longer there abode,
 Five miles that night unto a nunn'ry rode.
 And on the morn, to London travell'd they,
 To Westminster, where king and counsel lay.
 Wallace's answer show'd, and did report
 Most nobly of him, both to king and court.
 Upon his wit and manhood did comment,
 His freedom, truth and martial government.
 ' More chieftain like he's in his armour seen,
 Than ever yet, I think in England's been.
 From honour he on which he's so much bent,
 Will not retract for all the kingdom's rent,
 Then purchase peace, and I shall add no more,
 Or else all England may repent it sore
 Meantime, unto your heralds he gives leave,
 To come and go, and no man dare them grieve.'
 The king and council in their mind were eas'd,
 Thanked the queen, and all were bravely pleas'd.

Then all concluded, it was only best
 To take a truce, else they would get no rest.
 Then to dispatch a herald wise and grave,
 To whom safe conduct Wallace frankly gave,
 Then Clifford, Beaumont, Woodstock do procure,
 To treat with Wallace, a most ample pow'r.
 Thus these three lords, to him ride all in state,
 Where subtilly Woodstock did there debate.
 To which good Wallace did reply again,
 ' You speak in sophisms, but I'll tell you plain,
 Roxburgh and Berwick, you must us restore,
 Which was our right and heritage before.
 Also we ask, by virtue of this bond,
 Our native king, so long kep't from his own.
 Those you shall grant, on your king's faith to me.'
 To which, on sight, the Lords did all agree.
 The Randel young, whom there he did demand,
 And the Lord Lorn, were granted to his hand.
 The Earl Buchan, tender but and young,
 He did obtain for the wind of his tongue.
 Cumming and Soules, he caus'd deliver als,
 Who after to King Robert prov'd false.
 Valance for fear durst scarcely keep his bed,
 But like a thief, to Piccardie he fled.
 The noble Bruce, alas! was gone away,
 Before that time, to Calais, many a day,
 Unto his uncle Gloucester: which thing
 King Edward prov'd, so Wallace wants his king,
 The Earl Patrick who at London staid,
 No more allegiance to King Edward paid;
 But unto Wallace speedily came down,
 And held his lands all of the Scottish crown.
 An hundred horse, with brave Scots noblemen,
 Came trooping gladly all to Wallace then.
 Under his seal King Edward then did send
 And caus'd deliver to the Scottish men,
 Roxburgh and Berwick. Five years peace ensues,
 To ancient Scotland great and glorious news,
 Which unto Wallace was sent down,
 And fairly sign'd cloie by Northallertoun.
 To Bamburgh came the Scottish army then,
 Which did consist of sixty thousand men.

To Carham moor, came all in good array,
 With hearts rejoicing upon Lambas day.
 The priest next day, in church did Wallace please,
 Deliver'd him Roxburgh and Berwick keys.
 Berwick, to Ramsay he gave on the spot.
 And noble Seaton, Roxburgh castle got.
 With Earl Patrick, Wallace, without more,
 Rode to Dunbar, and there did him restore.
 Scotland all o'er from Ross to Solway sand,
 Wallace he did give statutes to the land.
 Unto the Lenox then, he did repair,
 Sir John Montieth, that time was captain there ;
 And twice before had Wallace' gossip been,
 Yet now no friendship was betwixt them seen.
 Upon a rock, a house he founded there,
 Then to the march he did again repair.
 In Roxburgh then he choos'd a handsome place,
 And built a tow'r within a little space.
 Jop twice he sent to Bruce of Huntington,
 Beseeching him to come and take the crown.
 Such counsel of the Saxons false took he,
 In all his life, he Wallace ne'er did see.
 Three years the kingdom quiet had' and rest,
 And ev'ry man his own with peace posselt.
Here ends the first conquest of Scotland.

B O O K IX.

C H A P. I.

*How the King of France wrote to Wallace by his Herald, and
Wallace's answer.*

THE king of France hearing of Wallace' name,
 His mighty valiant acts and glorious fame ;
 In's royal mind, did long most vehemently,
 This much renown'd Scots Champion to see.
 Wonder'd how Wallace, with so small a pow'r
 Made Englishmen before him fly and scour ;
 And force their malice, spite of hell, to cease,
 Then pitifully truckle for a peace.

The king a herald calls, and without more,
 To Wallace writes, as to a conqueror,
 " Beloved Sir, worshipful, wise, and wight,
 Restorer of thy native land's true right,
 In the defence of righteous Royal Blood,
 For which thou always loyally upstood.
 Old prophecy which did thy birth adorn,
 Said, happy Scotland, that thou ere wast born ;
 I do beseech, with all humility,
 Thou wilt accept my letter graciously :
 Give credit, and believe in any ways,
 Whate'er my herald, from me, to thee says."

The herald bow'd, and to the ship is gone,
 And then in Scotland does arrive anon.
 Went straight unto Sir William Wallace, where
 He found him in the ancient town of Ayr,
 The letters humbly in his master's name,
 To Wallace does present, and he the same,
 Most courteously upon his bended knee,
 Receiv'd from him in all humility.

The herald then made him to understand,
 All that his master gave him in command.
 " Your valour, Sir, and honour all do own,
 And the king my master's so well known ;
 That he intends your worship to advance,
 As high as any subject born in France."

Wallace repli'd, " as God my soul shall save,
 A speedy answer you shall quickly have."

The herald staid with Wallace twenty days,
 And was regal'd with feasting, sport and plays.
 Then courteously Wallace wrote to the king,
 A satisfying answer to each thing.
 Unto the herald presents rich he gave,
 Then to the sea convey'd him, and took leave.
 Wallace his voyage soon intends for France,
 Prepares fit equipage and purveyance
 Good Lord James Stewart, Scotland's steward then,
 Made governor till he return'd again.
 At Rochel now the herald does arrive,
 A blither man sure there was none alive.
 To Paris went, then peerless for renown,
 The king thought well Wallace was come to town.

Asked the herald with concern aent
 Old Scotland's welfare, and how matters went.
 "Saw'st thou brave Wallace, chieftain of that land?"
 "Yes, Sir, said he, a man of great command.
 In all my travels, wheresoe'er I've gone.
 A braver knight sure saw I never one.
 Great worship there, and honour's to him paid,
 His piercing eye almost made me afraid.
 With rich rewards, and presents, as you see,
 For your grace' sake, he complimented me.
 Here is his answer:" then the king was glad,
 Most graciously receiv'd it, and it read.

"Most Royal Sir, and righteous crowned king,
 Of great renown, your herald here does bring
 A letter writ by my unworthy hand,
 In answer to your majesty's command.
 You well do know how Scotland's daily vex'd,
 And by our neighb'ring nation sore perplex'd.
 No bands will bind them, but with open face,
 They break their faith, to Christian's great disgrace.
 On which account, I pray, Sir, understand,
 I scarce dare leave this poor distressed land.
 Yet by God's grace, if living that I be,
 Within a year your Majesty I'll see."

O how this answer greatly pleas'd the King!
 Who was as blithe as bird upon the wing.

C H A P. II.

*How Wallace went to France, fought the Red River, and took
 him Prisoner.*

TOWARDS his voyage Wallace does advance,
 And at Kirkcudbright shipping takes for France:
 With fifty brave stout Scottish gentlemen,
 Above what I describe can with my pen.
 'Mong whom were four of his own kinsmen near,
 Two Wallaces, Crawford, and Cleland dear,
 Drank their bonalies in good wine and ale,
 Then cheerfully for sea hois'd up their sail:
 Sail'd that whole day, and all the following night,
 Then on the morn, when the sun shined bright.

The shipmaster sprang quickly up a rope,
 Where suddenly he spi'd from the main top,
 Sixteen great ships that boldly up did bear,
 And towards him a steady course did steer.
 In colour red, which with the sun shine bright,
 The sea all o'er illuminate with light.

At which the master almost fell a-swoon,
 Affrighted sore he quickly then came down.

"Alas! said he, what ever I was born!
 Without remead, our lives are all forlorn.

Curse on the time that I did take in hand
 This voyage, O! that I were back at land,
 And buried were into some lonely grave,
 So Wallace's life with honour I might save."

"Master, said Wallace, what needs all this moan?"

"Oh, Sir! here's sixteen sail against our one,
 Him that commands, nought but our blood will please,
 He sixteen years has been king of the seas?"

Then Wallace ask'd, "Wotst thou what he may be?"

"The Red River, a tyrant strong is he,
 He saveth none, for gold or other good,
 But kills and drowns all, in the briny flood."

"Since better may not be, I pray thee show
 Some mark, said Wallace, how I shall him know."

The master said, "At first sight you will ken,
 And soon may him distinguish from his men,
 A handsome proper man as is in France,
 And of a manly Scottish countenance.

Taller than any of his men a deal,
 And cloth'd in scarlet 'bove a coat of mail.

The foremost ship that does pursue us so,
 Himself is in, and that you'll quickly know.
 When he comes near, he boldly will you hail,
 Then speedily be sure to strike your sail.

He'll enter first himself most hardily,
 These are the signs that you shall know him by.

A bar of blue, into his shining shield,
 A bend of white desiring ay the field.

The red betokens blood and hardiness,
 The white his courage strongly doth increase,

The blue he wears, 'cause he's a Christian."
 Then Wallace said, "He must be no good man,

For sure I am this is no Christian deed
 Get you below, may the great God us speed?"
 The shipmaster, and the steersmen also,
 He made go down into the hold below.
 His fifty men that were the very best
 That he could choose, soon were in armour dress.
 Forty and eight, close on the deck caus'd lie,
 On William Crawford, then in haste did cry,
 "When the Red River hails us, strike amain,
 At my command haul up the sail again.
 Dear cousin Clelland, take the helm in hand,
 Here on the deck close by thee I will stand
 May the great God us and our ship both guide!"
 The River's barge came then close by their side,
 Himself he stood aloft, with a drawn sword,
 And bade the steersman lay along the board.
 Aloud he cri'd, "Strike dogs, or you shall die"
 Crawford let down the sail, then speedily.
 The captain enter'd first, no ways aghast,
 Then Wallace gripp'd him by the gorget fast,
 And threw him down on the deck where he stood,
 While mouth and nose all gushed out of blood,
 A dagger knife, Wallace in haste drew out,
 Then with pale face, the River look'd about.
 "Mercy, he cri'd, for him that di'd on rood,
 To mend my life, that have spilt so much blood."
 In Latin tongue, to Wallace then said he,
 "For God's sake, Sir, pray grant my life to me."
 His weapons all, Wallace did quickly take
 Him by the hand did lift, and pris'ner make.
 Then made him swear, on his sharp sword and long,
 From that day forth he never should him wrong.
 "Command thy men, said Wallace, to the peace,
 And quickly cease their shot of guns to cease."
 A glove the River held up on the spot,
 Seeing the sign, his men forbore their shot.
 His large barge to him he then did call,
 'Give over war, our true friends these are all.'
 Then asked, 'At what port Wallace would be?'
 'Unto the Rochel,' quickly answer'd he.
 The River bids his men to Rochel steer,
 They tack about, when his command they hear.

Wallace said, ' Pray what country man art thou ?'
 ' A Frenchman, Sir, and my forefathers too '
 Wallace then ask'd, ' How came thou to this life ?'
 ' By the mischance, Sir, of a sudden strife
 At court, I kill'd a man dead at one stroke,
 Which did the king most heinously provoke.
 Through friends in court, I 'scaped off that place,
 And since could ne'er obtain his royal grace.
 To Bourdeaux thereafter made a trip,
 And on a night did seize an English ship.
 Ill doers to myself, I soon got moe,
 And in a little multiplied so,
 That I these sixteen years have rung at sea,
 And shed much blood, for which, oh, wo is me !
 And now, for the great mischiefs I have done,
 In spite of fate, I'm vanquished by one.
 Thus I confess, to my eternal shame,
 My bloody life. But pray, Sir, what's your name,
 That with your own single but valiant hand,
 Does me, and all my sixteen sail command ?
 None but brave Wallace, the Scots champion,
 Could thus have baffled me and all my men.
 None else I know, encounter me should dare,
 It were great honour to serve in his war.'
 Then Wallace, smiling, answer'd modestly,
 ' Scotland had need of many such as thee :
 What is thy name ?' thinks Wallace wants a peel,
 ' Monsieur, said he, Thomas of Longoville,'
 ' Well bruik thy name, yea, here shall end our strife,
 If thou'll repent and mend thy by-past life.
 For which thy faithful friend I'll ever be,
 I'm that same Wallace, whom thou now dost see,'
 Upon his knees then Longoville fell down,
 As Wallace had been king that wears the crown.
 ' That I'm fallen in your hands I'm pleas'd much more,
 Than I had gotten florins sixty score '
 Wallace repli'd, ' Since thou art here by chance,
 And that the king has sent for me to France,
 I'll tell him, that for my reward, I want
 Thy peace and pardon, which I hope he'll grant.'
 Could you my peace obtain, Longoville says,
 Most faithfully I'd serve you all my days.'

• No service, Thomas, shalt thou give to me,
 But such good friendship, as I'll keep with thee.
 With that they fill'd the wine and merry made,
 And upon fight they in the Rochel rade.
 And now the town is in a sudden fear,
 When the Red River and his ships appear.
 Some ships they fled, and others ran ashore.
 When Wallace saw they frighted were so sore,
 He did command none in the haven should go,
 But his own barge, which pleas'd the people so.
 That they no sooner the Red Lion saw
 In the Scots banner, but they gave huzza.
 Lift up the port, receiv'd them in the town
 With great respect, then entertain'd them round.
 Wallace they saw a goodly Scottiish man,
 And honour'd him with all respect they can,
 Four days he tarri'd at the Rochel, then
 Gave strict command to Longoville's men,
 That they discreetly would behave and well,
 And nothing act that might be thought hostile:
 For shortly he would either send or bring,
 Unto them all, a pardon from the king.
 • Your captain to the king shall go with me,
 By help of God, I shall his warrant be.
 Like his own men, he clothed Thomas so,
 There was no man that Longoville could know.
 Both blithe and glad as any men alive,
 They march, and then at Paris do arrive.
 • In splendid order to a garden went,
 Then gallantly before the king present.
 Fifty and two upon their knees do fall,
 Salute the king most fine like princes all.
 Their speech they do govern, and so well rule.
 As they'd been taught at Julius Cesar's school.
 The queen got leave (so curious was) to see,
 Brave Wallace, and his company.
 The king he dines, as did the court also,
 Then after meat does to the parlour go.
 He and his lords commun'd on every thing
 With Wallace, who did greatly please the king.
 In Latin tongue his answer does advance
 With a serene and manly countenance.

The king he ask'd where the Red River was?
And marvell'd how that tyrant let him pass.

' You, with the herald, might have writ to me,
For power to convey you through the sea.'

' I thank you, Sir, no need thereof had we,
Blessed be God, we're all safe as you see.'

Then said the king, ' Wallace, I wonder much
You have escap'd that bloody tyrant's clutch,
Who on the sea such cruelty has wrought,
Could we him get, he should not pass for nought.'

Thomas he quak'd, began to count his beads:
When as the king related his misdeeds.

Wallace gave ear, but feigned in some part,

' Forsooth, said he, we found none in that air.
But, Sir, with leave, would ye the River know?'

' Fy, since I saw him it is long ago,
These words of yours, Wallace, are all in vain,
Ere he come here, many he'll cause be slain.'

Then Wallace said, ' Great Sir, of my men all,
Who is the man likest to him you'd call?'

The king repli'd, with a quick piercing eye,
' That large long man, that next to you stands by.'

Then on his knees, the worthy Wallace fell,

' O! royal king, said he, pray hear me tell,
How Saxon seed hath Scotland sore distress,
Our elders kill'd, and royal blood oppress.

Your majesty methinks should interpose,
In our behalf, and curb our lawless foes;
And that by virtue of the league and band,
'Twixt France and Scotland does so firmly stand,
Next since at your command, come here I have,
One favour, Sir, I humbly of you crave.'

The king repli'd, ' I'll grant, or pay you down
Whate'er you ask, except my queen or crown.'

' Most royal Sir, said Wallace, all I want,
Is that you'll graciously be pleas'd to grant,
Peace to this man, whom I brought here through chan
And I'll disclaim all other gifts in France.

*This same is he, you may believe it well,
Of whom you speak, Thomas of Longville.*

*Receive him as a free liege of your land.
At which the king was put unto a stand.*

Yet for his promise, and good Wallace' sake,
 Into his peace, he Longoville did take.
 The King he ask'd at Wallace how and where,
 He met with Longoville, who did declare,
 And there rehearse the manner how all o'er,
 As you have heard the story told before.
 Wallace to Thomas, also purchas'd then,
 Peace unto all his fourteen hundred men.
 Then on the very spot where he did stand,
 Was knighted by the king's own royal hand ;
 Syne to his nearest heir left his estate,
 Then with brave Wallace went and took his fate.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace past into Guyen.

THREE weeks at Paris Wallace did remain,
 But longed much to try the wars again :
 To march for Guyen he esteem'd it best,
 Because that country Englishmen possess.
 Then of the king took leave on's knees did fall,
 But took no Frenchmen with him then at all ;
 Except Sir Thomas, and a warlike crew
 Of valiant Scots, nine hundred stout and true ;
 Who furiously with him to Guyen ride,
 And fire raise thro' all that country wide.
 Forts and strong castles quickly they break down ;
 And put to death many a Southron lown
 A warlike town, Scemen stood in that land,
 Which Englishmen had under their command.
 The town it stood upon a water side,
 Within a park that was both long and wide.
 Towards that place, most valiantly then,
 Wallace he march'd with his nine hundred men.
 Four hundred to himself took speedily ;
 The rest with Crawford caus'd in ambush lie.
 Wallace his men all gallantly array'd,
 Before the town their banner there display'd.
 The lion rampant, all in gold, did see ;
 Which fight before that country ne'er did see.
 The park they range, great booty drive away,
 The war men issu'd to reicue the prey :

But worthy Scots have many English slain :
 The rest fled back unto the town again.
 Forty good Scots pass'd with the prey along ;
 Then ish'd again a thousand English strong.
 Wallace he caus'd his men let go the prey ;
 Then soon assembled all in good array.
 A fierce encounter there you might have seen.
 'Mongst those wight war men in their armour clean.
 Vast numbers lost their lives on Southron side ;
 And yet the rest most boldly did abide
 Some worthy men there of the Scots they slew ;
 Then William Crawford who the time well knew,
 Out of the park he made his ambush fair
 Into the field where they all fighting were.
 He at his entry many a one caus'd die ;
 Yet Englishmen were very loath to die.
 But bravely fought altho' they lost much blood :
 So few, so long. 'gainst Wallace never stood.
 Yet at the last were all oblig'd to fly ;
 Whom Wallace did pursue most furiously.
 And never knew, till he amidst the throng,
 Was in the town his Southron foes among.
 With him was Crawford, Richard Longoville,
 Fifteen in all, and no more I wot well.
 A cunning porter got upon the wall,
 Pull'd out the pin. let the portculzies fall.
 Then cruelly the English on them set,
 But to the wall the Scots their backs did get ;
 Cut down the Southron, all their force defy'd ;
 Then Richard Wallace, he the porter spy'd,
 Knock'd out his brains, with little noise or din,
 Got up the port, let all the Scotsmen in
 Who spared none that they before them fand,
 /If they a sword or weapon had in hand.
 All other lives most Christianly did spare,
 But seiz'd the goods and riches all were there.
 The town with French replenish'd quickly, then
 Wallace the field takes briskly with his men.
 At which the king delay'd not very long,
 But rais'd an army twenty thousand strong :
 All faithful subjects of the crown of France,
 Led by his brother, Duke of Orleans.

Thro' Guyen land a speedy march they make,
 At Bourdeaux do Wallace overtake.
 Some said that town did mightily incline,
 To fight good Wallace, but soon chang'd their mind.
 And sent exprefs to Piccardy by post,
 Telling of Wallace, and the new rais'd host.
 Gloucester, then, captain of Calais went,
 And told all to the English parliament.
 Some plainly said ' Wallace had broke the truce ;'
 Others said ' nay, that was ne'er his use.'
 Lord Beaumont said, with judgement most profound,
 ' Wallace for Scotland, not for France was bound.'
 Yet Woodstock from his malice could not cease,
 But still affirm'd Wallace had broke the peace :
 And told the king, if he'd his counsel take.
 Now was the time, on Scotland war to make.
 What Woodstock said all did conclude it right,
 By sea and land, a force they raise on fight.
 Gloucester he leads on the army's van,
 Longcastle does the middleward command :
 Then Sir John Pfewart to the sea was sent,
 Who all the north land perfectly well kent,
 Vallance the knight, before the army went,
 Who all the mischief did he could invent.
 And made some Scots, with his enticing word,
 Yield up their castles without stroke of sword.
 Ere the best sort knew it was war in plain,
 In Bothwell castle, he was set again.
 And Sir John Pfewart, who came by the sea,
 Soon got St. Johnstoun by a jeopardie,
 Dundee they took left not a man on life,
 Then plundered, and soon possessed Fife.
 And all the south, from Cheviot to the sea,
 O barbarous, and cruel enemy !
 To Rauchry fled good Adam Wallace then,
 And Robert Boyd to Bute, two gallant men.
 Sir John the Graham, in Dundaff durst not bide,
 But march'd to the forest fair of Clyde.
 Lundie, from Fife, he stole away by night,
 Eighteen with him that clever were and tight.
 And his young son, then but of tender age,
 To Dundaff muir, they all away do page.

Thinking to meet with Sir John the Graham,
 Who often made the Southron fly with shame,
 Thomas of I'horn took Lanark the next day,
 Lundie and Hay no longer there durst stay,
 But to South-Tinto quickly did repair,
 And good Sir John did quickly meet them there.
 Vallance had order'd great provisions then,
 Under a guard of fourscore Englishmen,
 For Bothwell castle. but unto their shame.
 Were soon surpris'd by Lundie and by Graham ;
 Who with some hardy Scots, fifty, I trow,
 Of fourscore Southron; sixty there they slew ;
 Got gold and goods, and all remain'd alive
 On the Scots side, excepting only five.
 Then march'd all away upon a night,
 Unto the Lennox in their armour bright.
 Seaton and Lyle, they lodged in the Bass,
 But Hugh the Hay sent into England was.
 Then the north country lords do in the end,
 The squire Guthrie unto Wallace send.
 At Aberbrothwick shipping took for sea,
 And safely at the Sluce soon landed he.
 To Wallace went, and told in sorry mood,
 How sadly matters now in Scotland stood.
 Then Wallace said, ' O Southron ! all mansworn !
 For perfidy, such rogues were never born ?
 Their former treachery did we not feel,
 Ev'n when the truce was sign'd with their great seal,
 Who notwithstanding, most unchristianly,
 Caus'd eighteen score of our brave barons die ?
 To the great God my vow I here do make,
 Peace with that king hereafter ne'er to take.
 He shall repent, that he this war began,
 If it please God I be a living man.'

Then does address the king for liberty
 To go to Scotiand with his company.
 With much ado the king did condescend,
pon proviso, when the war did end,
id he triumph'd had o'er his Southron foes,
should return to France and no time lose.
ch, if he did, he reely might command,
is return, a lordship of good land.

Wallace took leave, goes straight for Flanders then,
 With good Sir Thomas and his countrymen.
 The Squire Guthrie's barge, at Sluce lay fill,
 To sea they went in haste with a good will.
 Fair wind and weather, nothing worse they fand,
 Then at Montrose they safely all do land.
 Good Sir John Ramsay, and the Ruthven true,
 Barclay and Bisset, with men not a few,
 Do Wallace meet, all canty, keen and crouse,
 And with three hundred march to Ochter house,

B O O K X.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace won St Johnston.

UNTO St Johnston Wallace quickly prest,
 Which by the English then was re-posselt,
 Under Kinnoul, ere it was day, lay down,
 Then spi'd six Southron servants from the town,
 Driving three empty carts upon the way,
 In order to bring home their master's hay.
 Which, when they were a loading, suddenly
 Guthrie and's men, made all the six to die.
 Wallace in haste caus'd take their upmost weed.
 And men to fit them ordered with speed.
 Wallace himself, and Ruthven brave also,
 Guthrie and Bisset, and good yeomen two ;
 Each took a suit, and then with subtile art,
 Five men with hay they cover'd in each cart.
 Then to the town those carters took their way,
 And carefully drove on their carts of hay.
 Good Sir John Ramsay lay in ambush till
 He warning got, then marched with good will.
 Over the bridge the carters quickly past,
 Enter'd the gate, and then their cloaks do cast.
 Wallace with three good strokes which there he got,
 The porter kill'd, and two more on the spot.
 Guthrie and Bisset, Ruthven of renown,
 Most manfully did cut the Southron down.

The armed men, that snug lay in the carts,
 Came fiercely out, and bravely play'd their parts.
 When Ramsay's spy saw all that there was done,
 The ambush broke, both bridge and port have won;
 Ere Ramsay came with his men good and true,
 The twenty one there forty Southron flew.
 And so soon as the ambush enter'd in,
 They spared none that were of Southron kin.
 There Longoville, that brave and warlike knight,
 Nobly behav'd, and did their doublets dight.
 The Southron, when they saw the town was tint,
 Fled then as fast as fire does from a flint.
 And Sir John Pfewart at the next gate past.
 To Methwin wood, he scour'd off wonder fast.
 One hundred men fled to the church in vain,
 But Wallace spared none, for all were slain.
 Four hundred Southron kill'd were in the strife,
 And seven score only 'scaped with their life.
 Wallace got riches good things not a few,
 And with true Scots, plentih'd the town of new.
 First to the Cask did Sir John Pfewart pass,
 Then unto Fife, where Vallance sheriff was
 Gather'd of men a num'rous company,
 To Auchterarder then drew privily,
 And to be ready ordered them all,
 For to attack St Johnstoun, at a call,
 Wallace made Ramsay his great captain there,
 And Ruthven sheriff, a deserving pair.
 He charged them, that on first warning they
 Should come to him, without further delay.
 On some exploit he quickly marched then,
 With him one hundred of good fighting men.

C H A P. II.

*The Battle of Black Iron Side, and how Wallace took in
Lochleven and Airth.*

TO Fife he march'd that country's state to view,
 With his good men, that trusty were and true.
 But Sir John Pfewart from the Ochlehigh,
 Spying Wallace as he pass'd by,

All on a sudden, 'gainst him marched then,
 To Black-Ir'n Side, with fifteen hundred men.
 This sudden march good Wallace so alarms,
 He and his men stand quickly to their arms,
 With Bisset and good Guthrie does advise
 What course to take against this sad surprize,
 ' We with the Southron now are so beset,
 To our good friends at Perth no word we'll get.
 It grieves me more that Vallance is the guide,
 Than all the rest upon the Southron side,"
 Guthrie repli'd, ' could we get over Tay,
 It were I think the sure and safest way ;
 And warn good Ramsay, who commands the town,
 He'd send a reinforcement to us soon."
 ' It's safer,' Wallace says, ' in my esteem,
 To fight the foe, than dangerously to swim.
 In Elchock park but forty men were we,
 Against seven hundred, and made Southron flee.
 So may we now, thro' help of divine grace ;
 Take courage lads, and bravely show your face.
 This wood we'll hold as long as we can stand,
 To the last man, we'll fight it sword in hand.
 The right is ours, let's to it manfully,
 I'll free this land once more before I die."
 Which speech did so their hearts to him engage,
 And put their spirits upon such an edge,
 That some call out to take the field in plain.
 Wallace said no, ' Those words are all in vain :
 My thoughts and sentiments are no way such ;
 This wood may prove to our advantage much :
 For tho' our courage be not wanting now,
 Yet, pray, believe good conduct's needful too.'
 Then hewn wood, and planks of oak did take,
 A strong barrier then quickly did he make ;
 And by the time that all was finish'd right,
 The English army came within their fight.
 Psewart attacks the wood with a bravade,
 But finds a strong and dev'lish barricade,
 There with a thousand men does wait and watch,
 And with five hundred, Vallance does detach,
 To guard the wood that not one single skin,
 Might 'scape the sword, of all that were within.

Forty good archers, Wallace had that tide,
 Which gall'd the English horse on ev'ry side.
 The rest were spearmen, long in war expert,
 Honour was all the thing they had at heart,
 As evidently over all was seen,
 By their defence, at the encounter keen.
 A void was left, where Southron enter might,
 Forty at first were put to death on sight,
 Numbers of horse were kill'd with the shot,
 The wounded reel'd, and to a plain they got.
 Pfewart rampag'd, to see both man and horse,
 So fore rebuted and put to the worse.
 Vallance advis'd he would forbear to fight,
 And rest his men close by the wood that night :
 For hunger soon would drive them from their strength,
 Then might he charge them in the field at length.
 Pfewart repli'd, 'Tis dangerous to delay,
 If succour come to them what will you say ;
 Along with me eight hundred men shall fare,
 All in a range to round the wood with care :
 The rest they shall with thee continue still,
 To fight or be commanded at thy will.'
 ' Be brisk, said Pfewart, quickly him beset,
 For now I think he's fairly in the net.
 Could you but slay or take him upon life,
 King Edward sure would make you Earl of Fife.
 When Wallace he their disposition saw,
 And Pfewart's charge with so much rage and awe,
 ' Brave lads, he said, yon Pfewart is a knight,
 Forward in wars, both hardy, wise and wight.
 Such an attack against us, and a sore,
 He does intend, as you ne'er saw before ;
 Since we're beset with foes on ev'ry side,
 And must perforce here in this forest bide ;
 Take notice all, and mark well what I say,
 His first assault boldly resist I pray '
 Crawford he left, and Longoville the knight,
 At the barrier to keep it safe and tight.
 Wallace himself quickly encounters then
 Pfewart with sixty, ' gainst eight hundred men,
 Who fought so fierce, and show'd their valour so,
 No Englishman durst from his fellow go,

To break his rank, or foremost enter in,
 So bloodily the dispute did begin.
 On either side the spears in flinders flew.
 Numbers of English there the Scotsmen flew.

Vallance, at this time, sorely did assail,
 Crawford, and the brave knight good Longoville,
 Who boldly stood and did defend their ground,
 And at the entry hew'd the Southron down.
 Thus were the Scots attack'd on ev'ry hand,
 Fifteen to one, too num'rous a band.
 Nothing they had now for't but do or die.
 Psewart surpris'd was with such bravery,
 Who pressing on, with a good sword of steel,
 Kill'd a stout Scot who had behaved weel.
 Wallace, enrag'd, did quickly vow revenge;
 And a sound blow with Psewart to exchange;
 But troops of Southron intervening soen,
 He miss'd his mark, though others he cut down.
 Great slops the Scots made 'mong the Southron ranks,
 From front to rear. and out through both their flanks.
 Eighty that time were slain without remead,
 And at the barrier fifty killed dead.

After this brisk repulse and fair defeat,
 Psewart he quickly caused sound retreat.
 And then consults what's proper next to do,
 Curses hard fate, 'cause beat by such a few.
 The worthy Scots go into the barrier,
 Wash all their wounds, refresh, and make good cheer.
 ' At many bouts, said Wallace, I have been,
 But such a fierce attack have scarcely seen.'
 Then from a strand of water running by,
 He all his men suppli'd abundantly;
 Drank first himself, then said, in sober mood,
 ' The wine in France I ne'er thought half so good.'
 Sir John concludes, in council, to be brief,
 To fight no more till he get fresh relief.
 And then to starve, with hunger in the field,
 The Scots, if they stood out and did not yield,
 Meantime he charg'd John Vallance to abide,
 And keep them into Cooper till he'd ride.
 Who said, ' Such charge he would not undertake,
 To fight all day, and then all night to wake.'

Pfewart cri'd, ' Stay, or underlie the blame,
 I thee command, in good King Edward's name,
 Or here to God I vow, without all scorn,
 If they break out, to hang thee up the morn.'
 Wallace was blithe when that he heard such strife,
 Nothing e'er pleas'd him better all his life ;
 And then drew near, at a fit time withal,
 To the wood side, and did on Vallance call.
 ' Yon knight, I think, would make a coward start,
 Come in to us, his brag's not worth a f—t,
 And thou shalt have a lordship in thy hand,
 Thy brother left behind him in this land.'
 Vallance choos'd rather with the Scots to bide,
 Than venture's life upon the English side.
 So in a moment all with one consent,
 He and his men straight unto Wallace went.
 Then Pfewart said, ' I ne'er expected such
 Base treatment,' but John Vallance mock'd him much.
 By this brave Ramsay, and good Ruthven then,
 To Black Iron side came with three hundred men.
 Pfewart the knight, well hath their coming seen,
 Who choos'd a plain, and drew up on the green,
 Twelve hundred men he had, wanting a score,
 The Scots Five hundred sixty, and no more.
 Now to the wood good Wallace bids adieu,
 Who all this time nothing of Ramsay knew.
 But when he heard him shout and Ruthven cry,
 How did his heart rejoice exceedingly !
 On either side quickly assembled they,
 And set the battle all in good array.
 The English, who were more in number far,
 By Pfewart now in two divided are.
 The worthy Scots, so soon as they were dress'd,
 Most furiously among them quickly prest :
 And as they in the wood behaved well,
 So on the plain they fought as stout as steel.
 Had small respite from rising of the sun,
 Yet charg'd as fresh as if but new begun.
*Ramsay and Ruthven came with fresh relief,
 Unto the Southron's sorrow and great grief,
 And of their carcases took a sound mends ;
 Dissolver'd them in twenties and in tens.*

When spears were gone, with swords of metal clear,
 They pav'd their way in haste from front to rear.
 Wallace and his good men, by strength of hand,
 Made Southron blood to stream out through the land.
 Three hundred English, briskly in the end,
 Surround Sir John, and bravely him defend.
 The Scots who saw so many in a rout,
 With Psewart stand, and guarding him about,
 Upon their flanks did them attack full fore.
 And with their points their polish'd plates did bore.
 Ramsay inclin'd that Psewart he should yield,
 Rather than see him die upon the field.
 ' No, he shall die, said Wallace, by God's grace.
 He came to pay his ransom in this place.'
 The Southron plainly saw that they must die,
 Succour was none, suppose that they should fly.
 Freshly they fought as they had enter'd new,
 And some good men on the Scots side they slew.
 ' To please our king, said Psewart, and his laws,
 We lose our lives in an unrighteous cause.'
 With that he struck brave Bisset to the death,
 For which good Wallace quickly stopt his breath.
 Who, with one stroke cut him down with his sword,
 And after that he never spoke a word;
 But to the ground rush'd down with all his might;
 By Wallace hand thus di'd that gallant knight.
 The rest were kill'd, what could the Scots do more,
 Then all lament the loss of Bisset fore.
 Ruthven for Perth to march he ready makes,
 And Sir John Ramsay Couper castle takes.
 Wallace and Crawford, Guthrie, Longoville,
 And Richard, take Lundores that night to beil.
 Vallance was steward, who abundantly,
 With meat and drink did bravely them supply.
 The English all flee fast before them now,
 As does the Bishop of St. Andrews too,
 He would not Wallace coming there abide,
 So dirt fear'd was, ev'n for all Scotland wide.
 Their worthy knight, that into Couper lay,
 Seiz'd all their riches on the second day.
 And at command of Wallace did cast down,
 And raze that place unto the very ground.

Then unto Crail did suddenly repair,
 But only found there walls and buildings bare.
 The English then troop'd off all in a string,
 And through all Fife the Scots did rant and reign.
 No Englishman was left, for all did fly,
 Save in Lochleven, one single company.
 A knight, Musgrove, that did command Kinghorn,
 The merest coward that was ever born,
 Hearing that Wallace would attack the place,
 Fled and deserted to his great disgrace
 Wallace possess'd the house, and on the morn,
 To Scotland's well, does with his men return.
 When night was come they supp'd, and went to rest,
 But still Lochleven stuck in Wallace breast.
 To which he pass'd near middle of the night,
 With eighteen chosen men, all stout and tight
 ' Courage, brave boys,' he said, ' and never flinch,
 The Southron now lie sleeping in yon inch ;
 Since honour's to be won let's venture for't,
 If we get o'er, we shall have pleasant sport.
 Do you remain all here upon the spot,
 I'll try if I can bring you o'er their boat.'
 Quickly he stript, with his brave sword and good
 Bound round his neck, and leap'd into the flood.
 Over he swims, and very quickly then,
 Seizes the boat, and brought her to his men.
 Who when array'd, no longer did abide,
 But jumped in, and row'd to th' other side.
 The Inch they took boldly with sword in hand,
 And spared none before them that they fand.
 To wives and bairns, he mercy still did show,
 But thirty men upon the spot he slew
 To call good Ramsay, he hath orders giv'n,
 To dine with him, if he pleas'd, at Lochleven.
 Sent out a man, the Southron horse to keep,
 Drew up the boat, then went to bed to sleep.
 The messenger, good Ramsay did surprize,
 Who with unusual briskness, bid him rise.
 ' My Lord, good Sir, does kindly you invite
 Unto Lochleven, to eat a dish of meat '
 Ramsay got up, and march'd with all his men,
 And there carous'd full eight days to an end.

Turn'd off the goods that Southron had brought there,
 Caus'd burn the boat then unto Perth repair.
 There Bishop Sinclair met them in a trice,
 And wisely gave to Wallace his advice.
 Jop to the north, for more supply was sent,
 For none alive, the country better kent.
 Good Mr. Blair, in sacerdotal weed,
 Went to the west, to warn his friends with speed :
 How unto Wallace they might safely get,
 The Southron had their passage so beset.
 Brave Adam Wallace, and good Lindsay fare
 To Earl Malcolm, where they welcome were.
 There was the noble Graham, and Lundie brave,
 And Boyd, like men, are new rais'd from their grave:
 Jop marched on, Cumming Lord Buchan was,
 For old envy, he suffer'd none to pass.
 Yet poor men came to Wallace as they might,
 For to defend old ancient Scotland's right.
 The Randal young, to serve his country bent,
 Good men from Murray, hath to Wallace sent.
 Jop did return unto his master soon,
 And told him all, though little he got done,
 But Mr Blair, such noble tidings brought,
 That of the Cumming, Wallace reckon'd nought :
 Wallace, who did the fit occasion ken.
 March'd straight from Perth, and with him fifty men,
 Good Irish Stephen, and Kierly, who was wight,
 In Watchman's garb, to Wallace march'd on sight.
 Upon more force to wait he had no mind,
 And left the rest to keep the land behind
 By Stirling bridge, to march, he did not please,
 For Englishmen hum there as thick as bees :
 But over Airth, they ferri'd hastily,
 And lurked in a private place hard by.
 A cruel captain dwelt in Airth that year,
 An Englishman, whose name was Thomlin Weir :
 One hundred men were at his lodging still,
 Possess that land according to their will.
 A Scottish fisher seiz'd, who out of fear,
 Unto their service made the fellow swear,
*Jop early went, the passage for to spy,
 And on the fisher happ'ned suddenly,*

Then ask'd him, ' what country-man art thou ?'
 ' A Scot,' he said, ' but Southron made me vow
 Unto their service, fore against my mind ;
 Pox on the pack, I love none of their kind,
 A fishing I came o'er to this north side,
 A Scotsman if you be, I'll with you bide.'
 When Jop to Wallace told the poor man's case,
 They all rejoic'd to see the fisher's face
 Since with his boat they might good passage have,
 Not valuing what the poor man should crave.
 To the south land, most gladly they did fare,
 Then broke the boat, when they were landed there.
 Out through the moss, they march'd with good speed
 To the Tor-Wood. the fisher did them lead ;
 A widow there brought tidings in short space,
 Of Wallace' friend that dwelt at Dunipace.
 ' Thomlin of Weir had him in prison put,
 Which Wallace vex'd and to the heart him cut.
 ' Dame, said good Wallace, he shall loosed be,
 The morn by noon, and set at liberty.
 They ate and drank, in quiet there abode,
 And on the morrow early took the road.
 Toward Airth-hill. his force with him he drew,
 Where was a strength that well the fisher knew.
 A private way, the fisher him directs,
 Then to the Southron paid his best respects.
 O'er a small bridge, into the hall he got,
 And them salutes in rage and fury hot,
 With shearing swords, clinking out o'er their crowns,
 There without mercy hew'd the Southron down.
 Thomlin of Weir, he thro' the body clave,
 And his good men did soon dispatch the lave.
 Through all the room. the blood gush'd boiling hot,
 One hundred men lay dead upon the spot.
 Then to relieve his uncle went along,
 In a deep cave, who lay in fetters stro g.
 Before that time, his uncle ne'er had been
So glad, as when good Wallace he had seen
Into deep ditches. the dead corpse were cast.
And carefully their watches plac'd at last.
'pon the morrow. gath'ed up the spoil,
th gold and jewels, to reward their toil.

Southron came in, but quickly changed hues,
 For none went back to tell their neighbours news.
 Stephen of Ireland, Kierly who was wight,
 These two did keep the port the second night.
 Ere it was day, the worthy Scots arose,
 Turs'd off their spoil, and to the Tor-wood goes
 Now since at Airth the Scots have done their best,
 Let's see what came of them, went to the west.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace burnt the English in Dumbarton.

WALLACE and his good men march'd all the night,
 And to Dumbarton came ere it was light.
 Then at a widow's house did quickly call,
 And whisper'd softly to her through the wall.
 Whose voice, so soon as the good woman knew,
 Unto her clothes, immediately she drew.
 In a close barn, him and his men she got,
 Good meat and drink, in truth he wanted not.
 Then unto Wallace gave one hundred pound,
 To make his supper go the better down.
 Nine sons she had, good likely men and tight,
 An oath to him she made them swear on sight.
 There he remain'd secure and never budg'd,
 But caus'd mark the doors where Southron lodg'd.
 Then all march'd on, and silence closely kept,
 Unto the gate, where they securely slept.
 An English captain, and nine of his mates,
 Drinking too late, did brag of mighty feats.
 'Had I good Wallace,' one said in a rage,
 'I would think nothing with him to engage.'
 Another there, his head and neck would pawn,
 He'd tie Sir John the Graham with strength of hand.
 A third, he'd fight the Boyd with a good sword,
 'Twould set him better far to fight a t—d.
 Another wish'd for Lundie by his life.
 And some for Seaton, in that drunken strife.
 When Wallace heard the Southron make such din,
 He boldly all alone himself went in,
 Then with a brave bold countenance and stout,
 Saluted them most handsomely about.

' I'm from my travels come, Gentles,' said he,
 ' Longing your conquest of the Scots to see.
 Some of your drink, and other cheer I'd have.'
 The captain then a saucy answer gave,
 ' Thou seem'st a Scot, likely to be a spy,
 And mayest be one of Wallace' company,
 Which if thou be, nothing shall thee protect,
 From being hang'd up quickly by the neck''
 Wallace thought then, it was not time to stand.
 His noble sword fast gripped in his hand ;
 With such a stroke, the captain did surpris,
 As cut off all that stood above the eyes.
 Another there he killed in great ire,
 A third he threw into the burning fire.
 Kierly and Stephen came in with courage true,
 And kill'd the rest of the drunken crew.
 The hostler then, without further delay,
 Directed Wallace where the Southron lay,
 Who set their lodgings all in a fair row
 About their ears, and burn'd them stab and stow.
 Then to Dumbarton came with merry speed,
 March'd long ere day, a quick exploit indeed.
 Toward Rosneath, next night they past along,
 Where Englishmen possess that castle strong,
 Who that same day unto a wedding go,
 Fourscore in number, at the least, or moe,
 In their return the Scots upon them set,
 Where forty did their death-wounds fairly get :
 The rest scour'd off, and to the castle fled,
 But Wallace, who in war was nicely bred,
 He did the entry to the castle win,
 And slew the Southron, all were found therein.
 After the sliers did pursue with speed,
 None did escape him, all were cut down dead.
 On their purveyance, seven days lodged there,
 At their own ease, and merrily did fare,
 Some Southron came to visit their good kin,
But none went out, be sure, that once came in.
After he had set fire to the place,
March'd straight to Faulkland, in a little space.
There Earl Malcolm was, of glorious fame,
Richard of Lundie, and Sir John the Graham :

Good Adam Wallace, that true hearted Scot,
 Barclay and Boyd, and others of great note.
 With them he kept his Yool, and holy days,
 Who past their time in feasting, sport and plays.
 Till tidings came of his dear mother's death,
 Who, to Almighty, had resign'd her breath.
 Then did he order Jop and Mr. Blair,
 To bury her and no expence to spare
 Who posted off with speed, did not defer,
 And honourably did her corpse inter.
 His mourning. Wallace soon threw off, for he
 Had most at heart how Scotland he might free.

C H A P. IV.

*How Sir William Douglas won the castle of Sanquhar by a
 jeopardy. How Wallace rescued him from the English, and
 put them out of those parts.*

SIR William Douglas, as old writers record,
 Of Douglas' dale, at this time was the Lord.
 By his deceased lady, he had now,
 Two likely sons, for strength and courage too,
 Whose nat'ral parts, all greatness did presage,
 When at the schools, and but of tender age.
 In knowledge, that they might the more advance,
 They're quickly sent to the best schools in France.
 Their father, that most noble valiant knight,
 King Edward had detain'd against all right:
 Till with the Lady Ferres he'd conclude
 A match, which after prov'd not for his good.
 Two sons he had by this young lady fair,
 And then got leave for Scotland to repair.
 Accordingly his lady, sons and he,
 Came all to Douglas, and lived pleasantly.
 King Edward thought that he had steadfast been
 To him, but faith the contrair soon was seen.
 The old Scots blood remained in him still.
 Which to the English never bore good will.
 That time the Sanquhar was a castle strong,
 From which, the Scots did suffer frequent wrong.
 An English captain did command the same,
 Was Bewford call'd, a pox upon his name:
 To Douglas' lady, was a kintman near,
 From him no harm on that account did fear.

But when Sir William saw Wallace in plain,
 Was likely to free Scotland once again,
 He, as a true born Scotsman, thought he should
 Give all assistance to him that he could.
 To which a cheerful heart he ready found,
 Being by force to Edward only bound.
 To Thomas Dickson, a young man, and bold,
 His inclinations then he quickly told.
 How he design'd, with all his pow'r and might,
 To frighten and surprize the English knight.
 ' I have,' said Dixon, ' a good friend indeed,
 ' John Anderson, who firewood does lead
 ' Unto the castle, stout and true, like steel,
 ' To him I'll go, and all the case reveal.'
 Into a moment, good Sir William then,
 Prepared thirty stout well chosen men.
 He told his lady, to Dumfries he went,
 To meet some English that had to him sent.
 Then march'd all night, upon them fast did draw,
 And in a cleugh, lurk'd by the water Craw.
 Dickson to Sanquhar goes, and tarries not,
 And with John Anderson makes up a plot,
 That he should take John's horses and his weed,
 By it was day, a draught of wood to lead.
 John was a cliver and auld farrand boy,
 As you shall hear by the ensuing ploy.
 Meantime, good Anderson unto him told
 Ingeniously, the whole strength of the hold,
 ' Forty they are, all men of great avail,
 Be they on foot, they'll surely you assail ;
 But if you chance the entry for to get,
 A great pole ax on your right hand is set ;
 Which may defend you stoutly in the throng ;
 Be Douglas wise, he'll not stay from you long.'"
 Then Anderson, the ambush by and by,
 Near to the castle led most privately.
 Dickson is with the draught of green wood gone,
 Who to the castle whistling came anon,
 Array'd in Anderson's old rural weed,
 To whom the porter opened with speed,
 Who said, ' this hour thou might have staid away.
 Thou art untimous for its scarcely day.'"

Dickson his draught got in by lucky fate,
Then cut the cords and all fell in the gate.
The porter twice out o'er the head he struck,
And kill'd him dead, prodigious good luck !
The ax he got, whereof his good friend spoke,
And gave a sign, whereat the ambush broke.
Douglas was foremost, faith he made no stand.
But o'er the wood march'd straight with sword in hand.
Three watchmen kill'd within the close that hour,
And won the gate that leads to the great tow'r.
Ran up the stair where the good captain lay,
Who trembling stood, and fain would been away ;
Too late he was, Douglas struck up the door,
And stick'd him dead, where he stood on the floor.
Then took the house, put Southron all to death,
None did escape, save one, with life or breath.
The fellow fled in haste to Durisdeer,
And told the captain all in panic fear,
Who to the Enoch caus'd another go,
And warn Lochmabane, Tibber's muir also.
The country also bragg'd no less to do.
Than siege the castle, and hang Douglas too.
Sir William then, most prudently on light,
Dixon dispatch'd, to warn the Wallace wight.
Who in the Lenox, very boldly then,
Did lie encamped with four hundred men.
On which he marches, makes no longer stay,
Unto the castle of Kilsyth that day :
Where Ravindale numbers of Southron had,
But was himself that time at Cumbernald.
The Earl Malcolm posted was hard by,
In ambush with two hundred men to lie.
To guard the house, the rest himself he took
Into the wood, and made one sharply look
About, and spy when Rovindale he came,
For they design'd him and his men some game.
Who when betwixt the bushments two he got,
He and his men were all kill'd on the spot.
To siege the castle, would no longer stay,
But march'd and burnt Linlithgow in his way.
Where Southron dwelt and on the morrow sent,
And burn'd Dalkeith, then to Newbottle went.

Lauder by this and Seaton of renown,
 Came from the Bass, and burn'd North Berwick town.
 And with an hundred men, in armour bright,
 Do Wallace meet, which was a joyful sight.
 Dickson he also met with Wallace now,
 Who promis'd soon the Douglas to rescue.
 Brave Hugh the Hay, in noble order, then
 To Peebles came with fifty valiant men.
 And Rutherford, that ever true had been,
 Wity sixty men, cruel in war, and keen,
 Courageously all marched then along,
 And numb'ed were good eight hundred strong.
 By this the Southron Sanquhar do beset.
 Thinking they had brave Douglas in the net :
 But news of Wallace came with such a thud,
 As quickly put a fright unto their fud.
 For Wallace scarce to Crawford then had got,
 When shame a tail remain'd upon the spot.
 The siege thus rais'd in hurry and great fray,
 The bumbaz'd Southron scamper'd all away
 Which news, when Wallace heard, he that same night,
 Three hundred horsemen chose, in harness light.
 The Earl Malcolm, quickly order'd he,
 To follow on, a good rearguard to be.
 Thro' Durisdeer pursues this Chieftain bold,
 The plainest way, 'bove Morton then does hold.
 At Closeburn, when the Southron came in fight.
 He charg'd and kill'd seven score into the fight.
 When Southron saw the case had happen'd so,
 To rally then, they make a faint sham show,
 With Wallace to debate in open fields,
 But Earl Malcolm close was at their heels.
 At which they thought it was not time to stay,
 But each man fled, and made the best o's way.
 Wallace and the good Earl do pursue,
 And in the sight demolish'd not a few.
 Five hundred good, they and their men have cast
 Dead to the ground ere they Dalswinton past.
The wearied horses march no farther can,
Though all the men were fresh as they began.
Wallace and Graham must then dismount perforce,
And take their foot, good fate it was no worse.

So fierce they follow, without fear or dread,
 None but the horse could equal them in speed.
 Their strokes so heavy, dreadful were and sore,
 Whome'er they hit did grieve the Scots no more.
 Then a new party, men of note and fame,
 With good fresh horses unto Wallace came.
 Good Currie, and the Johnstoun stout and gay.
 Kirkpatrick, and the trusty Halliday.
 Seventy new men came up a brave recruit,
 Who noble service did in the pursuit.
 Good Currie there brave Wallace hors'd again,
 Who quickly hath three English captains slain.
 Of Durisdear, Enoch, and Tibber's muir,
 The dint of his good sword none could endure.
 The Maxwell also, out of Carlav'rock drew,
 And did the Southron furiously pursue.
 Beside Cock Pool, sound payment there they got,
 Some drowned were, and some kill'd on the spot.
 Wallace return'd, and in Carlav'rock bode,
 And to Dumfries upon the morrow rode :
 Proclaim'd his peace to all within those bounds,
 That would assist against the Southron lowns,
 No longer there at that time did abide,
 For Southron fled from Scotland on each side.
 The towns and castles Scotsmen then possess,
 And rul'd the land, and then the land had rest.
 Brave Douglas had behav'd so nobly there
 Was keeper made from Drumlanrig to Air.
 Meantime his lady counterfeit her spite,
 And like a serpent, waits her time to bite.
 By this the English captains all did flee
 Excepting Morton, who held out Dundee.
 Which Wallace vex'd, and greatly disobligh'd,
 Therefore he march'd, and closely him besieg'd.
 Morton does beg his life, and then he'd go
 For England straight, but Wallace answer'd, ' No ;
 All England shall example of thee take ;
 Thou shalt be hanged for King Edward's sake.'
 When Wallace had confirm'd the siege, then he
 The Scrimzior made constable of Dundee.
 One Ballinger, of England, who was there,
 Past out of Tay, and came to Quithy fair ;

To London wrote, and told of Wallace vow ;
 And in what pickle Morton labour'd now.
 Which tidings put king Edward to a stance,
 And call'd him home, who fighting was in France.
 Then did he charge and summon Bruce by name,
 To answer, or to underly the blame :
 And all the rest, who liv'd under his crown,
 Bishop and baron, got a summons soon.
 I leave him here to his new hellish plots ;
 From which, good God ! preserve the fakesless Scots !
 The English, that time, Guyen land possess,
 And did that country very much infest.
 On which account, a herald does advance,
 Express to Wallace, from the king of France,
 Praying he'd come and charge the Southron lowns,
 And once more chace them from his Gallic bounds.
 This message from the King received he,
 When busy at the siege before Dundee.
 The herald there, he entertain'd at large,
 Most splendidly, on his own proper charge.
 And told him all the great feats he had done,
 But that he could not give an answer soon,
 Until he saw what Edward did contrive
 And plot against the Scots, ill may he thrive.

The wits of France have with the herald sent,
 A brave description, and a fine comment
 On Wallace' actions, and his person rare,
 To either with the age could not compare,
 In stature he was full nine quarters high
 When measur'd, at least, without a lie.
 Betwixt his shoulders was three quarters broad,
 Such length and breadth would now a-days seem odd.
 Was no fatigue but what he could endure ;
 Great, but well shaped limbs, voice strong and sture.
 Burning brown hair, his brows and eye bries light ;
 Quick piercing eyes, like to the diamonds bright.
 A well proportion'd visage, long and sound ;
 Nose square and neat, with ruddy lips and round.
 His breast was high, his neck was thick and strong ;
 A swinging hand, with arms both large and long.
 Grave in his speech, his colour sanguine fine,
 A beauteous face, wherein did honour shine.

In time of peace, mild as a lamb would be,
 When war approach'd, a Hector stout was he.
 Riches he mock'd, submitted all to fate;
 Gave what he wan, like Alexander, great.
 To Scotsmen he great trust and credit gave,
 But a known foe could never him deceive.
 Such qualities, men did to him advance
 Who were the very greatest wits in France.
 Which Mr Blair mark'd all in Wallace' book,
 On which you're kindly welcome now too look,
 But at the siege as Wallace earnest lay,
 Jop brought him tidings on a certain day,
 How Edward came with a great force along,
 An army of an hundred thousand strong:
 Wallace commands Scrimzior quickly then,
 There to command eight thousand of his men,
 And close besiege the Southron in that place,
 That none might thence escape in any case.
 Wallace himself did with two thousand ride
 To Perth, where he some few days did abide.
 Toward the south, his march did then begin
 With his brave lads all in a merry pin.
 King Edward does to young Lord Woodstock send,
 And orders him to march ten thousand men
 To Stirling Bridge, and there to keep the pass,
 Who, when he came, behav'd just like an ass.
 Without regard to orders, cross'd the Forth,
 And with his men march'd straight unto the north,
 But for his folly very soundly paid,
 Who had his king's command thus disobey'd.

B O O K XI.

C H A P. I.

The Battle of Falkirk.

YOUNG WOODSFOCK now, all in his airs is got,
 He'll Wallace fight, rescue Dundee, what not
 But was surpris'd, when looking round about,
 He Wallace saw, with him eight thousand stout.
 Old hardy boys, which made him change his hue,
 And on a sudden look both pale and blue &

But finding them in number less than he,
 Resolves to fight, and not a foot to flee.
 On Sheriff-Muir Wallace drew up his men,
 Who had eight thousand 'gainst lord Woodstock's ten.
 There furiously the armies do engage
 Each other in a desp'rate bloody rage.
 The hardy Scots together stuck so true,
 In rank and file, seven thousand Southron flew.
 Three thousand more who fought and would not yield,
 Were quickly all cut down upon the field.
 Lord Woodstock dead among them also lay,
 Not one escap'd the sword that fatal day.
 Silver and gold, horses and other spoil,
 Scotsmen got to renumerate their toil,
 Without a halt to Stirling Bridge they ride,
 And all pass over to the other side.
 Then carpentars and craftsmen quickly call,
 Who presently undo the passage all.
 To the Diidfoord Wallace he sent them syne,
 Who order'd all according to his mind.
 Then made he Lauder very quickly pass,
 Along the coast where any vessel was,
 And men with him, who searched ev'ry nook,
 And from each boat a board or two they took.
 In Stirling then lay with his foot and horse,
 Watching what way the English bent their force.
 The Earl Malcolm came to Wallace then,
 With the brave Lennox lads, true hearted men.
 Sir John the Graham came also speedily,
 Attended with a glorious company.
 Who tidings brought, King Edward was at hand,
 Ev'n at Torphichen, with his Southron band.
 Stewart of Bute, with a great number next,
 To Wallace came, for battle bravely fixt.
 Who on the morrow, with the Cumming arch,
 Each with ten thousand to Falkirk did march.
 Ten thousand also of brave valiant men,
 Wallace drew quickly up in order then.
*There Earl Malcolm was, of mighty fame,
 And that renowned knight, Sir John the Graham.
 Seaton and Lauder, Boyd the stout and tight,
 And Adam Wallace, a most noble fight.*

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

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Then by express, came information sure,
 The Southron all were in Slamannan muir,
 Pitching their tents, setting pavilions down,
 Be south Falkirk, little above the town.
 Jop view'd their number as they march'd along,
 Which was compute one hundred thousand strong.
 Nevertheless the Scots do courage take.
 At fight of Wallace, and all fear forsake.
 The Cumming here, fy on him for a Scot,
 'Gainst Wallace does contrive a hellish plot.
 Told the Lord Stewart, Wallace had no right,
 To lead the van before him in the fight.
 Which bred great heat betwixt the gallant two,
 So subtilly, Cumming the coal did blow.
 The Stewart then does toward Wallace make,
 ' Pray, Sir, what course is proper now to take,
 For Edward comes with a prodigious pow'r ?'
 ' To fight' said Wallace, " there's no other cure.
 With far more troops, I've seen you king appear,
 And soundly beat with fewer men than here.
 Let's to it then. for we have men anew,
 Likely and good, providing they be true."
 Then Stewart said, ' the van guard he would have.'
 Wallace repli'd, ' as God my soul shall save,
 That shall ye not, I'll grant you no such thing,
 Nor no man else except my righteous king.
 Twice have I rescu'd this my native land,
 And shall I now resign my old command.
 I'll let you know, its neither brag nor boast,
 Will bully me out of my righteous post.
 So much a fool I am not, Sir, by half,
 At such a time to quit my marshal staff.'
 ' To which the Stewart answered again,
 The owl did of his feathers once complain :
 At which dame nature took a feather fair,
 From every bird, and him deliver'd there.
 Which gift the owl no sooner did receive,
 Than he thro' pride rebuted all the lave.
 Why then so high Sir ? does it not appear,
 That you condemn all but yourself are here ?
 Then of your men be not so vain, but mind,
 Had each his own, you should have tew behind.'

Wallace enrag'd flew in a flame of fire,
 And too, too rashly call'd the Stewart liar.
 ' No owl I am, for I have often been,
 At the noon day where thou durst not be seen,
 Fighting thy foes, for glory, not for pelf,
 This parable thou speak'st against thyself,
 It is the Cumming has thee thus advis'd,
 I know his speech, tho' masked and disguis'd.
 From danger great, & did relieve that slave,
 And this is all the thanks I now receive.
 No succour then expect from me this day.'
 Then wheel'd, and with ten thousand rode away.
 Great comfort this did to the English yield.
 And almost forc'd the Scots to leave the field.
 At which the Stewart grieving much he swore,
 ' Cumming should rue his base advice full fore-
 For that he now did very plainly see,
 His plot was only self and treachery.'
 The Earl Hartford 'gainst the Stewart then,
 Advanc'd with thirty thousand English men.
 Whom the brave Stewart charg'd so fierce and hot,
 That Hartford's men in heaps lay dead upon the spot,
 When spears were broke, boldly their swords they drew,
 And twenty thousand of the Southron flew.
 The rest they fled unto their king with grief,
 Who sent ten thousand for a fresh relief.
 Which when the noble Champion Wallace saw,
 And the brave Scots up in batalie draw.
 Held up his hands and fervently did say,
 ' O God assist yon lord, I humbly pray,
 And tho' he be with fresh force overset,
 Grant he the victory o'er his foes may get,'
 By this the Bruce and Bishop Beik do then,
 Fiercely advance with Forty thousand men.
 When Wallace did the Bruce's banner know,
 ' Good God,' said he, ' how does this world go,
 To see a man so forward and so rude,
 As fight against his native flesh and blood?
 Were I but free of my rash oath and vow;
 I'd either die, or Stewart brave rescue.'
 Kindness said, ' pray, rescue him from the foe.'
 But will said, ' nay, why fool wilt thou do so?'

Kindness repli'd, ' they are good Scottishmen :'
 On that, said will, ' I cannot much depend.
 Had they been good, as one we all had been,
 The contrair whereof now is plainly seen.
 Tho' one be false,' said kindness, ' that ne'er shall,
 Make us neglect the rest, and lose them all,
 Who have behav'd so well, and Southron slain ;
 Rescue them now, and thereby honour gain,
 Then on the rogue, occasion'd all the strife,
 Avenge thyself, if he be found in life.'
 Will said, " this day they shall not helped be,
 What I have said, shall still be said for me.'
 With that the tears, unto their great surprise,
 Burst out and trickled down from both his eyes.
 Sir John the Graham, and many others more,
 For the brave Stewart, weeped wondrous sore
 To see him with such numbers overpower'd
 While cowardly the Cumming fled and scour'd.
 The men of Bute, before their lord they stood,
 Defending him in streams of their own blood.
 Till at the last, so faint and weary grown,
 They by the Bruce are all quite overthrown.
 And brave Lord Stewart scorning for to yield,
 With his good men lay dead upon the field,
 Then Wallace turn'd about to his men true,
 ' My Lords,' said he, ' what's proper now to do ?
 If we turn east, for strength in Lowthian land,
 They'll us pursue, with all their num'rous band.
 Take we the muir king Edward is before,
 We have but one thing for't, without words more :
 To the Tor-wood in order all complete,
 Through Bruce's host, we'll fight a brave retreat.'
 To which they all did cheerfully consent,
 And as one man were all alike content.
 Good Wallace, then mounting his horse on sight,
 March'd at their head, in shining armour bright.
 With harness'd horse, when to the host he drew,
 The cry arose, and spears in pieces flew
 So fiercely fought the Scots, that by and by,
 Eight thousand Southron on the field did lie.
 Ere Bruce and Beik, their men got in array,
 Wallace pass'd through, and cleanly cut his way-

Then gave command to march his host on fight,
 To the Tor-wood, with all the speed they might.
 He and Sir John the Graham and Lauder then,
 Staid with three hundred stout west country men,
 Expert in war, would hazard any thing.
 Who do attack some of the en'mies wing.
 No spears they had, but swords of temper'd steel,
 As to their smart the Englishmen did feel :
 For ere the Bruce thereof could knowledge have,
 Wallace had sent three hundred to their grave.
 With thirty thousand men, Bruce did pursue
 His native Scots, the Southron to rescue.
 And order'd Beik for a relief to be ;
 Which when good Wallace, did observe and see,
 ' Alas ! ' he said, ' how Bruce with all his might,
 Does ruin and destroy his own true right.'
 Wallace commands his men to their own host,
 And staid behind for all the Bruce's boast.
 Yea, on their front so fiercely in he broke,
 A Southron there he slew at every stroke.
 But when retiring, wo is me therefore,
 Under the haunch the Bruce did wound him fore.
 At which, the Graham and Lauder so engag'd
 Did cut down all with whom they once engag'd.
 For they alone bravely maintain'd their ground,
 While Wallace was a dressing of his wound.
 Who with three hundred very quickly came,
 To rescue Lauder, and the noble Graham.
 Then with fresh force does Bishop Beik appear,
 Who makes the Scots seven-acres broad retire.
 Yet were the two delivered there full well,
 By Wallace' hand, and a good sword of steel.
 At this successful, brisk and bold rescue,
 The awful Bruce, three gallant Scotsmen slew :
 Then with great fury, with a spear or lance.
 At Wallace struck, but miss'd him by good chance.
 To whom a backward stroke good Wallace gave,
 Which his horte neck and spear asunder clave.
Bruce was at ground, ere Wallace look'd about,
But was rehors'd by valiant men and stout ;
And Wallace all alone left in the hour :
Which Graham perceiving, spite of all their power,

Bravely advanc'd, and struck an English knight,
 Before the Bruce; upon the basinet right,
 So furiously, that with a single blow,
 He cut him down, and then away did go.
 But oh? my heart does grieve and bleed to tell,
 What after this the noble Graham befel;
 A subtle English knight, there suddenly
 An open 'twixt his harness did espy,
 Through which, alas! who can forbear to tear?
 He in his bowels, thrust his bloody spear:
 And yet the Graham, for all his mortal wound,
 Turn'd, kill'd the knight, and rush'd him to the ground.
 Then Christianly, in temper calm and sweet,
 To the Almighty, did resign his sp'rit
 When Wallace saw the gallant Graham was gone,
 How did it rack him to the very bone.
 Like one demented, and from reason rent,
 Amidst the Southron host with fury went.
 Enraged at the loss of Graham that day,
 He cut down all that came into his way.
 When Bruce perceived Wallace in such rage,
 He order'd spearmen with him to engage.
 To kill his horse, that he might not escape.
 They thought him all a devil in man's shape.
 Then did the Southron spears, on ev'ry side,
 Pierce his good horse with cruel wounds and wide.
 In this sad pickle, Wallace by and by,
 Thought it convenient for him now to fly,
 Spurr'd up his horse, lamenting still for Graham,
 Then to his folks at Carron water came.
 The sea was in, they stopped there and stood,
 Aloud he cri'd, and bade them take the flood.
 Accordingly the host they all obey,
 He follows on in all the haste he may.
 Who clad was with a heavy coat of mail,
 Which made him fear his wounded horse would fail;
 Yet through the flood, he bore him to the land,
 Then fell down dead (poor beast!) upon the sand.
 But Kierly soon remounted Wallace wight,
 Upon a horse, both able, sound and tight.
 Rode to his host; but oh! Graham was away,
 And fifteen more brave Scots on Magd'lane day.

Yet thirty thousand of the Southron crew,
 Most certainly that day the Scotsmen slew.
 What by the Stewart stout, and Wallace wight,
 To Edward sure a most confounding fight.
 To the Tor-wood Wallace commands his host,
 Kierly and he march along Carrion coast.
 A party on the other side they spy,
 Bruce marching first, who does on Wallace cry,
 'What art thou there?' 'a man,' Wallace did say.
 'Yes,' said the Bruce, 'that hast thou prov'd this day.
 Abide,' he said, 'thou need'st not now to flee.'
 Wallace repli'd, 'its not for fear of thee.'
 'To talk with thee,' the Bruce said, 'I desire.
 'Say on,' said he, 'thou may'st for little hire;
 Ride from thine host, let them abide with Beik,
 I fain would hear what thou inclines to speak.'
 'What is the cause,' said Bruce, 'thou wilt not cease
 From bloody wars, who mayest live in peace?'
 'Its thy own fault, said Wallace, 'be it known,
 Who shamefully dost fight against thy own.
 I claim no right to rule, but to defend
 My native land, from Edward and his men.
 This day thou's lost two noble knights, and bold,
 Worth more than millions of the finest gold,
 The Stewart stout, the gallant Graham and wife,
 With that the tears came trinkling from his eyes,
 Thou that should be our true and righteous king,
 Destroys thy own, a cruel horrid thing;
 But 'gainst the Southron, I must tell you Sir,
 Come life, come death, I'll fight with all my bir.'
 'But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give.'
 Said Bruce, 'and as a lord thou mayest live
 At thine own will, and enjoy every thing
 In peace, if thou wilt hold of Edward King?'
 'No no,' said Wallace, 'with disdain and scorn,
 I'd rather choose be hang'd up on the morn,
 The great God knows, the wars I took in hand,
 Was to keep free, what thou does now 'gainstand;
 In cursed time thou was for Scotland born,
 O runnagado, faithless, and mansworn.
 I vow to God, may I thy master be,
 In any field, thou shalt far rather die.

Than Turk or Pagan ; this I shall keep good,
 Thou grand devourer of thy native blood.
 Bruce smil'd, and said, with power you're overfet,
 You'll ne'er the upper hand of Edward get.
 Wallace, repli'd, ' this day we're stronger far,
 And I am sure much more expert in war,
 Than when at Biggar, where he run for fear,
 And left his host so doubtless shall he here.
 Shall I leave Scotland now in such a plight !
 No faith, not I, till I redrefs its right.
 Well, said the Bruce, it now draws towards night,
 Will you meet me the morrow when it's light,
 At Dunipace, and I do promise fair,
 By nine o'clock, to hear thy counsel there ?
 No ; Wallace said, tho' Edward had it sworn,
 I'll have a bout with him ere nine the morn,
 But if thou'lt meet me at the hour of three,
 By all that's good, I doubtless shall thee see '
 Bruce promis'd with twelve Scotsmen to be there,
 Wallace with ten, which both kept to a hair,
 Thus did they part, and Bruce rode on his way,
 Near to Linlithgow, where King Edward lay.
 Into the king's pavilion then does get,
 Where with the lords he was at supper set.
 Bruce sitting down in his own vacant seat.
 Call'd for no water, but went straight to meat.
 Tho' all his weapons and his other weed,
 Were stain'd with blood, yet he began to feed :
 The Southron lords did mock him in terms rude,
 And said, behold yon Scot eats his own blood !
 The king he blush'd at this so home a jest,
 And caus'd bring water to the Bruce in haste.
 They bade him wash, he told them he would not,
 The blood is mine, which vexes most my thought.
 Then did he sadly to his mind recal,
 And did believe what Wallace told him all.
 With rueful thoughts, the Bruce most sadly tost,
 I leave, and follow Wallace to his host.
 At the Tor-wood, where speedily he goes,
Slept a little, and thereafter rose.
His host consisting of ten thousand men,
Drew quickly up in noble order then,

The Earl Malcolm, Ramsay, Lundie wight,
 Command five thousand gallant men and tight,
 Wallace himself, Lauder and Seaton have
 Led on five thousand valiant men and brave.
 With them good Wallace was of Richardtown,
 Who never spar'd, but hew'd the Southron down.
 All well array'd, in armour bright and clean,
 March'd to the field, where the great fight had been,
 There narrowly they search'd all the same,
 And found the corpse of good Sir John the Graham.
 Whom when good Wallace saw, he lighted down,
 And did embrace that knight of high renown.
 With sorrow great, beholding his pale face,
 He kiss'd his mouth, and often cry'd alas !
 ' My dearest brother that I ever had,
 My only friend, when I was hard bestead.
 My hope, my health, O man of honour great,
 My faithful aid, and strength in every strait.
 Thy matchless wisdom cannot here be told,
 Thy noble manhood, truth, and courage bold,
 Wisely thou knew to rule and to govern,
 Yea, virtue was thy chief and great concern.
 A bounteous hand, a heart as true as steel,
 A steady mind, most courteous and genteel.
 When I this kingdom did at first rescue,
 Great honour then, I'm sure to thee was due.
 Wherefore I vow to the great God, and swear,
 Thy death shall be to Southron bought full dear.
 Martyr thou art for Scotland's right this day,
 Which I'll avenge with all the might I may.'
 With that he figh'd and hugg'd him o'er again,
 Was no man there from weeping could refrain.
 Then in Falkirk prepares his sepulchre,
 And does his noble corps in pomp inter.
 On his tomb stone, the following epitaph
 They wrote, which put the Southron in a chaff.

*Mente manaque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates,
 Conditur hic Gramius bello, interfectis ab Anglis.*

Of mind and courage stout,
 Wallace's true Achates !

Here lies Sir John the Graham,
Fell'd by the English batics.

Unto the Bruce, Wallace he forthwith rade.
To the appointment was betwixt them made.
At sight of whom, his face flush'd in a flame,
When he thought on the loss of gallant Graham.
' Does thou not rue,' said he in angry mood,
Thy fighting 'gainst thy native flesh and blood?
Oh! said the Bruce, rebuke me now no more,
My foolish deeds do check and bite me sore.'
Wallace surpris'd was put to a stance,
Fell on his knees, and chang'd his countenance.
At which the Bruce embrac'd him in his arms,
And thus the two came in good speaking terms.
' Pray Sir," said Wallace, " leave that Southron king;
The Bruce said, that were an ignoble thing;
I am so bound, faithful to be and leil,
For England I'll not falsify my seal.
But here I promise unto God and thee,
Hereafter Scots shall ne'er be harm'd by me.
And if you victor be, as grant you may,
I will not fight to save my life this day:
But with King Edward I'll return again,
Unless that I be taken or be slain,
And when my term with him is fairly out,
May I escape, I'll come to thee no doubt'
Thus Bruce took leave, and did to Edward pass,
And Wallace soon returned to his host.
Crawford he made the Earl Malcom's guide,
To Inneravin the low way to ride,
That Southron watches might not them espy,
The other host himself led hastily,
By the South Manwell, where they were not seen
Of the outwatches, there had planted been.
The Earl Malcom enters Linlithgow now,
Where a hot dispute quickly did ensue
Wallace and his made little noise or cry,
But on King Edward's host fell suddenly.
And did their weapons gallantly employ,
To his great terror but the Scotsmen's joy.

Tents and pavilions were cast to the ground,
 Numbers of Southron cut in pieces down.
 Edward he calls on Bruce to round him then,
 With twenty thousand of well harness'd men.
 But the surprize put them in such aghast,
 That they were flying from all quarters fast.
 Wallace his way thro' them did cut so clean,
 As if he had more than a mortal been.
 Edward himself most bravely did behave,
 Which to his men both life and vigour gave.
 Yet nothing could the Scottish courage tame,
 When they thought on the loss of gallant Graham.
 They fought like furies in that dreadful throng,
 And 'mongst the Southron rais'd a doleful song.
 The English commons fled on ev'ry side,
 But the best sort did with the king abide.
 'Mongst whom was Bruce, who did behold the dance,
 And looked on with feigned countenance.
 Lord Hartford then did make him for the fight,
 Unto his king a mortifying fight ;
 Who all this time, to flee a foot disdains,
 Until the Scots' most seiz'd his bridle reins.
 His banner mau close by him Wallace flew ;
 Next to the ground the banner quickly flew ;
 At which the Scots were not a little glad,
 And then the king and all his army fled.
 Ten thousand dead, were in the town and field,
 Before king Edward once his ground would yield.
 Yet twenty thousand fled of Southron men,
 Tho' at the first, brave Wallace had but ten,
 The Scots in haste the victory pursue,
 All brave bold men, stout like the steel and true.
 But Wallace wisely caus'd them close abide,
 In a full body, and good order ride.
 Lest Southron might at some convenient place,
 If they dispers'd, rally and turn the chace.
 In good array, thus rode they at his will,
 And all they overtook, did quickly kill.
*They came so close upon the Southron rear,
 None from the army durst come off for fear.
 Ten thousand stragglers join'd the Southron host,
 Thus thirty thousand fled to England post,*

Tho' the Scots horse were almost spent yet they
 Caus'd Edward change his horses oft that day.
 And then the Scots so close upon them drew.
 Three thousand of the outmost men they slew.
 In Crawford muir many a man was slain,
 Then Edward calls the Bruce to him again :
 To charge the Scots with all his power and might,
 For which, he should be put in his own right.
 Then said the Bruce, ' Sir, loose me of my band,
 And I shall turn, I give you here my hand.'
 When from the Bruce this answer he did get,
 He knew his heart on Scotland then was set.
 From that time forth, Edward most subtilly,
 Over the Bruce, did cast a watchful eye.
 Bruce turn'd not, nor further language made,
 But with king Edward unto Solway rade.
 Who when he came upon the English coast.
 Found that he Fifty thousand men had lost.
 Wallace returns to Edinburgh, without more,
 Makes Crawford captain as he was before.
 The like he did unto his judges all,
 Each in his former office did install.
 Thus he to Scotland, peace and great content
 Procur'd, and then straight to St Johnstoun went ;
 Where all the Scottish lords assembled were,
 To whom he all his progress did declare.
 By this time Scrimzior had reduc'd Dundee,
 Then on a gallows Morton hang'd was high.
 Next was the castle all in rubbish laid,
 And Scots no more of Southron were afraid,
 The noble lords Wallace did then address,
 And with good air, himself did thus express.
 ' My lords, ' said he, ' since over all your force,
 You made me gen'ral, both of foot and horse,
 I hope your lordships plainly all do see,
 Once more I've set this ancient kingdom free,
 And yet for all my service, secretly,
 Some do reproach me, what a pox care I.
 With what's ignoble, I dare boldly say,
 There's none can charge me standing here this day.
 To stay at home, no longer I incline,
 My office therefore, freely I resign

No gift I ask as my reward or fee,
 I've honour purchas'd, that's enough for me.
 I'll back to France, where I had laud and praise,
 And spend the rest of my remaining days."
 The lords did all oppose it, but in fine,
 Was no man there could make him change his mind.
 Most heartily he bade them all farewell,
 Then march'd with eighteen men as stout as steel.
 The barons sons of Brechin with him went,
 And Longoville, on honour always bent,
 Simon and Richard, Wallace's nephews brave,
 Went both along, for honour, or a grave ;
 Sir Thomas Gray the priest with him did fare,
 Good Edward, little Jop and Mr Blair ;
 And Kierly, who had long with Wallace been,
 Thro' all the wars, and bloody bouts had seen.
 With those brave men he shipped at Dundee,
 Then hoised sail, and fairly set to sea.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace met with John Lyn at Sea.

A LONG the English coast they steered south,
 Till opposite they came to Humber mouth,
 Then in the sea a ship did soon descry,
 And on the top three leopards standing high.
 Which when the merchants narrowly did view,
 Discourag'd were, and did their voyage rue ;
 Knowing full well that it was John of Lyn,
 Scots blood to shed, who never thought it sin.
 Good Wallace smil'd, and said ' be not dismay'd,
 Of one poor single ship, why thus afraid ;
 Those wood cats fled us, and were frightened sore,
 When twice so many, oftentimes before,
 On a fair field, so shall they be at sea,
 If Southron they, and we true Scotsmen be.'
 ' That he's a pirate,' said the steersmen, ' know,
 And saves no Scotsman, be he high or low.
 A flood he bears on his armorial coat,
 First kills, then drowns, what mischief does he not ?
 Wallace repli'd, ' since that the case is so,
 'll sail the ship, you cowards get below.'

Then his brave hardy valiant men and he,
 Array'd themselves in harness cap-a-pee.
 Himself and Blair, and the knight Longoville,
 Command the midship and defend it well.
 Before were eight, six he be aft did fend,
 And two he caus'd unto the top ascend.
 Gray steersman was, which when the merchants saw,
 They courage took, altho' but soldiers raw.
 Some skins with wool they hastily did stuff,
 This was their harness, 'stead of steel and buff.
 At which good Wallace very gently smiles,
 But does commend their artificial wiles.
 Then John of Lyn, with seven score in his barge,
 Comes up and calls to strike, a hasty charge.
 At which three arrows, Blair with a good will
 Shot, and a pirate at each shot did kill.
 The bloody rogues, and cruel hellish hounds
 Before they clasp'd mischiev'd the Scots with guns.
 But when they clasped, this I wot right weel,
 The Scottish spears did pierce their finest steel.
 The pirate's shot drove thick as a hail show'r
 Most furiously, the space near of an hour.
 When shot was gone, the Scots do courage take,
 And with stout handy blows great havock make.
 The merchants in their woollen harness then,
 Behav'd themselves also like gallant men.
 Wallace and his, with sharp swords furiously
 Cut down the rogues and made them quickly die.
 Then John of Lyn was very much aghast,
 To see his men about him fall so fast.
 With eager will he would have been away,
 Bade tack the ship with all the haste they may,
 But all in vain, for now he plainly sees
 His sails by Crawford set into a bleeze,
 Burn'd down in ashes, without all remeid,
 And sixty of his best men lying dead.
 Boarding the pirate, Wallace in the sea
 Did throw a rogue, then killed other three.
 Brave Longoville the knight, and Mr. Blair,
 No quarter gave to any they found there,
 Off John of Lyn, Wallace the wight and brave,
 The head and helmet from his body drave.

And then his men did cut down all the rest,
 That did so long the seas before infest.
 Then to the Sluys, fraightway did Wallace sail
 With a successful and a prosp'rous gale.
 Took all the gold and silver that he fand,
 The merchants got the ship, then he to land.
 Through Flanders rode, soon passed o'er the same,
 Then enter'd France, and unto Paris came,
 Tidings of which came to the king in haste,
 To whom good Wallace was a welcome guest.
 Unto the parliament the king did then
 For a good lordship Wallace recommend.
 And, 'cause that Guyen was out of their hand,
 They thought it best to gift him all that land.
 For well they knew he bravely fought before,
 And did the Southron mortally abhor.
 This decret soon they show'd unto the king,
 Who highly was displeas'd at the thing.
 But Wallace said, 'no land pleas'd him so weel,
 And that the Southron they should quickly feel.'
 Immediately the king he made him knight,
 And gave him gold for to maintain his right.
 And order'd all the army of that land,
 For to obey what Wallace did command,
 'I thank you, Sir,' said he, 'for this reward,
 Yon Southron, faith, shall be no longer spar'd.
 And now my time I will no longer waste,
 But to the wars I will prepare in haste'
 The Scotsmen all that were into that land,
 About him flock'd, and came with heart and hand.
 With Longoville, a num'rous force arose,
 And to the wars all with good Wallace goes.
 Ten thousand men in number then were they,
 Who did the Scottish banner soon display
 To Guyen march'd all those good men and true,
 Cast castles down, and many Southron slew.
 They carri'd all before them, in a word,
 None could, or durst, resist their fire and sword.
 Shemon, which Wallace took before, they win,
 And kill the Southron all were found therein.
 Into that town Wallace made his abode,
 And did subdue all that whole country broad.

The Duke of Orleans, with twelve thousand bright,
 Came to assist him, and defend his right.
 Thus in this town° I leave him fairly fix'd,
 And must speak something now of Scotland next.

C H A P. III.

*How Edward King of England came into Scotland, and made
 whole Conquests thereof.*

VALLANCE the knight, to Scotland did repair,
 The false Monteith, Sir John, did meet him there.
 Sir John the Lennox greatly did desire,
 To whom Sir Aymer promis'd it in hire,
 To hold in fee, and other lands mee.
 Of Edward, if to London he would go.
 This they accorded, and to London went.
 Which pleas'd king Edward to his heart's content.
 Monteith on sight was bound to that fierce king,
 In Scotland to assist him in each thing.
 Then both return'd, no longer there did wait,
 Pox on their nasty snoots for villains great.
 For the Monteith told Edward every thing,
 And that the Scots designed Bruce for king.
 Within the space, I think, of forty days
 King Edward did a swinging army raise.
 To Scotland march'd, and no resistance fand,
 For none that time could such a force withstand.
 All the Scots forts and castles, in a word,
 He got without a single stroke of sword.
 So fierce, so cruel was this king and bold,
 The noble lords that would not of him hold,
 To English prisons he did quickly send,
 Where good Sir William Douglas made his end.
 The Earl Thomas, Lord of Murray then,
 And the Lord Frazer, two brave noblemen;
 With Hugh the Hay, and many nobles mee,
 With villain Vallance did for England go
 Seaton and Lauder in the Bass did dwell,
 And Lundie who could act his part full well.
 The Earl Malcolm, and the Campbel brave,
 Bute as their place of refuge, taken have,
 Ramsay and Ruthven both fled to the north,
 Unto their cousin the Lord of Fillorth.

He pass with them through Murray land outright,
 And there they found a gen'rous worthy knight,
 Clement to name, who ever still had been
 Against the Southron valiant, stout, and keen.
 He led those lords to Ross with greatest care,
 And at Stockford a strength he builded there.
 Good Adam Wallace, Craigy, Boyd, those three,
 Fled all to Arran one night by the sea.
 Into Dunbar Corspatrick dwelt at will,
 But paid his fewty to King Edward still.
 Lord Abernethy, Soules, and Cumming als,
 And John of Lorn that long time had been false,
 The Lord of Brechin, many others moe,
 To Edward's peace for gifts did frankly go.
 Then do the lords and others send express
 From Bute to Wallace with a long address.
 ' Our hope, our health, our governor most great,
 Our chieftain true, and help in ev'ry strait :
 Our lord and love, thy absence does us grieve,
 For God's sake come and once more us relieve,
 And take the crown, for we protest and swear,
 We'll not consent that Edward shall it wear.'
 This writ he got, which vex'd him in his mind,
 Though then an answer he did not incline.
 By this king Edward into Lord York's hand,
 From Tay to Dee had lodg'd the sole command.
 For father's sake, and good fire's this was giv'n,
 Who both were kill'd by Wallace at Kincleven.
 Lord Beaumont to command the north was sent,
 And then from Perth, Edward to Stirling went.
 The Lord of Clifford who had Douglasdale,
 Was rider made of the south marches hail.
 All Galloway the Cumming got in hand,
 For such a rogue too large and good a land.
 The Bishop of St. Andrews Lambertown,
 At this time kept the Douglas of renown.
 To whom the Bishop great affection bore,
But durst not shew it when Southron were before.
Yet made he Douglas on a day to go
With him to Stirling, 'cause he lov'd him so.
Where from king Edward, though it prov'd in vain,
He begg'd the Douglas land to him again.

Who, when he knew him Douglas' son to be,
 Swore by St. George, no land he's get from me.
 His father fought against my crown alway,
 For which he in my prison lies this day.
 No other answer there the bishop got,
 Because the Douglas was so true a Scot.
 He gave the Merse to Soules that limmer-lown,
 And made him captain too of Berwick town.
 When Stirling castle Oliphant resign'd,
 He thought that writ would surely Edward bind.
 But, Oh! such horrid treatment and absurd,
 He violate his faith and broke his word:
 Sent him to England, to a prison strong,
 In misery where he continu'd long.
 When Edward had divided Scotland broad.
 Away in triumph the usurper rode
 With him was Cumming, that sweet dainty dear,
 Who whisper'd softly in the Bruce's ear,
 If you'll keep counsel, I'll unto you show,
 What you before perhaps did never know,
 Say on, said Bruce, what you reveal to me,
 I promise, for my part, conceal'd shall be.
 Then said Lord Cumming, Sir, this is the thing,
 O'er this realm you should be righteous king.
 Its true, said Bruce, but tho' I righteous be.
 This is not now a proper time for me.
 At present I'm in Edward's hands, and loath,
 To break with him and violate my oath.
 Yet tho' he promis'd back this land to me,
 Pray do not you and all the nation see,
 How he divides and deals my heritage,
 To Southron some, and some for traitor's wage.
 My lordships, Cumming said, I'll lay you down,
 If you'll resign your title to the Crown.
 Or I shall help you with my pow'r and might.
 But Bruce repli'd, I will not sell my right.
 Yet tell me what's the lordship thou dost crave,
 Which for thy help, I promise thou shalt have.
 Pray leave yon King, said Cumming craftily,
 For Edward hath all Galloway given to me.
 And Soules my nephew, Berwick does command,
 We both shall follow you with heart and hand.

By which surprising unexpected fight,
 Wallace perceiv'd the treach'ry of the knight.
 'Are these the thanks,' said he, 'I from your hand
 Get, for restoring of your native land.
 Altho' I armour want, as do my men,
 Tho' but sixteen, 'gainst fifty-six, what then?
 Here is a sword made of the truest steel,
 Which thy deserving neck shall shortly feel.'
 Then with one single stroke cut down the knave,
 And bade him purchase for himself a grave.
 At which, the fifty-five fierce Gallics then,
 Environ'd Wallace and his fifteen men;
 Who like brave Scots, with noble hearts and true,
 Fought, and a great deal of the Frenchmen slew.
 'Mong whom was the knight's brother stout and strong,
 Who fought it like a fury very long.
 And dealt his blows about him very fast,
 But was cut all in pieces down at last.
 Close by, nine Frenchmen were a mowing hay,
 Who do advance with all the speed they may.
 Each a sharp scythe into his rustic hand,
 As if forsooth, none might their force withstand.
 Nor was there any that could do it then,
 Save only Wallace, that brave prince of men.
 Who as soon as he could the rogues descry,
 Did leave his men, and then immediately,
 Most boldly did towards the clowns advance,
 Mock'd such machines and all the scythes in France,
 The first he met, ill may the carle thrive,
 At Wallace with his weapon made a drive.
 Had it but hit him, as it miss'd, I vow,
 No doubt, it would have cut his body thro':
 But Wallace being hearty, brisk and blyth,
 Most cleverly he over leaped the scythe.
 Then with his sword gave such a backward blow,
 As kill'd the fellow, a brave rare show,
 As in that country e'er before was seen,
 To see his head hap happing on the green;
 The next clown's scythe he also jump'd o'er,
 And clove his shoulder half a yard and more.
 Unto the third most nimbly play'd the same,
 Then at the fellow such a stroke did frame,

As gave him a prodigious mortal wound,
 Till he gasp'd out his last upon the ground.
 The fourth he clove him cleanly thro' the coast,
 Let him take that, for all his brag and boast.
 The three first scythes, Wallace did overleap,
 And by good providence did thus escape.
 Four men he kill'd, one still at ev'ry stroke,
 Upon my word, it was a pretty joke.
 He that was last, was the first man that fled,
 Else he had got the cold ground for his bed,
 Good Wallace then the fifth does close pursue,
 O'ertakes him quickly, and the fellow slew.
 Then march'd back to his own men again,
 Who forty nine had of the Frenchmen slain.
 Seven did escape, and fled with all their might,
 A marvellous, but true and bloody fight.
 Four of the mowers did no more incline
 To stay, but scour'd, and, left their scythes behind.
 Or else of them there had been news belyve,
 Such as, perhaps, befel the other five
 Thus was the knight and's men caught in the net,
 Which basely, they had for brave Wallace set.
 For most of all were kill'd, the rest they fled,
 At which, the king he was exceeding glad.
 For Wallace sent, and pray'd him earnestly,
 That he might one of his own household be,
 Where he might live at peace and rest secure,
 Under the covert of his royal bow'r.
 For well he knew that some envious were,
 At favours which the king bestow'd him there.
 No wonder, for he rescu'd in few days,
 All Guyen land, to his immortal praise,
 In spite of all the Southron's force and pow'r,
 Sine made them scamper off themselves and scow'r.
 And when he fairly did it thus reduce,
 Did chace the Southron all unto Bourdeaux.
 Then two full years remain'd at the French court,
 And was diverted with all princely sport.
 King, lords and ladies much of him did make,
 Both for his own and ancient Scotland's sake
 'Cause 'twixt the kingdoms there had been so long
 A kind alliance, and a very strong.

How Wallace kill'd the two French champions.

WITH the French king did dwell two champions
 Who mortally did the Scots hero hate. (great,
 Express'd themselves in most satiric joke,
 And with disdain 'gainst Scotland always spoke
 Which fired our brave champion very soon.
 With him such language would not well go down.
 This verifies the proverb we may see,
 Two of a trade in one place ne'er agree
 Save in the case of these French champions, who
 Linked in others arms did always go.
 At length it so fell out and chanc'd, that they
 Were all three left upon a certain day,
 Themselves alone discoursing in a hall,
 Where they no weapons us'd to wear at all.
 There did the champions talk of Scotland long,
 With great contempt, which Wallace said was wrong ;
 ' Since both our nations live in friendship great,
 And firm alliance, what means all this hate ?
 Did we not help you lately in your need ?
 We do deserve good words for our good deed.
 What would you say of the proud Southron foe,
 When of your friends you talk at random so ?
 With slighting words, in their own language, they
 Disdainfully repli'd, and did say :
 ' The Southron are our foes, we grant and own,
 But Scots for falsehood ev'ry where are known.'
 At which good Wallace was enraged so,
 One of the champions got a fearful blow,
 That founder'd the proud coxcomb where he stood,
 Made mouth and nose gush out in streams of blood.
 The other struck at Wallace in great haste,
 Not doubting but his friend was now deceast.
 Whom Wallace grip'd so fast and wondrous sore.
 His sp'rit departed, and he ne'er spake more.
 The first arose, and smote at Wallace fast.
 But their death strokes he gave them both at last.
 Upon a pillar he dash'd out their brains,
 And said, ' let them take that up for their pains,
 What devil ail'd the carles, they're to blame,
 It would been long ere I had troubled them.

Unto themselves, they only owe their pakes,
 If they have won, let them take up their stakes.
 And let all others learn, when they are young,
 Strictly to bridle the unruly tongue.
 Many great lords of the first rank in France,
 Were much displeas'd at this unlucky chance.
 But the good king who knew the story all,
 Did wave the thing, and kindly let it fall;
 And did exoner Wallace the same day,
 So after that no man had ought to say,
 Nor once durst give him but a saucy look,
 Or yet play boo unto his blanket nook.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace killed the Lion.

THE king of France by no means does neglect,
 To put on Wallace marks of great respect,
 For many battles had he fought and won,
 And for the king great feats and service done.
 Had Guyen land from Southron foes redeem'd,
 And was a mighty conqueror esteem'd.
 Which gall'd the courtiers, almost put them mad,
 That he was in such estimation had;
 And cause he had the two French champions kill'd,
 Were with envy great spite and malice fill'd.
 For plainly they discover'd now and saw,
 It was the king protect'd him from the law.
 For which two squires hellishly do plot,
 How to destroy the brave heroic Scot.
 Who near relations were as you must know,
 Unto the late deceased champions two.
 And in this manner do they undertake,
 The Wallace brave, a sacrifice to make.
 The king a cruel lion had, which scarce
 Could be govern'd, 'twas so exceeding fierce;
 Which the two squires knowing, by and by,
 Came to the king and forg'd a cursed lie.
 ' This Scot,' said they, ' his brag and boast doth make,
 And plainly says, that he will undertake
 To fight your lion, if you'll freely give
 Him your allowance, liberty, and leave.
 This he desired us of you to ask,
 We're sure he'll have a most difficult task.'

To which, with great concern, repli'd the king,
 ' I'm sorry he desireth such a thing,
 Yet I will not deny, whate'er may chance,
 The favour that he'll ask me while in France.'
 Gladly they went away to Wallace, where;
 Like rogues, they counterfeit the story there.
 ' Wallace,' said they, ' the king commands that you
 Shall fight his lion without more ado.'
 Wallace replies, ' whatever is his will,
 Unto my pow'r, most gladly I'll fulfil.'
 Then to the king did instantly repair.
 A lord at court, when he saw Wallace there,
 Most foolishly asked him " if he durst fight
 With the fierce lion ?" who reply'd on fight.
 " Yes truly, if the king would have it so,
 Or with yourself, I fear none of the two
 Let cowards from king's courts be all debarr'd
 I may be worsted, but shall ne'er be dar'd,
 So long's my nostrils any breath retains,
 Or Scottish blood does circle in my veins,
 Like a true Scot, I'll fight and scorn to fly,
 For why, I know that man is born to die."

Then by the king in short, it granted was.
 That Wallace might unto the lion pass.
 Yet all this time knew nothing of the plot,
 So deeply laid against the noble Scot.
 Nor in the matter further did inquire,
 Thinking it was good Wallace' own desire.
 Mean time, of him so tender was the king,
 He order'd harness quickly there to bring.
 " No," Wallace said, " I leave that to the field,
 Almighty God shall only be my shield,
 Since this is but a beast and not a man,
 With what I have, I'll fight him as I can.
 And will encounter single as I go,
 This strong, rapacious, cruel, savage foe.'
 About one hand he did his mantle wrap,
 And in the other did his broad sword clap,
 Then briskly without any further stay,
 Came to the place where the fierce lion lay.
 Who ramping rose, against him where he stood,
 Dreadfully roar'd, expecting present blood.

Then Wallace drew a stroke from neck to heel,
 With his good sword, made of the burnish'd steel.
 And gave the lion such a dreadful blow,
 As cut his body cliverly in two.
 Then to the king he call'd aloud in ire,
 " Pray, Sir," said he, " is this your whole desire ?
 Thus to expose me to the rage and will
 Of your fierce lion, have you more to kill ?
 Cause bring them forth, such beasts since I must quell,
 I will obey, so long's I with you dwell.
 But now of France, for ever I take leave,
 Some greater action I may soon achieve.
 At Shemon, Sir, I thought the other year,
 You would have other business for me here,
 Than fight a cruel savage beast, wherefore,
 To ancient Scotland I'll return once more."
 The King perceiving Wallace in a fire,
 Meekly reply'd, " It was your own desire ;
 Else by the faith of a most Christian King,
 I never would allow of such a thing :
 For men of honour ask'd it in your name,
 So you or they are only for to blame,"
 Wallace reply'd, " I vow to the great God,
 This seems to me a thing both strange and odd.
 By all that's good, no higher can be sworn,
 I know no more on't than the child unborn.
 Of honour sure I have a better taste,
 Than to be proud to fight a savage beast.
 This is a trick devis'd by some of those,
 Who are my secret and malicious foes."
 The king conceiving there was falsehood wrought,
 Caus'd both the squires quickly to be brought :
 Who, when they came, the crime could not deny :
 But plainly did confess the treachery.
 For which, and other most ungodly deeds,
 The king commanded to strike off their heads.
 Thus came the squires to their fatal end
 As did the champions, to all men be't kend.
 The champions first for their disdain and stout
 At Scotland, justly got their brains beat out.
 The squires next, for malice and envy,
 Did lose their heads, and most deservedly =

For our instruction then, we may reflect,
 Nothing from justice villains can protect.
 Each rogue, akho' with neck he should combine,
 Shall be discovered either soon or syne,
 And may be certain of a rogue's reward,
 Virtue and honour who does not regard ;
 As in the sacred scriptures we may read,
 But to my purpose further I proceed.
 When Wallace saw the court envy'd him so,
 To Scotland then he purposed to go :
 'To aid his country, and to take his chance,
 Despising all the wealth he had in France.
 Once more his native land for to relieve,
 Which South'ron foes did now afflict and grieve.
 And to its pristine freedom it restore,
 Or else he vow'd that he should die therefore.
 'The king perceiving Wallace that way bent,
 Gave him the letter that was lately sent
 From the Scots lords, which he read and perus'd,
 Then told the king he must have him excus'd ;
 For he in France no longer could remain,
 But must return to Scotland back again.
 Since that his country was distressed so,
 Being invaded by the Southron foe.
 But to abridge my story and be short,
 Wallace takes leave of king and all the court.
 At which the king did sorrowful appear,
 And to the chamber quickly did retire.
 Jewels and gold he gave him in that hour,
 For to support his honour and grandeur.
 But lords and ladies did lament and grieve,
 And weeped sore when Wallace took his leave.
 No man he took with him of note or might,
 To Scotland back but Longoville the knight,
 Who loved Wallace with so true a heart,
 Whate'er besel would never from him part.
 Towards the Sluce in goodly order past,
 A vessel got, and made to sea at last,
Eight seamen had, as good as were alive,
And then at Tay did safely all arrive.

C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace came again to Scotland, and the Battle of
Elchock Park.*

WALLACE in silent watches of the night,
 Did land his men long time ere it was light ;
 And by good luck, before the break of day,
 The ship shear'd off, and safely got away.
 From Ern's mouth, to Elchock quickly then,
 He march'd with eighteen stout brave valiant men :
 Who, when he had approached pretty near
 To Crawford's house his own relation dear,
 In the backside, a window there did find,
 Thro' which he called for his cousin kind :
 Who when he knew that it was Wallace wight,
 Did not delay, but came to him on sight.
 Embrac'd and kiss'd, you may be very sure,
 It was a blythsome, glad and joyful hour.
 How to dispose of Wallace and his men
 Was the next point to be consider'd then,
 How to secure them, till they got some rest,
 And were with meat, and drink, and sleep refresh'd,
 In a great mow of corn he them did darn,
 Most cunningly within a spacious barn,
 On the north side a private hole was wrought,
 Thro' which they had all due provision brought.
 For bed and board, nothing they lack'd at all,
 The time they lodg'd within that threshing hall.
 In their corn castle most securely dwelt,
 For several days, and no disturbance felt.
 Till meat fell short unto the honest core,
 Then to St. Johnston, Crawford went for more
 Where subtle South'ron foes, most cunningly,
 Took notice what provision he did buy :
 And thought the quantity a great deal more,
 Than he was wont to buy in times before.
 For which immediately they him suspect,
 And honest Crawford's gripp'd by the neck :
 Where *BREVI MANU*, without any shade
 Of law or justice, he's in prison laid
 " What guests hast thou," said one, " and for ^{(take} who?
 Dost thou so mighty great provision make."

Crawford reply'd, " Sir, I have ne'er a guest,
All this is only for a kirking feast."

But it was dreaded and alleg'd by some,
That Wallace he from France was lately come,
And that they might know whither it was true,
Most subtilly devise what next to do.

Set Crawford free, and in good harness then,
Do quickly put eight hundred chosen men,
And at a due convenient distance, from
Good honest Crawford, they do dog him home.
Whom when good Wallace saw, he did exclaim
Against his conduct. said he was to blame,
Who did expose himself so much unto
The cunning notice of the Southron foe.

' In sleep this night, by vision, I was told,
That thou had me unto the Southron sold.'

' Sir, that shall be the last thing I'll attempt,
My neck has no such itching after hemp.
Black be their cast, great rogues, to say no more,
Their generation all I do abhor.

Yea, for my country, since I went away,
I did expect my dearest blood should pay,
And that I should no doubt a martyr been,
And never more the Scottish Hero seen.

The prison strong and cruel, where I lay,
Will testify the truth of what I say.

Quickly get up and take you to the fields,
I greatly fear the rogues are at my heels,
I'll give you all th' assistance that I can,
For I myself shall be the twentieth man.'

The worthy Scots got up with merry speed,
Unto their arms and were not slack indeed.

Then suddenly, the South'ron all appear,
Eight hundred men in armour bright and clear,
And on their head was Butler, that young knight,
To twenty men a formidable fight.

When Wallace saw his number was so few.

He from the plains to Elchock park withdrew.

*Where he a certain sort of pass espy'd,
Which nat'rally was so well fortify'd,
With great and close grown hollin on each hand,
s might the South'ron's first attack withstand.*

Great long tall trees acrofs he there did lay,
 Then to his men courageously did say,
 ' The wood is thick, tho' small in breadth and length,
 Had we but meat enough, we'd keep the strength.
 Mean time let us go on with heart and hand,
 And bravely fight so long as we can stand :
 For our old native country valiantly,
 Come let us to it, either do or die.
 Before they gain the pass, I'm much inclin'd,
 To lay some of their bellies to the wind.'
 By this young Butler, eager, keen and crouse,
 With all his men surrounded Crawford's house :
 But came too late, as he himself did own
 He got the nest, but all the birds were flown.
 Poor Crawford's loving wife they seiz'd anon,
 And ask'd at her what way the Scots were gone.
 She would not tell for boast, nor yet reward,
 Then Butler, said, ' too long thou hast been spar'd.'
 And caus'd build a great prodigious fire,
 Then swore an oath, in horrid wrath and ire,
 That he would burn her quick, flesh, blood and bone,
 If she conceal'd what way the Scots were gone.'
 ' Pray hold thy hand,' said Wallace, ' do not so,
 For here I am, I own myself thy foe.
 Wouldst thou torment an honest sakeless wife?
 Come forth to me, and we shall end the strife,
 It were great sin to kill the female Scot,
 Art thou a Christian? tell me, yea, or not :
 In all my victories I here declare,
 Priests, women, children always lib'rate were.'
 When Butler had good Wallace fairly seen,
 And that he was alone upon the green.
 He threw his face, sometime his lip did bite,
 His bosom swell'd with venom and with spite.
 It was no wonder, for to tell you plain,
 Wallace had both his dad and good fire slain.
 The South'ron then fiercely march up at length,
 And Wallace he retir'd unto his strength.
 Most hardily the Englishmen began,
 Attacked fore with many a gallant man.
 But Scots within did make a strong defence,
 And South'ron foes were soon repuls'd from thence.

Who at first entry, fifteen men had kill'd,
 With English corps the pass was almost fill'd,
 At which they all retire a little back,
 In order to another fresh attack.
 Wallace beheld, and did distinctly see
 Butler the knight divide his men in three.
 ' Yon knight,' said he, ' in war is so expert,
 And has it so engraven on his heart,
 That he unto a very point does know,
 Each stratagem, and nice punctilio.
 For by the disposition of his men,
 I know for certain, that he does intend,
 So soon as he with his fresh men comes back,
 Us in three different places to attack.
 A brisk and brave defence, then let us make,
 Dear Longoville, thou fix with thee shalt take,
 As many with good Crawford here shall go,
 And five with me to stop the cruel foe.'
 In three divisions march the English sparks,
 Butler's division, Wallace nicely marks.
 To the old pass, without all dispute more,
 They march, and do attack it very fore.
 Design'dly Wallace let some Southron in,
 But to get out the way could never find.
 The first seven men that marched in the front,
 When they got in, look'd most confounded blunt.
 Wallace's five, each one a fellow slew.
 And Wallace two, then bade the seven adieu.
 Butler was next, no further he durst pierce.
 But did retire, he saw the Scots so fierce ;
 Good Longoville and Crawford fought so fore,
 That time the Southron sallied them no more.
 By this the stars appeared in their sight,
 Then suddenly approach'd the darksome night.
 Butler the watches set, to supper went,
 But griev'd that he his time had so ill spent,
 Meantime he eats a very plenteous meal,
 Of good provisions, bread and English ale.
 While the brave Wallace nothing had at all,
 But Adam's ale, which we cold water call.
 Yet with a cheerful countenance could say,
 ' Cheer up my lads, it is not long till day-

What tho' we all should fast one single night?
 We fast for honour, and for Scotland's right.
 Perhaps our foes that now so fully feed.
 To morrow's night shall no more victuals need.

The Earl York, who Perth with troops did fill,
 Commanded Butler, to continue still
 At Elchock park, and he would reinforce
 Him with a fresh supply of foot and horse.
 And that he would himself in person come,
 With sound of trumpet, and with beat of drum.
 Courageous York, upon my word, well spoke:
 Was he in earnest, pray, or but in joke,
 To offer such a reinforcement then
 Unto eight hundred, against twenty men.
 This sure must add much to his lordship's praise,
 And blaze his character in after days.
 But Butler fain would have the Hero yield,
 Before that York appear'd upon the field.
 That he himself might have the praise alone.
 Thanks to you Butler, forty men to one.
 Then to the park, the English knight draws near,
 And calls on Wallace, asking him 'What cheer?'
 'Good cheer,' said Wallace, 'you may take my word.'
 Then laid his hand upon his awful sword.
 'Here is the blade that still keeps up my heart,
 And many a time has made the Southron smart,
 With many a bloody wound, both wide and deep.
 And may do so this day before I sleep.'
 'Well,' said the Butler, 'that is not my fear,
 But I would talk a moment with thee here.'
 'Content,' said Wallace, 'for a little hire,
 I will not stand to grant thee thy desire.'
 'Dost thou not sore repent,' said Butler now,
 'That thou my father, and good sire slew?'
 'No,' Wallace said, 'tho' it were thy whole kin,
 To kill my foes, I never thought it sin;
 Come they my way, I'll do the best I can,
 As God me save, to kill them every man.
 And hope I shall a good occasion have,
 With these two hands, to send thee to thy grave.'
 'That is not likely, said the Butler, now,
 My prisoner I'll make thee first, I trow.

Meantime, what I desire, I pray thee grant,
And what I promised thou shalt not want'

'With all my heart,' said Wallace, 'every bit,
If safety and true honour will permit.'

Then Butler said, 'what profit wilt thou reap,
Here to abide, since thou cannot escape?

And since thou see'st it may not better be,
Leave off thy folly, yield thyself to me.'

With frowning face, and mighty great disdain,
The Scottish Hero did reply again.

'So great a fool, I never hope to prove;

I'll yield to none but the great God above.

To him each day, twice I do yield and bow,

But, little Mushroom knight, pray, what art thou?

Bids yield to thee, for all thy haste and heat,

Faith that is not what I design as yet:

And tho' we be but twenty Scots, what then?

I mock thee much and thy eight hundred men.

'To worship God,' says Butler, 'thou dost well,

And to thy Maker twice a day to kneel;

Yet dost thou folly, and no conduct show,

When with thy men thou art environ'd so,

And close surrounded, no way to get out,

Thus to debate, tho' thou wert ne'er so stout.

Therefore come forth, and make no more ado,

Thou'lt find my counsel wholesome words and true.'

With great disdain, Wallace he smil'd and leugh;

And answ'ring said, 'Sir you have talk'd enough;

For tho' all England had the contrair sworn,

I'll cut my passage through you once the morn:

Or else this night, believe me what I say,

This shall be done before nine of the day,'

Butler was careful then when it grew dark,

To plant his watches all around the park.

There Wallace staid, no ways alarm'd or fear'd,

Until the twinkling morning star appear'd.

A rocky mist fell down at break of day,

Then thought he fit to make the best o's way.

Who, when he had made strict search round about,

Found a convenient place, and then broke out.

Then hasten'd to the place where Butler lay,

And round about him did great numbers slay.

Most nobly fought each gallant worthy Scot.
 But Crawford he was wounded on the spot.
 Whom in a moment Wallace did rescue :
 Then at one stroke he the bold Butler flew.
 Got Crawford up in his two arms ere long,
 And bravely did defend him in the throng.
 About him made great room where he did stand,
 And cut five Southron down with his own hand.
 Bore Crawford out in spite of all were round,
 Nine acres breadth, before he set him down.
 The Southron finding Butler to be dead,
 And thirty more for which was no remead,
 Do view the corps what could the men do more ?
 And then condole their loss exceeding sore
 Wallace by this was quite out of their sight,
 The mist had so eclipsed all the light
 At which he smil'd, and said to Longoville,
 ' Upon my word this mist assists us weel.
 Then let us quickly march to Methven wood,
 Where we shall get provision very good,
 We fasted have so long, in truth I trow.
 Its almost time we had our breakfast now.'
 But by the time they had got to the height,
 The sun display'd his beams and radiant light,
 By which they did perceive immediately,
 Thirty and four men in a company.
 Then said good Wallace, ' be they friend or foe,
 ' We'll meet them, since their number is no moe.'
 When they approach'd, a noble knight it was,
 And a true trusty friend, Sir Hugh Dundas :
 With him a prudent knight, brave Sir John Scot,
 Who in Strathern was then a man of note.
 And with Dundas's sister led his life,
 A virtuous lady, and a loving wife.
 They and their men the road were passing on,
 To pay their fewty to the Southron ;
 Because the Lord of Brechin's strict command,
 Had forc'd them basely thus to hold their land.
 Who when they saw that it was Wallace wight,
 Gave thanks to God for that blythe welcome sight.
*Glad of the succour he had sent them there,
 To Methven wood with joyful hearts repair.*

Where they refresh'd themselves to their own mind,
 With such provisions as they there could find.
 Then were they hearty, cliver, brave and tight,
 And unto Birnane wood march'd all that night.
 There they with Ruthven met in a short space,
 Who long had liv'd an out-law in that place :
 From thence they march and unto Athol go,
 Where eatables were scarce, and friends also.
 Then pass to Lorn, as little found they there,
 Of wild and tame, that land was stripped bare.
 Wherefore they most religiously anon,
 Address the heavens, and make a piteous moan.
 Good Sir John Scot, said ' he would rather die,
 And starve with hunger, than with infamy,
 To live a rogue. or let himself be bound,
 A slavish subject to king Edward's crown '
 Wallace his own distress with patience bore,
 But for the rest, he groan'd and grieved sore.
 ' Of all this want,' said he, ' I am the cause,
 Yet since it is for Scotland's right and laws,
 That thus we suffer by the divine will,
 Let none of us once grudge, or take it ill.
 For he that made us, by his mighty pow'r,
 Can feed us by his providence, I'm sure,
 With him is neither found deceit or guile.
 Stay here till I remove a little while,
 In a short space I shall return again.
 Then walk'd he o'er a hill unto the plain,
 Where in a forest underneath an oak,
 He sat him down with spirit almost broke.
 His sword and bow he leaned to a tree,
 In anguish great, then on his face fell he.
 ' Ah wretch!' said he, ' that ne'er could be content,
 With all the wealth that God unto thee sent :
 The lordships great, long since to thee assign'd,
 Could never please thy fierce unstable mind.
 Thy wilful will to make thy nation free,
 Thro' God's permission's brought this wo to thee:
 For worthier by far, than ever I,
 With hunger now are like to starve and die.
 O God, I pray, relieve them of their pain,
 And let not this my prayer be in vain

Then after sighs, and meditation deep,
He slumber'd softly, and did fall asleep.

Five bloody rascals, boldly, with one breath,
Had bound themselves under the pain of death,
To take the Wallace wight, dead or alive,
Which prov'd their ruin, for old Nick did drive.
Three of the base assassins, English were,
Scottish vile villains were the other pair.

Three days before, they travell'd had about,
Like bloody hounds to find the Hero out.
With them a boy that us'd to carry meat,
Among the hills and rocky mountains great.
When Wallace did retire from his brave men,
The rogues most privately were lurking then.
Saw his departure, dogg'd him in his way,
And knew the place exactly where he lay,
In covert of the rocks they pass and peep,
And plainly did perceive him fall asleep.
Near to his person then the rogues approach,
Thinking they had him fast within their latch.
And then the bloody hounds put it to vote,
To take alive, or kill him on the spot.

One said, could we get him but safe to Perth,
It were our greatest honour upon earth.

His sword and bow no safety more affords,
Then let us tie and bind him fast with cords.

This we may do, I'm sure at our own will,
And lead him by the backside of yon hill,
So that his men shall nothing thereof know,
Content, said they, then all to work they go,
And thought thro' force him prisoner to make,
But brought to bed soon of a grand mistake:
For when they gripp'd him, a sour face he made,
'What is the matter, then he boldly said?'

About he turn'd him, out his arms he threw,
And with his fists made them both black and blue.

The fiercest and the stoutest man took he,
And dash'd his brains all out against a tree.

Then with unparallelled strength arose,
In spite of his four other bloody foes.

And boldly seized the dead fellows sword.

Wherewith he made sound payment, on my words.

Another Southron, at a single stroke,
 He hewed down before he left the oak,
 The other three fought, but full soon were glad,
 To take them to their heels, and so they fled,
 But to escape, they all in vain did strive,
 None could do so on foot from him alive.
 Then following fast, their nimble speed he tri'd,
 Gave them their mortal wound, whereof they di'd.
 As he returned from the rogues with joy,
 He met with, and said to the servant boy,
 ' What dost thou here ?' who with a pale dead face,
 Fell on his knees, and humbly asked grace.
 ' I little have to do indeed,' said he,
 ' I lately hired was for meat and fee.
 With yon five men, had I known their design,
 Such service ne'er had enter'd in my mind.'
 ' What's that thou carriest boy?' ' Sir, it is meat.'
 ' Then come along with me, it's time to eat.
 Meat at this time, is better far than gold,
 It's worth at present cannot well be told.'
 Then with a cheerful merry heart and glad,
 Went to his men, who all were quickly fed,
 With good roast meat, plenty of bread and cheese,
 And did their strength recover by degrees.
 Thus fifty four refresh'd were, who before,
 Had fasted full three days, and somewhat more.
 O mighty miracle to see (God knows)
 A sleeping man surrounded by his foes,
 Lie open to their fury on the field,
 All weaponless, no helmet, sword, or shield,
 Exposed thus unto their barb'rous will,
 And yet for all their wrath, no power to kill.
 Fifty and four, with hunger almost starv'd,
 And yet from sword and famine both preserv'd.
 When all had fully eat, and drank also,
 ' How came this meat,' said they, ' pray let us know.'
 There, where the bloody rogues all dead did lie,
 He led them, and disclos'd the mystery.
 ' *Fy Sir,*' said they, ' a Chieftain should beware,
 And not expose himself by half so far.'
 To which he answer'd in a merry mood,
 No matter since the success has been good.²

But now,' said he, 'let us consider soon,
 What is the proper thing next to be done:
 Since we are blest with such deliv'rance great,
 From starving hunger in our pinching strait:
 And I from the deceitful bloody foe:
 Let's thank good fate, and to the lowlands go.
 Meantime, pray little boy, dost thou know where
 We'll get provisions till we, once come there?'
 To which, he meekly answered again,
 'No Sir, until we come to Rannach plain.
 There with that Lord great plenty you shall find,
 He serves King Edward, tho' against his mind.'
 'Then I'll be guide,' said Wallace, 'to the shell,
 I know the place myself exactly well
 Thro' that wild land he led them brave and right;
 And to the Rannach brought them safe at night.
 Where they the watch did seize, that was a Scot,
 On which account, they spar'd and kill'd him not.
 Who told them the condition of the place,
 Which they commanded in a little space.
 The gate they won, for castle they had none,
 But a thick mud wall without slime or stone,
 Wallace in haste struck up the chamber door;
 Made it in pieces lie upon the floor.
 Then all in fear, from sleep start suddenly,
 The lord gets up, and does for mercy cry.
 But when he knew that it was Wallace wight;
 Most heartily he thank'd the God of might.
 "I was a true man all my life until
 I vanquish'd was by South'ron 'gainst my will.
 All Scots we are that now before you stand,
 And ready to obey what you command.
 Since for this land so great things you have done;
 What Scotfman dare hold his face to the sun,
 And yet resist you in so good a cause,
 Defending of our liberty and laws?
 If any one be found that is so bad,
 I'm very sure that fellow's worse than mad?"
 Then all did promise with uplifted hands,
 Most frankly to obey his just commands.
 And the more fully to confirm the thing,
 Did swear allegiance to their righteous kings.

Then merrily went all to meat, I trow,
 No wonder, for the case was alter'd now.
 This lord with mighty pleasure also told,
 He had three sons, all valiant, stout and bold;
 And twenty of his own near kinsmen more,
 As good as ever sword or target bore :
 Ready to serve him both with heart and hand,
 For the true honour of their king and land.
 To heaven, then Wallace turning up his eye,
 " I thank thee, O my God, for this supply."
 Then did they pass the day as seemed best,
 At night set watches, and went all to rest.
 But on the morrow, when the day did peep,
 Wallace arose fully refresh'd with sleep :
 And to the fields took all his men at length,
 To know what was his perfect real strength.
 There did he muster all his little force,
 And thanked God that matters were not worse.
 Then to his men he champion like did say,
 " The royal banner, let us now display;
 For under it most faithfully we'll fight,
 In the defence of brave old Scotland's right:
 Ourselves no longer we'll abscond and hide,
 Friends will flock to us now on every side."
 They took such horses as they there could find;
 Then to Dunkell march'd all with cheerful mind.
 The English-bishop to St. Jolmstoun hastes,
 Wallace was none of his beloved guests.
 The Scots soon took the place, and in a word,
 Put all the Southron quickly to the sword.
 On good provisions then did nobly fare,
 Which the Lord Bishop for himself brought there.
 Silver and gold, fine jewels there they got,
 All that their heart could wish they wanted not.
 Five days rejoicing merrily they spent,
 And on the sixth Wallace to council went:
 " We have not men enough," said he, " you know:
 Perth to invest, therefore we'll northward go."
 " In Ross our friends have made a strength I'm told;
 Hear they of us, they'll come like warriors bold.
 Good Bishop Sinclair is in Bute also,
 Who when he hears the news, will not be slow.

To come and take his fate, with cheerful heart,
He never yet did fail to act his part.
The westland men, when warn'd, we'll get them all,
I never yet did know them fit my call ;
For like brave men. this region they throughout,
Have been with me at many a bloody bout."'
The council then with one voice did conclude,
As he propos'd, for all was very good.
They mount their horses, march without delay,
The Englishmen kept all out of their way.
Those that possess'd the strengths, staid within doors,
The rest of them crept close in holes and bores
For all began to flee and scatter, from
The very time they heard he was come home.
Then with an army strong, the Scots at last,
Most awfully thro' all the kingdom past.
Strengths were deserted by the Southron then,
And soon possessed by the Scottishmen.
Who in good order now, as could be seen,
Seven thousand strong march all to Aberdeen.
But frighted Southron post away in haste,
And leave the town all desolate and waste.
In all the land left nothing more or less.
Lord Beaumont took the sea at Buchaness.
Clement, the knight of Ross, appeared then,
With a brave company of gallant men.
Took in the house of Naira, with that brave core
The Southron captain slew, and many more.
From Buchan, and from Murray came anon,
Numbers of Scots, in quest of Beaumont gone.
Who missing him, to Wallace march on sight,
'Mongst whom was Sir John Ramsay that brave knight :
Whom, when he saw with many others there,
That long ago his bold companions were,
How pleas'd he was I scarcely can describe,
But thought himself the happiest man alive.
Thus he the Northern parts recover'd and
Made good men judges over all that land.
When this was done that no time might be lost
March'd to St. Johnstoun straight with all his host.

C H A P V.

The siege of St. Johnstoun.

WALLACE the town does here besiege, in short,
 And keeps a sturdy guard at ev'ry port :
 Where Bishop Sinclair came to him on sight,
 With cliver lads from Bute, all young and tight.
 Lindsay and Boyd, who did him ne'er beguile,
 From Arran came, and from the Rauchry isle,
 As did the baron bold of great renown,
 Brave Adam Wallace, then of Richardtown.
 In all the road no enemy durst be,
 Some fled away by land, and some by sea.
 Seaton and Lauder, and good Lucie now,
 Came in a barge to his assistance too.
 And in the haven did their anchor cast,
 Where they two English ships secured fast.
 The one they burnt, the other load'ned well,
 With warlike stores, and sturdy men in steel.
 To watch the port; they strictly were oblig'd,
 That men nor victuals, pass to the besieg'd.
 From south to North, the flying Southron moun,
 Some left their lives in pledge they would return.
 The Southron bishop that fled from Dunkell,
 To London rode, and told all that befell.
 Edward he sends for Aymer Vallance now,
 And asks at him what he thought best to do.
 Who, like a traitor, answered and said,
 " Doubtless he by a friend must be betray'd ;
 Or by some of his bon companions sold,
 Who have best liking to the English gold.
 For which I shall myself to Scotland go,
 And try the treason whether yea or no "

King Edward therefore sign'd to him a band,
 That he would ratify and firmly stand,
 To whatsoever bargain he would make.
 Thus Vallance does the treason undertake.
 To Scotland comes, at Bothwell did arrive,
 To execute the plot he did contrive.
 Unto Sir John Monteith, express did send,
 To come and speak with him at Rutherglen :
 Who, when he came, disclosed all his mind,
 And laid before Sir John the whole design.

' I know,' said he, ' that you no stranger are
 Unto the news of this new bloody war,
 Which, if it be not soon put to a stand,
 Will prove destructive to our native land :
 Nothing but blood and rapine we can see,
 Which will our great misfortune always be,
 So long as Wallace lives, who late and air,
 Insults king Edward boldly every where.
 The country thus harass'd on every hand,
 There's neither trade nor culture in our land.
 Now, good Sir John, if you'll advised be,
 To take a wholesome council once from me
 It's in your pow'r to be an Earl now.
 And to do service to your country too.
 I know you are for certain one of those,
 In whom Sir William Wallace does repose
 Great trust and confidence in each respect ;
 O would thou then but grip him by the neck !
 As lords and earls, we might live and reign,
 Under King Edward, our most gracious king.'
 ' Fy,' said Monteith, " it were a mighty shame !
 Yea, you and I, shall both be much to blame,
 If we betray a man, who late and soon,
 To king and country hath such service done.
 He's of our nation, and our forces all,
 Both Governor, and Captain, General.
 For my part, I declare, come well or wo,
 I'll never condescend to treat him so.'
 Vallance repli'd, ' if you but understood,
 How great a shedder he's of Christian blood,
 You would not plead for him so much, I'm sure,
 But rather contribute to break his power ;
 Besides, the King, could he but end the strife,
 Has no design to take away his life :
 But to confine him, so as make him cease
 From war, and not disturb the common peace.'
 This put Monteith into a little stand,
 Who wish'd that Wallace were in Edward's hand,
 Providing always he his life would spare,
 And make all good that Vallance promis'd there,
 When Vallance saw Monteith thus in a muse,
 Most cunningly his little time did use.

Then in a moment down he quickly told
 Three thousand pounds of finest English gold.
 ' This you shall have, and Lennox at your will,
 If you the King's desire will now fulfil.'
 Then he who was brave Wallace' friend before,
 The strong temptation could resist no more :
 But did resign his honour and himself,
 To act the treason for the love of self ;
 Receiv'd the gold and then was strictly bound,
 To carry Wallace safe to English ground ;
 And there to put him in the Southron's hand,
 For which he should be lord of Lennox land.
 This Vallance promis'd to him without fail,
 Sign'd and confirm'd it with King Edward's seal.
 Thus part the villains, Wallace' mortal foes,
 And Aymer Vallance straight to London goes.
 The cursed tidings he did quickly bring,
 Of his good success, to the English king.
 The contract shows, told every thing that pass'd,
 And did obtain his gracious thanks at last.
 Which melancholy story makes me mourn.
 But to St Johnstoun siege I now return.
 Where Wallace lay besieging all that time,
 Not dreaming of the treasonable crime.
 Mean time, five hundred Southron, bold and stout,
 Early one morning briskly sally out,
 At the south port, against Dundas and Scot,
 Where they got a reception mighty hot.
 The English fought it for a while, but then
 Retir'd with no less loss than fourscore men.
 Yet tho' they were at this time soundly beat,
 They took the knight Dundas in the retreat.
 Presented him before the Earl York,
 Which put an end unto that morning's work.
 The knight Dundas nothing at all did find,
 But what was civil and exceeding kind.
 The Earl York, so merciful was he,
 Most gen'rously dismiss'd and set him free.
 For which the grateful Wallace by and by,
 Return'd him hearty thanks most courteously.
 Assuring him upon his honour, that
 He would his kindness soon retaliate.

The Earl now of Fife, who had a truce
 With Edward, but an honest heart to Bruce:
 Perceiving Wallace like a faithful liege,
 To carry on the war, came to the siege,
 With him John Vallance, who was sheriff then
 Of Fife, and a brave train of goodly men.
 Into the ditch, faggots put very fast:
 Around the stakes, heather and hay they cast.
 With trees and earth they made a passage clear,
 Then o'er the walls do march quite void of fear.
 The Southron they briskly resist again,
 While at the wall a thousand men were slain.
 Courageously Wallace his men leads on,
 And hew'd down all before him ev'ry bone.
 Of Southron foes did dreadful havoc make,
 But sav'd the Earl for Dundas's sake.
 In wax a lion on his cloak did set,
 As a safe conduct, when with Scots he met.
 Gold in abundance there he told him down,
 And safely caus'd convoy him out of town.
 Women and children freely he let pass,
 As still before his gen'rous custom was,
 Then all the country liv'd in peace and rest,
 And with true Scots the town was re-possess'd.
 Thus having vanquish'd his proud Southron foes,
 With cheerful heart straight to the south he goes.
 Edward the Bruce, who had in Ireland been
 The year before, is now in Scotland seen.
 With fifty of his mother's noble kin;
 Attacks Kirkcudbright, boldly enters in.
 And with those fifty, for he had no more.
 Most gallantly he vanquished nine score.
 To Aigtoun next he and his men are gone,
 The cattle took, for it was left alone:
 Where Wallace and his men did not neglect,
 To meet him with all humble due respect.
 Unto Lochmabane, then most cheerfully,
 Marched that brave and gallant company,
 Where Wallace like a true and faithful Scot,
 Resign'd command to Edward, and why not.
 And promis'd that if Robert Bruce the King
 Did not come home in person for to reign,

He should in that case certainly and soon,
Have the imperial ancient Scottish crown.
Prince Edward in Lochmabane tarri'd still,
And Wallace went to Cumnock with good will.
Then with his friends he met at the Black Bog,
And with them drank a blithe and merry cog.
Unto King Edward, news came reeking hot,
Of all the victories that Wallace got,
And how he Scotland did again reduce,
And that he had received Edward Bruce.
The English commons deeply swore and said,
That Scotland they would never more invade,
For that it was great madness to go there,
If the Scots Champion Wallace living were.
Then to Monteith, Edward wrote privily,
Told him the time was now fast passing by.
" Dispatch," said he, " the thing you took in hand,
For which you have my gold, and I your band."
The false Monteith read o'er the letter all,
And then in haste his sister's son did call,
To whom the plot he did discover all,
And made him swear he would not it reveal.
" On Wallace wait," said he, " and frankly tell,
You would with him as a domestic dwell.
Which if he grant, you must be very sure,
To watch him nicely and the very hour,
When all alone securely taking rest,
Give me a call, and then I'll do my best."
The villain promis'd that it should be done.
Then gets himself in Wallace' service soon.
But the brave Wallace never had a thought,
Of what the false Monteith against him wrought.
And he who now had Scotland thrice set free,
Nothing design'd but lasting peace to be.
For much fatigu'd with a long tedious war,
He thought it more eligible by far,
To serve God and his king in his old days,
That he in heaven might sing eternal praise.

C H A P. VI.

How Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, carried to England, and martyred there.

THAT Wallace' foes might him no more traçuce,
 Jop quickly is dispatch'd away to Bruce,
 Most earnestly beseeching he'd come down
 To Scotland, and receive the ancient crown.
 Since there was none that now durst him oppose,
 Having subdued all his Southron foes.
 When Jop's credentials Bruce had fully read,
 His heart exulted, and was mighty glad,
 With his own hand he back to Wallace wrote,
 And thank'd the Hero for a loyal Scot,
 Intreating him in the matter to conceal,
 And quickly he would out of England steal.
 ' To meet me then,' said Bruce, ' be very sure,
 The first of July next on Glasgow muir.
 And let your company be very few,
 For I shall have but a small retinue.'
 Which when good Wallace read, blyth was his thought
 And all his household then to Glasgow brought,
 That month he order'd them there to bide,
 Kierly he took with him each night to ride,
 And the young man that false Montieth had sent,
 None but those two knew what way Wallace went.
 The vile young villain, on the eighteenth night,
 Warned Montieth, who sixty men on sight,
 Caus'd mount that were his own near kinsmen born,
 And deeply all unto the treason sworn.
 Who from Dumbarton march, fy on them fy !
 And near to Glasgow town lurk privily.
 A cunning spy out as a watch they sent,
 To notice and observe where Wallace went.
 Rarbrefton it was near to the way side,
 And but one house where he us'd to bide.
 There walk'd on foot till midnight it was past ;
 Kierly and he lay down to sleep at last.
 Charg'd the young rogue, from whom no harm he fear'd
 To waken him if any man appear'd.

But as he soundly slept, the traitor bold,
 His uncle met, and like a villain told,
 That now it was the only golden time
 For him to perpetrate the wicked crime ;
 'Then all the cursed vile barbarian crew,
 Surround the house, and honest Kierly slew.
 The ruffian servant, he to work does fall
 Steals Wallace sword, his dagger, bow and all.
 To bind him then with cords, the barb'rous byke,
 Surround the Hero but, he Samson-like,
 Got to his feet finding no other tool,
 Broke one rogue's back with a strong wooden stool ;
 And at a second blow, with little pains,
 Beat out another forty rascal's brains.
 As many as upon him hands could lay,
 By force do think to carry him away,
 On foot alive ; but that prov'd all in vain
 He on the spot choos'd rather to be slain.
 At which the false Monteith his silence broke,
 And subtilly thus unto Wallace spoke.
 ' So long you have continu'd here alone,
 That notice is unto the Southron gone ;
 Who have beset this house all round about,
 That by no means at all you can get out.
 With the Lord Clifford, who doth here command,
 And with his party at the door doth stand,
 I spoken have, who promises your life
 Shall be most safe, if you'll give o'er your strife :
 That to Dumbarton you shall with me pass,
 And be as safe at home as e'er you was ;
 You likewise see that we no weapons have,
 We came in mighty haste your life to save.'
 Wallace believing he would do no wrong
 To him, who had his gossip been so long,
 Made the Monteith to swear he would fulfil
 What he had promis'd, then came in his will.
 ' As prisoner, the Southron must you see,
 Or else by force they'll take you, Sir, from me.'
 Said false Monteith, then sily on his hands,
 They slipped cunning and most cruel bands.
 Which underneath, with sicker cords they drew.
 Alas ! the Bruce that binding sore may rue.

For Scotland's ruin quickly came about,
 Occasion'd by the loss of Wallace stout.
 Who wher led out, little or nothing said,
 But missing Kierly, knew he was betray'd.
 Then was he carri'd south o'er Solway sands,
 And left in Vallance and Lord Clifford's hands.
 To Carlisle prison with him they do scour,
 Which to this day is called Wallace' tower,
 Some writers please to say, but that's not found,
 That Wallace martyr'd was in Berwick town ;
 That could not be, I'm very sure, for then,
 It was possess'd by brave bold Scottish men.
 For which, the traitors went not by the Merse,
 Nor durst they march thro' Berwick for their arse.
 Scotland alas ! to whom wilt thou complain !
 From tears, alas ! how canst thou now refrain !
 Since thy best help is falsely brought to ground,
 And Chieftain bold in cruel fetters bound :
 Oh ! who will thee defend in thy true right,
 Or like brave Wallace ever shine so bright ?
 Thy grief and anguish now approacheth fast,
 Thou shalt in sorrow soon be left at last ;
 Thy general, and noble governor,
 Is too, too nigh his last and fatal hour.
 Who shall defend thee now, and make thee free ?
 Alas ! in war, who shall thy leader be ?
 Who shall thee now rescue from Saxon rage,
 And who their wrath and fury can assuage ?
 I say no more, but beg God of his grace,
 May thee in haste restore to wealth and peace :
 Brave Wallace now shall thee govern no more,
 Who to thy rights restor'd thee thrice before.
 'Mongst Wallace men, at Glasgow where they lay,
 Great sorrow was, when they found him away.
 Unto Lochmabane Longoville did pass,
 In mighty haste, where good Prince Edward was.
 There he in greatest grief, and sorrow swore,
 He never would depart from Scotland more :
 Nor yet his native land of France would see,
 On Wallace foe, till he aveng'd should be.
 Thus did that knight in Scotland still remain,
 Until the Bruce returned home again.

Was with the king, when he St Johnstoun took,
 The second man that enter'd, says the book :
 With charter'd lands was gifted by the King,
 From whom the charters ever since do spring.
 Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
 To Scotland, after Wallace was away :
 And at Lochmabane with good Edward met,
 Where he the news of Wallace soon did get :
 At which was so exceeding griev'd and sad,
 He almost lost his wits, was next to mad.
 ' Hold brother,' Edward said, ' by all that's good,
 If we him lose, we shall revenge his blood :
 It's for your cause he's now to England led,
 In your defence Scotland he thrice hath free'd ?
 And had he not a faithful subject been,
 The ancient kingdom we had never seen,
 Remember, when he offer'd was the crown,
 How he refus'd, and knock'd the project down.
 And now the traitor, that him basely sold,
 From you he thinks, Dumbarton for to hold.'
 Unto Dalswintoun Edward order'd was,
 With men in arms, next day in haste to pass.
 And if he chanc'd to find the Cumming there,
 That by no means, his life he then should spare,
 Finding him not, they all return in peace :
 ' The king hereafter kill'd him in Dumfries.
 How that was done is needless to be shown,
 Since perfectly to ev'ry man it's known.

First to the king came Douglas that brave knight,
 In all his wars who worthy was and wight.
 Nor need I tell how Bruce did take the crown,
 And how Lord Soules deliver'd Berwick town,
 Galloway lost, how John of Lorn arose
 Against the king, with many other foes.
 How Brechin bold against the king did ride,
 With whom few honest Scotsmen did abide.
 And how the north was given from the king,
 Which made him long in painful war to reign.
*But Douglas still his loyalty did shew,
 And to the king was steadfast, firm and true.
 A better chieftain, Bruce had never one,
 Save Wallace, whose without comparison,*

Yet of the Douglas' more good knights have been,
Than in one house was e'er in Scotland seen ;
As Bruce's book doth plainly testify,
By Mr. Barbour written faithfully.

With Clifford now, Wallace to London goes
A prisoner among his mortal foes,
Then in a prison strong clapt up was he,
Whose dismal hour King Edward long'd to see,
Wallace about him, from his childhood kept,
Where'er he went, whether he walk'd or slept,
A psalter book, which he beseech'd a knight,
Lord Clifford, might be brought unto his sight.
Which done he caus'd a priest upon the place,
To hold it open straight before his face,
On which he look'd, sometimes his eyes up cast,
Religiously unto his very last.

Then quickly came the executioner, who
Gave him the fatal and the mortal blow.
Thus in defence, that Hero ends his days,
Of Scotland's right, to his immortal praise ;
Whose valiant acts, were all recorded fair,
Written in Latin by the famous Blair ;
Who at that time the champion did attend,
Was an eye witness, and his chaplain then,
And after that, as history does tell,
Confirm'd by Sinclair, Bishop of Dunkell.

F I N I S.

Laevi mors tristi Gulielmum funere Vallam.

Quæ cuncta tollit, sustrulit.

Et tanto pro cive, cinis pro finibus urna est

Frigusque pro lorica obit.

Ille quidem terras locasse inferora reliquit.

At fata factis suppressimens.

Partes sui me iore solum cælumque ; pererrat,

Hoc spirita, illud gloria

At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto,

Fuisset hostes proditi

Artibus Angle tuis in pœnas in partior esses,

Nec opidatum spargeris ;

Membraviri sacrandæ adytis, sed sciu, quid in ista

Immanitate viceris

Ut Valla in cunctis oras spargantur & horas,

Laudes tuumque dedecus.

*The Author of the History of the Douglasses, hath translated
the foresaid verses thus :*

Envious death, who ruins all,

Hath wrought the sad lamented fall

Of Wallace, and no more remains

Of him, than what an urn contains.

We ashes for our Hero have,

He, for his armour, a cold grave,

He left the earth, too low a state,

And by his acts o'ercame his fate.

His soul, death hath no power to kill,

His noble deeds the world fill,

With lasting trophies of his name.

O ! hadst thou virtue lov'd, or fame,

Thou couldst not have insulted so,

Over a brave betrayed foe,

Edward ! nor seen these limbs expos'd

To public shame, fit to be clos'd,

As reliëts in an holy shrine ;

But now the infamy is thine,

His end crowns him with glorious bays,

And stains the brightest of thy praise.





THE
LIFE
OF
ROBERT BRUCE
KING OF
SCOTLAND.
A HEROIC POEM,
IN THREE BOOKS.

BY JOHN HARVEY, M.A.

— *FUIMUS* Troes, *suit* Hium, & *ingens*
Gloria Peucrorum, *suit* imnia Jupiter Argus
Transsulit. VIRG. *Æn.* 2.

AIR:

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1799.

✓ 1. Robert I, king of Scotland, 1274
1329 — Poetry.

To the Author.

BRIGHT, as from Chaos sprung the universe,
Shines Scotland's Hero in your polish'd verse ;
And as from thralldom and oppression, he
Majestic rose his native land to free,
With equal vigour, and as glorious rage,
Thro' the rude gibberish of a barb'rous age.
You march and fetch his noble acts to light,
In numbers daring as himself in fight.
Let carping critics foes, yet friends to fame,
Their utmost do, thy well meant work to blame,
Such is the temper of thy manly page,
As sooths their venom and restrains their rage ;
Foil'd, like the foes of the great BRUCE you sing,
Submissive they retreat, and own the victor king ;
Such is thy work by opposition made,
And such the glory round it vanquish'd critics shed.

TO

The Right Honourable
The LORD BRUCE.

My Lord,

THE ensuing poem presumes to shelter itself under your patronage, not upon account of its merit, but in confidence of its title, ROBERT BRUCE was born to make his own way to greatness and to renown, to become the love and astonishment of mankind, and hath in a manner secured the success of any honest and tolerable endeavour in his behalf. Whilst others may strain hard to distinguish their Heroes and themselves, the least attempt in his favour shines back upon the author, and gilds him with the reflections of his glory.

Unknown, my lord, but thus supported, I have ventured into your presence; 'tis thus I have dared to be bold, in spite of my imperfections and obscurity. Nor am I ignorant of the danger and delicacy that attends such an essay, as is that of the life of Robert Bruce, king of Scots: the very mention of whose name can consign to fame or condemn to infamy for ever. A name, that hath long ago disarm'd malice and flattery at once: and hath set itself equally above libel and panegyric.

I shall hope the best, I am sure I have meant well, and your Lordship knows, perfection is no prerogative of humanity.

If his character then can effect at such a rate the least remembrance of him even in an obscure person and a stranger: what glory must it diffuse amongst his kindred? what honour devolve upon posterity? Your noble family, my Lord, need not have recourse to the herald office

The Author's DEDICATION.

for a coat or an escutcheon : you have many a gallant field to furnish out the device, and Bannockburn to distinguish the bearing. The descendants of Robert Bruce need not envy those actions that are handed down to us in the sounding rhetoric of Greece, or that appear in the brightest pomp of Roman eloquence. By him the laurels of Marathon have been rivalled on the banks of Forth ; nor do the Grampian plains give way to those of Pharsalia.

It is not, my Lord, the intent of this address to encroach upon your time, or to run a length of encomium equally nauseous and suspected. All my design is to beg your Lordship's protection to an Essay on the reign of your great Ancestor ; one of the most renowned princes (as Buchanan, no great friend to monarchy, owns) that ever swayed a sceptre.

I hope his character has suffered as little in my hands as it has by any former attempt this way. And if you can find any account in the perusal of these sheets, that with the continued honour and happiness of your illustrious family, (now the only rival of its great originals, Huntington and Carrick) shall complete the satisfaction of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most humble

Most obedient, and

Devoted Servant,

JOHN HARVEY.

P R E F A C E.

I Do not pretend, in the following sheets, to present the reader with an epic Poem. All I presume is, that I have wrote something in imitation of one as will, I hope, appear from the subsequent hints. To begin then with the action, it ought to be founded on historical truth, or may be founded upon fable. The patrons for the absolute necessity of fable have the whole current of antiquity against them. For when they have thrown Lucan and Statius out of the class of epic writers among the ancients; and Tasso and Milton among the moderns: because their poems were not founded upon fiction: yet unluckily the Iliad and Æneid stand in the way, built upon certain fact, upon true and undeniable history,

That the Æneid is grounded upon fact, is plain from the joint enmity of all the Roman historians. The account of Æneas coming into Italy, settling there and giving the first rise to the Roman state, which was founded by his successor about three hundred years after him has been confirmed by the grand voice of antiquity for upwards of two thousand years, and is only opposed by a supercilious critic or two who would pretend (in order to be singular and consequently distinguished) that Æneas never came into Italy. I have not time to enter into the merits of their side of the question nor do I think it necessary since the majority on ours must determine the case, and render the assertion of a single person or two, of very little or no moment at all.

That the Iliad is likewise founded upon historical truth is plain from the unanimous consent of all antiquity. and if we should reject every account besides, yet we never can that of Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, who both served at the siege of Troy: the one on the Trojan side, the other on the Grecian, under Idomeneus King of Crete. This last was particularly enjoined by that prince to write the memoirs of so remarkable a siege; which he did in Phœnician characters, upon the barks or rather Rhinds of Linden trees, and ordering at his death a copy to be interred with him in a tin chest it was done at Gnosias, the place of his birth and burial. But his grave having been afterwards thrown open by an earthquake, some peasants found the chest, and delivered it to their master Eupraxides by whom it was carried to Rutilius Rufus the Roman Proconsul in those parts, and by him sent to Nero the Emperor, who commanded the history to be translated into Greek, the Latin version whereof is now in every boy's hands. So that we see the two only epic Poems (at least those that are allowed for such) are founded on real historical truth, and as certain fact, as is the poem called, the life of Robert Bruce. King of Scots.

The time of action (beginning at the battle of Methven, which fell out, according to Buchanan, on the 13th of the cal of August, or the 18th of July, to the battle of Bannock-burn, which happened on the 24th of June after, comprehends 11 Months and some days.

The PREFACE.

The action itself is one according to the strictest rules.

The particular attempts of James Douglas, Edward Bruce, Thomas Randolph, &c. makes up the different episodes, which are all subservient to the grand action.

I hope the moral is as clear, and as plainly deducible from the subject, as can possibly be desired. Pity, patience, and courage, are inculcated on the reader, from the character of Robert Bruce, where they shone in so conspicuous a manner. The pride, the violence and tyranny of his foreign enemies, the treachery, villainy, and at last the total ruin of his rebellious subjects, are set in their proper light. The first part to be imitated by every prince, the latter to be detested by every person who is honest, and a lover of his country.

As to the number of books in a heroic poem, there can, I presume, be no stated rule. Or if there is, and if Homer be the standard, Virgil is in the wrong; but Homer cannot be the standard, nor was the *Iliad* ever divided by him into books, but sung or recited in little broken sketches, called by the Greeks Rhapsodies: and were so handed about, till (because they contained excellent maxims both civil and military) they are collected by Lycurgus, the great lawgiver of the Spartans, and after him digested into that order they now appear in amongst us, by Solon and others.

Machines are parts of a poem introduced upon extraordinary occasions. When a difficulty occurs that exceeds all probability of being unravelled by human means, then the Poet must have recourse to some superior power whose intervention is requisite for clearing the embarrassment. I have introduced them but sparingly, and never, I think, but upon necessity.

As to the manners and characters, I hope they are pretty evenly preserved, but I leave the judgement of the whole to the reader.

I have used the word Southron, as it was a term in those days, peculiarly appropriated by the Scots to the English, upon the account of their situation in respect to them; and because it has more of the air of those times than the ordinary appellation. And where the word Southern is made use of (which I think is but once) it denotes the south parts of Scotland. I do not remember any thing further worth observing, where any escapes do occur, the reader may pardon or correct them as he thinks fit.

THE
L I F E
OF
ROBERT BRUCE,
KING of SCOTLAND.

BOOK I.

WHILST I, unequal, tempt the mighty theme,
And raise, advent'rous, to the Brucian name :
Whilst in my soul a filial ardour reigns,
To sing the Hero sweating on the plains ;
Immers'd in ill, and long with foes beset,
By caution now, now desperately great :
Be present Phœbus, in the op'ning scenes,
Inspire my thoughts, and regulate my strains :
Tell how the Hero triumph'd o'er his foes,
Grew in distress, and on his dangers rose.

IN former ages and in ancient reigns,
When sense and honour grac'd † Ierne's plains :
When her high monarchs and her Heroes stood
In streams of ‡ Cimbrian and Saxon blood :
Proud of her sons, old § Caledonia dar'd
The haughty foe, nor foreign insult fear'd :

† Ierne, from the old Gallican word Eryn or Heryn, signifies a country that lies towards the west ; it is commonly taken for that part of Scotland called Strathern, and figuratively for the whole nation.

‡ Cimbrian was the ancient name of the warlike people, now called the Danes, who over-run many nations conquered England, but received so frequent overthrows in this country, that Scotland was called Danorum Tumulæ: the grave of the Danes.

§ Caledonia, properly taken for that part of Scotland which runs along the face of the hills, from Aberdeen into Cumberland, and figuratively for the whole.

Her monarchs then, to lineal honours grew,
 And conquest grac'd each Hero's awful brow:
 In thiose remoter times. (as fame hath said)
 * A prince renown'd th' Albanian sceptre sway'd ;
 Well fram'd his person and well form'd his soul,
 True majesty and mercy tun'd the whole.
 Unhappy day ! wherein the wise, the great,
 Upon thy banks, O Forth, resign'd to fate !
 May that dire day be from our annals torn,
 Nor let the sun once cheer the guilty morn.
 Since then, what slaughter rag'd on Scotia's shore,
 And drench'd the mother in the children's gore ?
 † What dire oppression on her mountains reign'd ?
 What blood and rapine all her valleys stain'd ?
 The barb'rous marks of curst tyrannic sway,
 Of lawless might, and kingly perjury.
 Beneath her ills, ‡ old Caledonia groans,
 Mourns her vast cities, and her slaughter'd sons ;
 Behold unnumber'd legions crowd her strand,
 And lust and havock ravage all the land.
 Greatly distress'd impatient of the day,
 § Slow to a Grampian cave she bends her way :
 There, like some ruin'd pile, great in decay,
 Sunk in her woes, the sacred matron lay ;
 Deep in the grot, upon a mossy bed,
 Silent reclines her venerable head.
 Thus waits till these dear accents reach'd her ear,
 The barb'rous foe now triumphs on thy shore,
 And the fam'd Caledonia is no more.
 Unhappy sound ! the matrons doleful cries,

* Alexander III. who died by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn. (Albanian, &c) From Albin or Albinch the name given to Scotland by the Highlanders.

† No body needs to be informed of Edward I. of England's being chosen arbiter in the controversy betwixt Bruce and Baliol for the crown of Scotland his unjust usurpation and the miseries that kingdom was reduced to by his means.

‡ This prosopœia or fiction of persons, every reader knows to be common especially in poetry

§ The mountains of Grauzeben, commonly called the Grampian hills, run from Aberdeen in the North, to Dumbarton in the West : and containe the brags of the Mearns, Angus, Perth-shire, and the Leanoz and several counties beside,

Affail th' immortals, and fatigue the skies,
At last, omnipotence beholds our ills,
And pity straight th' eternal bosom fills.

'Twas night ; but where above yon azure skies,
Empyrean domes on flaming columns rise ;
High arch'd with gold, with blazing emeralds bright,
Far thro' the void diffuse a purple light ;
There shining regions feel no fading ray,
Lost in the splendours of eternal day,
Enthron'd amidst the strong effulgence, sat,
The pow'r supreme ! surrounding spirits wait.

He calls the guardian of the Scottish sway,
And Ariel hastes thro' the choirs of day.
Then from the throne, th' immortal silence broke,
(Trembled the solid heavens as he spoke)

† Fly Ariel, fly and let a guardian's hand,
Prevent the ruin of this fav'rite land ;
Old Caledonia, once thy pious care,
O'erturn'd with blood, with ravage and despair,
Old Caledonia ! sunk beneath her ills,
Whither loud cries th' eternal mansion fills.

‡ Haste, and the youth, whom heav'n hath chose inspire
With filial duty, and with martial fire ;
Arm his intrepid soul to save the state,
Preserve his mother, and reverse her fate.

He spoke. The seraph bows and wings his way.
Swift o'er the realms of unextinguish'd day :
Down thro' the lower spheres directs his flight,
And sails, incumbent, on inferior night.

† 'Tis hoped the reader will allow the justice of this piece of machinery, because of its necessity. Scotland was now reduced, in a manner, beyond all human means of recovery. Nothing could save it, but the intervention and influence of some superior power. This the author, with submission, thought a dignus vindice nodus, a difficulty that required such an interposal, and consequently introduced the machine.

‡ Sir William Wallace of Ellersly, who stood for the liberties of Scotland in opposition of the usurpation of Edward I. The reader will please to observe here, that the author designs not a particular detail of the actions of Sir William Wallace, but only so far as they immediately concern the affairs of Robert Bruce. And therefore he brings Wallace directly to the battle of Falkirk, where in a conference with that prince, he lays before him the treacherous designs of the English king, and convinces him of his own loyalty to his country, and the Brucian interest.

Where Tay thro' verdant valleys rolls his waves,
 And fair Ænei's fruitful borders laves ;
 Rear'd on its margin old Alectum stands,
 Whose rising spires o'erlook the neighb'ring lands.
 The youthful Hero here all silent lay,
 And in soft slumbers lull'd the cares of day.
 With speed th' immortal Nuncio hither flies,
 And Fergus' air and shape his form disguise.
 Approaching soft his wond'ring eyes he fix'd
 On the young Hero's bloom, with manly vigour mix'd ;
 But saw, while slumbers thus his limbs invest,
 Short sighs and groans alternate heave his breast.
 His country's wrongs still in his bosom roll,
 Invade his dreams, and rack his gen'rous soul.

'Twas now the aerial minister began
 And in great Fergus' voice address'd the man.
 Arise my son, thy dauntless arm oppose,
 To this vast deluge of thy barb'rous foes.
 Involv'd in blood, see thy dear country lies,
 And her loud plaints have reach'd the pitying skies.
 To thee, O youth divine, whom fate decrees
 Restorer of thy country's liberties ;
 To thee this sacred charge from heav'n I bring,
 Commission'd by the Gods' eternal King.
 Rouse then, my son, exert thy warlike pow'r,
 And drive the foe from this unhappy shore ;
 Date thy renown from this auspicious day,
 And save from ruin the Fergusian sway,
 He said ; and mounting in a blaze of light,
 The seraph reascends the empyreal height.

By this Aurora, in her chariot drawn,
 Had ting'd the ruddy east, and blush'd the dawn,
 When call'd by heav'n, to manage heav'n's designs,
 In glitt'ring steel, Ellerslian Hero shines.
 Born to chastise the pride of perjur'd kings,
 Quick to the field, the youthful warrior springs.
 While higher names (a base degen'rate crowd)
 Stain their proud titles, and disgrace their blood :
 For factious ends, their country's rights forego,
 Treach'rous retire, or impious, aid the foe.
 Others more honest, but by power oppress'd.
 Had tamely purchas'd an inglorious rest &

Only a few, whose thoughts, by heav'n inspir'd,
 And with the sacred love of freedom fir'd,
 Bravely disdain'd the proud usurper's sway,
 Nor fraud nor force their gen'rous souls betray.
 These on their country's freedom fix their eyes
 And threats and promises alike despise,
 Immortal chiefs ! who (if my artless rhyme
 Can gain upon the injuries of time)

Shall live, to late posterity renown'd,
 With wreaths of everlasting laurel crown'd,
 AMONGST the first, the brave * Limonian thane.

And Hay and Lauder glitter'd on the plain ;
 The daring Seton, and the faithful Boyd,
 Dauntless approach, and close the hero's side :
 Ramsay and Lyle, and Stewart of race divine.
 In awful pomp and dreadful honours shine ;
 Crawford, and Campbell (long a loyal name)
 Array'd in steel, to that assembly came ;
 Then Keith and Murray, with their shining shields,
 And Baird and Barclay, loyal, grace the fields ?
 Each warrior led a small, but honest band,
 Fix'd to the interests of his native land.
 Cumming approach'd, ten thousand in his train,
 The fatal ruin of the future plain.

The Gordon, to a length of honour born,
 Ruthven and Ker the rendezvous adorn.
 Cleland and Auchinleck, a faithful pair,
 Haste to the field, and gen'rous aid the war.
 Now last of all appears upon the plain,
 The love and wonder of the warlike train,
 Intrepid Graham ; the martial pomp to crown,
 Array'd in burnish'd steel, severely shone.
 The chiefs at once the godlike man accost,
 And fondly welcome to the loyal host ;
 From out the throng the leader quickly ran,
 And to his bosom prest the gallant man :
 Hail, dearest brother ! welcome to my arms,
 Born to redress thy ruin'd country's harms ;
 Straight at thy presence, vanish all my cares :
 And all my anxious dread of future wars,

* Earl of Lennox.

He said. The chief advancing on the plain,
 With graceful mein salutes the warrior train,
 By this the sun had shot a fainter ray.
 And down the Western steep had roll'd the day ;
 When to Falkirk, enclos'd with verdant meads,
 The gen'rous host the Ellerslian Hero leads :
 From thence to the Torwood their way, they chose,
 And 'midst its shades enjoy'd a soft repose,

Now o'er the * Ochiel heights the rising beam,
 Darts thro' the rustling leaves a wavy gleam :
 When from the wood advancing to the plain,
 In martial honours shone the Grampian train ;
 The darling leader waves his awful hand,
 And list'ning chiefs in silent order stand
 Approaching squadrons next enclose the man,
 While from a rising ground he thus began.

' Immortal sons of Albion's ancient race,
 ' Whom faith unstain'd and loyal honours grace ;
 ' Whose noble ancestors, undaunted, stood
 ' In streams of Cimbrian and of Saxon blood ;
 ' Whom Rome's imperial arms essay'd in vain,
 ' Her eagles shrinking on the bloody plain :
 ' Behold my friends your ruin'd country's woes,
 ' And view the triumphs of her barb'rous foes.
 ' Gasping in death, see Caledonia lies,
 ' And to the heavens and you for succour cries.
 ' You ! whom, of all her progeny, she owns
 ' Her genuine offspring, and her duteous sons.
 ' Behold your aged Sires in fetters pin'd,
 ' Or to a dungeon's noisome depth confin'd,
 ' With upcast eyes implore your filial aid,
 ' And feebly sink against the hoary head.
 ' Behold our ravish'd virgins and our youth,
 ' The spoils and victims of † the perjur'd South :
 ' Yourself from all your dearest pledges torn,
 ' With want oppress'd, with infamy and scorn ;

* *Ocelli Montes* the Ochel hills, lie betwixt Strathern, Clackmannan, and Kinross-shire and for the most part are all green.

† Edward I of England had sworn to determine impartially in the controversy betwixt Bruce and Baliol but breaking that oath, endeavour'd to usurp the sovereignty himself.

‘ Thro’ woods and wilds and lonely defarts tofs’d,
 ‘ Expos’d to summer suns, and winter frost.
 ‘ Whilst the proud Southrons, by no power withstood ;
 ‘ Pillage your fortunes, and debauch your blood.
 ‘ Unhappy Scots ! are all our Heroes fled ?
 ‘ † Our Kenneths, and our † Malcoms dead
 ‘ Our Hays, and Keiths, and our immortal Graham ? §
 ‘ And all our glorious list of ancient names ?
 ‘ Was it for this those mighty Heroes stood
 ‘ In storms of death and crimson scenes of blood ?
 ‘ Did those stern patriots in battle shine,
 ‘ To save their country, and secure their line ;
 ‘ When Tay beheld them, and the trembling Forth,
 ‘ Mix in dire conflict with the warlike North,
 ‘ And shall no son confess his gen’rous Sire ?
 ‘ No bosom kindle with the glorious fire ?
 ‘ See ! yonder Longcarty’s and Baray’s plain.
 ‘ Still red with carnage of the slaughter’d Dane !
 ‘ Those very fields where your great fathers fought,
 ‘ And ’midst a waste of death your freedom bought.
 ‘ Rouse then and let those names your breasts inspire
 ‘ With manly ardour, and with loyal fire.
 ‘ Let your great fathers all your souls possess
 ‘ And dauntless arms your country’s wrongs redress.
 ‘ See ! where the haughty South, in bright array,
 ‘ From yonder shining plains reflect the day.
 ‘ Behold Plantagenet, with awful pride,
 ‘ In burnish’d gold amidst his squadrons ride !
 ‘ Come, gallant friends, attack the perjurd host,
 ‘ And drive th’ insulting legions from our coast ’
 He said. The chiefs, obedient hail the man,
 And thro’ the host consenting murmurs ran.

By this the Southron trumpets from afar,
 In shriller notes proclaim the advancing war:

† The Picts having joined the Romans and Britons against the Scots, defeated them in the field slew their King, and drove the whole nobility and gentry out of the nation. But at last by the valour and conduct of Fergus II. the Scots were restored, and afterwards engaging the Picts under the leading of M’Alpin, alias Kennethmore; they overthrew them, and pursued their victory to the extirpation of their name.

‡ Kenneth III. and Malcolm II. famous for those dreadful overthrows they gave the Danes.

§ A short account will be given of them in their proper places.

Till daring Scots return the martial sound,
 And from the hills the loud alarms rebound.
 Approaching now the embattl'd squadrons stand,
 And in stern order glitter on the strand,
 The thick'ning war, around obscures the fields,
 With groves of lances arm'd, and bossy shields,
 As when some dusky cloud o'er shades the main,
 The breeze but whisp'ring o'er the liquid plain,
 Scarce heaves the surges, ocean seems to sleep,
 And a still horror settles on the deep ;
 Thus silent. The thick legions form around,
 And the dread battles blacken all the ground.

But here alas ! how shall a Scottish muse
 Thy fatal crime † O Cumbernald, excuse ?
 Fain would the muse th' ungrateful theme decline,
 Or wipe the tarnish from the tainted line.
 Fain would in silence pass th' ill omen'd scene,
 The chiefs embroil'd, and the deserted plain.
 What direful wo from wild ambition springs ?
 The wreck of empires, and the bane of Kings.
 Discord with hideous grin and livid eyes,
 Swift, thro' the host, on footy pinions flies.
 Discord ! Ambition's direful brood, beheld
 Ten thousand treacherous Scots forsake the field.
 Traitors ! whose names no annals since have own'd,
 Wrapt in disgraceful night, in dark oblivion drown'd.
 Urg'd by his wrongs and with resentment fir'd,
 The Eillersian Hero from the plain retir'd.
 Ten thousand Scots with tears their chief attend,
 The sun himself ne'er saw a braver band.
 So great Achilles, on the Phrygian strand,
 Injur'd by Atreus son's unjust command,
 Full of his wrongs, deserts his country's cause,
 And all his Myrmidons from Troy withdraws.

† Cumming, Earl of Cumbernald, had joined the army at Falkirk with ten thousand men. But having himself an eye to the Crown, and either suspecting or disdainng the success of Sir William Wallace, a private gentleman, much inferior to his rank, but the Guardian of Scotland, caused Stewart, Lord Bute, fall out with him about leading the van of the Scots army, alleging that post was due to his family. Wallace insisted on the privilege of his office, and they parted from one another in high chaff. Wallace drew up his men, and Cumming having wrought his desertion, treacherously retired also, and abandoned Lord Stewart to the fury of the whole English army.

Left in the field the noble Stewart alone,
 Before his few, but faithful, squadrons shone ;
 And now great Hartford thunders on the plain,
 And twice ten thousand glitter in his train.
 The hardy Stewart abandon'd to his foes,
 Dauntless, to meet that dreadful battle goes.
 Twelve hundred Scots (no more had fate allow'd)
 To guard their lord, around the standard crowd.

The war begins, the blended clamours rise,
 And shouts and groans, promiscuous, rend the skies,
 The glorious Bute undaunted scours the field,
 His doughty hands a mighty falchion wield.
 O'er Southron necks he hews his horrid way.
 While roll'd in heaps, expiring squadrons lay.
 Hartford beheld his fainting legions yield,
 And Edward's glory fading on the field :
 Amaz'd he views the chief's unbounded might,
 Despair success, and meditates his flight.

The Scots, by their great leader's pattern taught,
 Advancing, with redoubled fury fought,
 Back to the camp lord Hartford wings his way.
 And on the plain ten thousand victims lay,

Immortal Stewart ! O were my bosom fir'd
 With ardours like to those thy soul inspir'd,
 The muse should raise a trophy to thy fame.
 Great as thy worth, and deathless as thy name.
 But see ! where Bruce array'd in martial pride,
 And crafty Beik before their squadrons ride.
 Towards the Scots they shape their dreadful way,
 And forty thousand helms reflect the day.
 Waving in air the gilded lion flies,
 And loud the trumpets echo thro' the skies.

Tir'd with late toils, the noble Bute beheld
 The swarming legions crowd the bloody field :
 Anxious and doubtful view'd their mighty pow'r,
 And the firm ranks extended on the shore,
 Amaz'd at first, his spirits backward roll,
 And by degrees forsake his gen'rous soul,
 He casts his eyes around, but sees no aid ;
 Wallace is injur'd, and the traitor fled.
 O deadly guilt of passion ! direful heat !
 Dang'rous to all, but fatal to the great !

In growing minds but low resentment dwells,
 And their gross blood scarce o'er its channel swells;
 Spirits high born, like meteors in the sky,
 Ferment in storms, and round in ruin fly.
 Relentless Ellerly : ah, canst thou stand,
 And see the Hero butcher'd on the strand !
 The Hero ; whom so recent laurels crown,
 By numbers and superior force undone ;
 O send the Godlike Graham and save these few,
 Or send the faithful Boyd to their rescue ;
 Or let the gen'rous Seton's tears prevail,
 To share the day and turn the fatal scale.
 Behold the chiefs all suppliant beg around.
 Their tears in torrents trickling to the ground.
 In vain. Unmov'd the injur'd leader stands,
 Weeps loud, and yet denies their just demands.
 With eager haste approach the Saxon lines,
 And in the front * the rev'rend warrior shines.
 The noble Bute beheld the num'rous bands,
 Whilst recollected in himself he stands ;
 Then rous'd his little host with fresh alarms,
 And the shrill trumpet sounds again to arms,
 Secure of glory, and a deathless name,
 Lavish of life, he ruins into fame.

The signal given, instant a mutual rage.

Th' unequal squadrons furiously engage :
 Thro' burnish'd steel fast bursts the streaming gore,
 And rolls a purple current on the shore.
 The cautious Beik each various scene beheld,
 Long us'd in war, and harden'd to the field ;
 Extends his ranks, and summons fresh supplies,
 And to surround the Scottish Hero tries.
 The glorious Bute perceiv'd his sly designs,
 And with stern rage attack'd the moving lines,
 His manly arm dealt fell destruction round,
 And Saxon crowds lay gasping on the ground.
 Their leader's pattern the bold Scots inspires,
 And from their rage the rev'rend chief retires.

* Anthony Beik, Bishop of Durham, a great enemy to the Scots famous for his skill in the arts of war than in the Gospel of peace; *tain* author remarks. This Pretate headed 10000 men at the Falkirk, raised by his own influence and authority.

But now brave Stewart beholds a shining train,
 In thick Battalia marshal'd on the plain.
 To succour Beik, full thirty thousand spears,
 And at their head the mighty Bruce appears.
 Display'd against his own, the lions glare,
 And martial trumpets animate the war.
 Deluded prince soon shall thy soul bemoan
 Those cruel deeds on Forth's fair borders done.
 The gen'rous Bute weeps at the barb'rous fight,
 When awful Bruce address'd him to the fight,
 On his thin ranks a furious charge he made,
 And roll'd in heaps on heaps the mangled dead.
 Now Stewart beholds his little faithful band
 Drench'd in their gore, and gasping on the strand;
 With grief recounts their wonders on the plain,
 Full twenty thousand by twelve hundred slain.
 Great in distress; impatient of the light,
 Resolv'd to die he rushes to the fight:
 Fraught with despair, he dealt his blows around,
 And Southron blood fast stains the crimson ground.
 But spent with former toils, o'ermatch'd with pow'r,
 At last the Hero sinks upon the shore.
 Stretch'd on the strand the godlike patriot lies,
 And shades eternal settle round his eyes.

How happy he, who falls amidst his foes.
 A sacred victim to his country's cause?
 What tears, what vows attend his parting breath?
 In life how lov'd; and how ador'd at death?
 Eternal monuments secure his fame,
 And lasting glory dwells upon his name.

Sol's fiery steeds, down from the noon-day height,
 Thro' western climes precipitate their flight,
 Expanded skies the flaming chariot bore,
 And rays declining gild th' Hesperian shore.
 The Ellerslian Chief in burnish'd armour stands,
 And beck'ning round him, calls his daring bands.
 Sullen and sad approach the warrior train,
 And touch'd with wo, regard the fatal plain.
 When thus the Chief, ' You see our friends are lost,
 By treason murder'd on that bloody coast,
 The awful Bruce, yon mighty battle leads,
 And crafty Beik his select squadrons heads.

See where their haughty king in dread array,
 Moves from the camp, and hastes to share the day.
 Then say, what shall be done? the question's nice,
 And fate allows us but a dang'rous choice.
 If for supplies we should to Lothian go,
 Then furiously pursues the num'rous foe.
 Or if to the Tor-wood our rout we bend,
 Thro' Bruce's host we must that shelter find.
 Say then ' The Chiefs assented to his will,
 What he commanded eager to fulfil.

The Hero then, all dreadful as a god,
 To meet the Bruce, before his squadrons rode.
 Ten thousand spears advancing in his train
 An iron forest! glitter'd o'er the plain.
 By this Lord Bruce had rang'd his warlike lines
 And at their head in bloody armour shines.
 But, O my muse, what God shall lead the way?
 What inspiration guide thee thro' the day?
 'To smg the Chiefs that never knew to yield,
 Engag'd in furious combat on the field?
 Phœbus, assist, and all the Thespian throng,
 Conjoin your voices, and exalt the song.

Both armies now approaching to the fight,
 In blazing terrors shone confus'dly bright.
 The sprightly trumpet's martial clangors rise,
 And roll in rattling echoes thro' the skies,
 Glory and fame each Hero's soul possess,
 And death or triumph breath'd in every breast,

The war now mingling, fiery courfers bound,
 And rushing squadrons shake the trembling ground.
 Thro' polish'd steel fast streams of reeking gore,
 And crimson torrents drench the purple shore,
 There warlike Bruce exerts his awful might,
 Here Wallace thunders thro' the bloody fight,
 Behold great Graham force his resistless way,
 Thro' all the ruins of the dreadful day.

Here Seton, Hay, and Lauder scour the plain,
 There Boyd and Keith a distant fight maintain,
 Yonder brave Kennedy in battle stands,
 And great Montgom'ry joins his faithful bands.
 The hardy Frazers for to charge prepare,
 And dauntless Lundie rushes to the war.

See gallant Oliphant to battle ride,
 Dundas and Scrimzeour glitt'ring at his side,
 Yonder the haughty Turnbull takes the field,
 And savage spoils glare in his orby shield
 Johnstoun and Rutherford, and Blair and Gray,
 And Guthrie, Scot, and Lindsay share the day.
 Newbigging, Finto, Little, grace the field,
 And Holiday, who we'll could weapons wield,
 Bold Holiday, in war a noble man,
 Hastes to his * Erme, and combats in the van.
 Thro' hostile ranks they scatter fate around,
 And twice four thousand gasp along the ground,
 Quite thro' the Southron host o'er Carron's flood,
 To Torwood shades the Scots in safety rode.
 Wallace alone, and Graham and Lauder stay,
 Unfated with the slaughter of the day
 Greedy of fame, their fiery courses rein,
 And drive, impetuous back into the plain.
 Three hundred men to guard the chiefs prepare,
 Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the war.
 Where Saxon ranks in thickest order stood,
 With awful force these dauntless warriors rode.
 The Bruce could well the Scottish band perceive,
 His legions rally, or just orders give,
 With wounds transfix'd all welt'ring in their gore
 Three hundred Saxons strew'd the bloody shore.
 But now bold Bruce his strong battalion heads,
 And thirty thousand to the onset leads ;
 † Cozen'd by fraud, and jealous of his right,
 Wing'd with revenge, he rushes on the fight ;
 Three worthy Scots pierc'd by his mighty hand,
 Roll in their blood, and bite the purple strand.
 The Ellerlian chief with sorrow sees them bleed,
 And, swell'd with rage, he reins his fiery steed :
 Against the Bruce directs his awful force,
 The Bruce all dreadful meets the Hero's course.

† An old Scots word for Uncle

‡ The elder Bruce who was competitor with Baliol for the crown of Scotland was imposed on by the King of England, and made believe that Wallace designed to usurp the sovereignty, which occasioned his fighting here at Falkirk with his friends and vassals against the Scots.

Charg'd in his left a mighty lance he wore,
 And Wallace hand a glitt'ring faulcheon bore,
 Together fast the dauntless warriors ride,
 And thro' bright steel soon bursts the blushing tide,
 From Wallace thigh transfir'd fast flows the gore,
 And Bruce's courser tumbles on the shore.
 The valiant bands soon mount the Bruce again
 Whilst Graham and Lauder thunder'd on the plain?
 Thro' Southron ranks these Heroes urg'd their way
 And bore alone the fury of the day :
 Whilst Wallace stood and stemm'd his bleeding wound
 In heaps the foe lay scatter'd on the ground,
 His blood now staunch'd, the chief returns a new,
 The hardy Graham and Lauder to rescue.
 To their relief he rode in all his might.
 Till cautious Beik advanced to the fight,
 By numbers overpow'r'd the Scots retire
 Nor could great Graham restrain his martial fire.
 A burnish'd sword in his strong hand he bore,
 And forward rushing thro' the shock of war,
 Before the Bruce he struck an English knight,
 Where his gay glitt'ring crest stood polish'd bright ;
 With unresisted force, thro' helm and head,
 Down to the collar glanc'd the shining blade ;
 The knight falls prostrate on the gory ground,
 And blood and soul rush mingl'd thro' the wound,
 A subtle knight, who saw the deadly blow,
 Fir'd with resentment, meditates the foe,
 As Graham return'd, the crafty warrior spy'd,
 Beneath his armour, a defenceless void,
 In at his back full aim'd with cautious care,
 Quite thro' his bowels glides the treach'rous spear.
 The hero turn'd, and smote the cruel foe,
 Just where the casque the vizor joins below,
 Thro' steel and brain fast rush'd the forceful brand,
 The noble Graham swoons on the bloody strand :
 His latest proof of loyal valour shows
 And greatly falls amidst his country's foes.
 When Ellersly the glorious chief beheld,
Bath'd in his blood, and stretch'd upon the field,
What sudden pangs his throbbing soul possess ?
What rage and grief tumultuous tore his breast ?

He weeps, he raves, abandon'd to despair,
 Then wing'd with fury rushes to the war.
 Enrag'd he rides amidst the thickest foe,
 And certain death descends in ev'ry blow ;
 Bereft of reason, careless of his life,
 Desp'rate, he urges the unequal strife.
 The bloody torrents thicken as they flow,
 And heaps of slaughter the red level strow.
 But now two strong battalions shape their way,
 Their beamy lances glitt'ring in the day,
 Led by bold Bruce, the Hero's steed they gore,
 Fast bleeds the courser on the crimson shore.
 Their spears in pieces hew'd the martial knight,
 Then from the plain precipitates his flight,
 O'er Carron's flood the wounded steed him bore,
 Then fell down dead upon the farther shore.

Phoebus in western waves had drench'd his team,
 And the brown twilight shed a dusky gleam ;
 To Tor wood shades the Scottish troops repair ;
 Wallace and Kerr alone with equal care,
 Silent on Carron's flow'ry borders fray'd,
 Revolv'd the day, and mourn'd the valiant dead.
 The Southron's too retire, and Bruce and Ray
 Along the nearer banks pursu'd their way :
 When thro' the gloom upon the distant side,
 The hardy Bruce the Scottish chief esp'd,
 Where jutting rocks a straiter passage frame,
 Lessen the channel and contract the stream.
 There Wallace heard the leader call aloud,
 And stopping, press'd the margin of the flood,
 When thus the Bruce, ' I know thou art the knight,
 This day that dreadful led the Scots in fight.
 Amaz'd, I saw thee in dire combat stand,
 And curious mark'd the wonders of thy hand.
 To real worth a just applause we owe,
 Nor is it mine to stain a gen'rous foe :
 But say, what wild ambition fires thy soul ?
 What rage and madness in thy bosom roll ?
 Does the thin air of popular applause
 Engage thee, desp'rate, in a sinking cause ?
 Or does the lust of sway thus urge thee on
 To empty titles, and a fanci'd throne ?

To wade thro' seas of thy dear country's blood,
 Borne on the breath of a tumultuous crowd?
 Dar'st thou presume to match the English force
 Or stop the mighty Edward's boundless course?
 Vain man dismiss that thirst of lawless sway,
 And due obedience to the victor pay;
 Preserve thy country from impending wo,
 And yield submissive to the conqu'ring foe,
 Thus Huntington, When from the other side,
 The Scottish chief in honest terms repli'd,
 I own the charge. Ambition fires my soul,
 And rage and madness in my bosom roll.
 Ambition to preserve a sinking state.
 Basely abandon'd by the faithless great;
 To save my country from th' accursed crew
 Of barb'rous foes, and yet more barb'rous you!
 I claim no right nor shall my pow'r employ
 To mount to titles, or to lawless sway:
 My soul hath still abhorr'd the gaudy dream,
 Of fanci'd rule, or an usurper's name;
 To save my country, if allow'd by fate,
 All other way disdain to be great.
 Our actions are our glory or our shame,
 Not borrow'd titles, nor an airy name.
 The peasant to renown may nobly rise,
 Whilst the proud tyrant undistinguish'd lies.
 Know then, I'll die, or set my country free,
 In spite of Edward, and in spite of thee:
 Thee; who by right shouldst Albion's sceptre wield,
 Yet tear'st her bowels in the bloody field;
 Who, impious, return'st from yonder shore,
 Still warm and reeking with my country's gore.
 Before to-morrow's sun begin his course,
 Once more I'll dare to meet the Southron force.
 For that dear land, where first I drew my breath,
 I'll seek the tyrant in the fields of death,
 Begirt with guards, and wall'd with legions round,
 I'll drive him, perjur'd, from our native ground,
 Farewell, deluded man: thy right forego,
 And bow, a monarch, to a treach'rous foe,
 Be a secure inglorious slav'ry thine,
 But death or liberty shall still be mine!

Thus spoke the chief. His latest accents roll
 Thro' Bruce's heart, and settle in his soul.
 He finds himself by Edward's fraud misled,
 And long by Southron artifice betray'd :
 Perceives the Scottish leader's loyal care,
 His honest toils, and unambitious war.
 Then thus, ' You see my friend, the doubtful light
 Leads on the fable chariot of the night,
 Near Dunipace, where stands a sacred fane,
 By nine next morning, let us meet again '
 ' No—long ere Phœbus runs that length of course,
 Repli'd the chief, we'll meet the tyrant's force ;
 In spite of all the pow'r he has to sway,
 Fate shall, before that timē, decide the day.
 He either shall his impious claim give o'er,
 And shamefully reseek his native shore,
 Or one of us shall fall in bloody fight,
 Impartial heav'n will judge our cause aright ;
 But if you please th' appointment to assign.
 At three, I'll meet you near the ancient shrine,
 The Bruce consented, and to Lithgow past.
 To Torwood shades good Kerr and Wallace haste,
 Refresh'd with food, the host for rest prepare,
 And in short slumbers hush the din of war.

Bright phosphor soon the vaulted azure gilds,
 And stars, retiring, quit the airy fields,
 The Scottish Chief abandons his repose,
 And arms of truth his manly limbs inclose.
 With clasps around the temper'd mail he ties,
 And graven cuishes glitter on his thighs ;
 Upon his head a shining casque he wore,
 A staff of steel in his strong hand he bore,
 A beamy faulchion grac'd his manly side :
 Boldly he seem'd in battle to abide,
 His armour bearer Jop, went on before,
 And the great warrior's massy buckler bore.
 And forth the hero marching, views the lines,
 And to each chief his proper post assigns,
 Ramsay and Lundie, and the hardy Thane,
 Of Lennox led five thousand to the plain ;
 Five thousand more himself and Lauder guide,
 And Richardtoun and Seton close their side.

To the late field they march'd in deep array,
 And view the ruins of the former day.
 There, what a horrid scene the sight confounds?
 What heaps of carnage strow th' adjacent grounds?
 And life scarce cold, yet bubbling thro' the wounds?
 Along the strand, the floating streams of blood
 Roll on in tides, and choke the neighb'ring flood,
 Here lay brave Stewart, and Rossia's gallant thane,
 With honest wounds transfix'd upon the plain;
 There lay great Graham extended on the shore,
 Lifeless and pale, and stain'd with clotted gore,
 Him Wallace saw, and throbbing at the sight,
 Alights and rushes to the worthy wight.
 Up in his arms he rais'd his drooping head;
 And thus with tears, address the gallant dead.

' Farewell, my best lov'd friend; a long adieu,
 To all th' illusive joys of life and you!
 Farewell, O grateful victim to our foes,
 Thou sacred martyr for thy country's cause!
 For her thou fought'st in dreadful fields of death,
 For her thus greatly thou resign'dst thy breath,
 That warlike arm shall I behold no more,
 Thy faulcheon brandish on the bloody shore!
 No more those eyes shall fierce in battle glow,
 Thy friends delight and terror of the foe,
 How is the mighty fallen on the plain?
 The chief, the hero, by a coward slain!
 Nor shall his soul the treach'rous triumph boast,
 Sad and confounded on the Stygian coast.
 Thy noble hand soon sent the dastard foe,
 Mangl'd and damn'd down to the shades below!
 Ah! gallant man, what worth adorn'd thy mind?
 How brave an enemy how sincere a friend?
 Sincere to me, since first our love began,
 Thy David I, and thou my Jonathan.
 Thou wast the hope, the glory of my life,
 My better genius in the doubtful strife.
 Warm'd by thy presence, how did I disdain
 The toils and dangers of th' unequal plain?
 How did my soul with rising ardour glow,
 Lessen the hazard, and contract the foe?

O'erlook the adverse host, when I beheld
 My brave companion thunder on the field ?
 Old Albion shall in tears of blood bemoan
 The gallant patriot, and the duteous son.
 In thee her freedom and her honour dead,
 Her hopes all blasted, and her succour fled.
 Farewell, blest shade ; may thine unspotted soul,
 Now rais'd on high to thy congenial pole,
 In flames of heav'nly raptures ever glow,
 And smile, propitious, on our toils below."

He said. The host accompany their chief,
 Burst into tears, and gave a loose to grief.
 So once, of old, on the Mollossian coast.
 Bold Theseus mourn'd his dear Pirithus lost.
 Now wash'd with blood, upon their shields they bore
 The lifeless hero from the fatal shore,
 With solemn pomp the mournful chiefs proceed,
 And in the ancient fane inhume the dead,
 To all the chieftains slain due rites they pay,
 Then to th' appointment Wallace bends his way ;
 The loss of Graham, and that unhappy field,
 Inflam'd his soul when he the Bruce beheld :
 Approaching quick the ireful chief began,
 And in stern language thus address the man.
 " Dost thou repent thy base unnatural war ?
 Or thirsts thy soul yet still for native gore ?
 * Rew'it thou the actions of thy barb'rous hand,
 The cruel havock on yon bloody strand ?
 See those brave patriots, who too loyal came
 To save their country and maintain thy claim ;
 T' oppose a haughty tyrant's lawless might,
 And 'gainst thyself t' assert thy native right :
 See where lie distain'd with purple gore,
 By their own prince all murder'd on the shore,
 Behold the gallant Stewart and Rossia's Thane,
 And God like Graham late stretch'd upon the plain.
 Heroes ! whose blood not armies can atone :
 By fraud, and tyranny, and thee undone,
 Unhappy man !' More would the chief have said,
 When drown'd in tears, the noble Bruce reply'd.

* This is an ancient Scots word for repent.

" Yes, gen'rous friend ! I saw the Heroes stand
 Like Gods in battle on yon bloody strand.
 Eager of fame, unknowing how to yield,
 How did they court the dangers of the field !
 O'ermatch'd with numbers, prodigal of life,
 How did they struggle in th' unequal strife ;
 For their dear country, mix'd in dire debate,
 They strove with heaven and disputed fate,
 'Twas I, deluded wretch ! who led that pow'r
 Against my friends to this unhappy shore ;
 'Twas I, ill fated I ! whose guilty hand
 Dy'd with my native blood yon crimson strand.
 Poor hapless man ; by fair pretences led
 To ruin, and by kingly fraud betray'd."

Wallace with joy hears what the Bruce had said,
 And on his knee a low obeisance made,
 The Southron pow'r he begg'd him to disown
 And reign a monarch, on his native throne :
 Against that crafty prince assert his claim,
 Revenge his wrongs and vindicate his name,
 Alas : nor yet I dare, the Bruce repli'd,
 Forfake that king or quit the Southron side ;
 My son an hostage for my fealty has,
 Which if the sire should violate—he dies ;
 But here I vow, ne'er shall this guilty hand
 A sword employ against my native land :
 No more against my friends a weapon bear,
 But soon as I escape the treach'rous snare,
 To thee I'll come, and on thy faith rely,
 T' assert my title, and secure my sway.
 This said, in arms he rais'd the gallant man,
 And tides of joy thro' Wallace bosom ran.
 Betwixt them mutual kind endearments past
 Then parting, each revisited his host,
 Waiting their chief on the late field of blood.
 In order rang'd, the Grampian squadrons stood.
 Arriv'd the Hero mounts, and leads the way,
 And the firm lines move on in close array.
 By Inneravin, Lennox guides his band,
 And handy Crawford shares the Earl's command,
 Thus order'd thro' the lower way to ride,
 Obscure, by Southron watches unesp'd.

Wallace himself conducts a chosen band
 On the South side, thro' Maxwell's rocky land.
 To Lithgow straight, where mighty Edward lay.
 Silent the hardy Lennox speeds his way ;
 Sudden amidst the tents in armour shines,
 And hasty slaughter rages thro' the lines.
 Spent with the labours of the former day,
 Dissolv'd in sleep th' ill guarded Southron lay.
 When thro' the camp the clashing arms resound,
 And hostile cries their drowsy soul confound,
 Edward, amaz'd, beholds the sudden war,
 And bids his legions for the fight prepare :
 Enrag'd the courser mounts, and scours along,
 And rouses, with approach, the sluggard throng
 Bold Heartfort hastes, to York his forces joins,
 When Wallace ent'ring, thunders thro' the lines :
 On Southron ranks exerts his well known might,
 And drives conspicuous thro' the bloody fight,
 Some naked, some half arm'd, a senseless throng,
 Part stuped gaz'd, part run confus'd along,
 Whilst the bold Scots distribute death around.
 Steeds, tents and squadrons, mingling on the ground,
 The awful king stern in the battle shines,
 And with his presence animates the lines.
 To arms the hardy Bruce he calls aloud,
 And twenty thousand round the hero crowd.
 Resolved no more his subjects to offend,
 The Bruce advances on his mock command
 Great as he wont before his squadrons rode,
 Awful in steel, and dreadful as a God,
 The usual fierceness kindles in his eyes,
 And o'er his face dissembled terrors rise :
 His beamy faulcheon brandishing in air,
 He seems to charge, and counterfeits the war,
 His threatening blows, if blows at all descend,
 Fall innocent, as from a father's hand,

Wallace meantime, and Lennox in their course,
 Meet in the centre, and conjoin their force,
 The warlike bands exert their utmost might,
 And unresisted, thunder thro' the fight,
 Fir'd with resentment of the former plain,
 Their country spoil'd, their brave companions slain :

Forward, united in their fury go,
 And pour swift vengeance on the guilty foe.
 Graham and the chieftains lost inspire each deed,
 And to their ghosts ten thousand victims bleed ;
 Abas'd, the Southron host for flight prepare,
 And from the field fast speeds the vulgar war.
 Only the king now long renown'd in fame,
 Combats for glory and asserts his name
 And other chiefs, in martial honours great,
 Before their monarch nobly meet their fate
 Against that king to prove his awful might ;
 The Scottish chief rode furious thro' the fight ?
 Thro' all the force of the opposing foe,
 Full at his vizor aim'd a deadly blow ;
 He miss'd the King, the standard bearer's head
 Asunder cleft the unresisted blade.
 The royal standard, shameful, prest the plain,
 Then fled, dismay'd, at once the Southron train,
 The hardy Scots their warlike steeds prepare,
 And mounting swift pursue the flying war ;
 From † Glotta's banks, to ‡ Nithia's steepy coast,
 With blood and slaughter drove the scatter'd host,
 Pierc'd with dishonest wounds three thousand lie,
 And Crawford Moor with mingled carnage die.
 With tears great Edward views the dismal scene,
 His bravest troops without § resentment slain.
 With rage and grief at once his soul oppress.
 He turn'd, and thus the valiant Bruce address :
 ' Ah, Huntington ; thou seest yon murd'ring crowd,
 With slaughter tir'd, yet still athirst for blood,
 Our friends all butcher'd, and yon bloody heath
 One heap of carnage, and a waste of death,
 Wouldst thou but turn, and stop their barb'rous might,
 By all the pow'rs : I shall confirm thy right.'
 He said, The Bruce in modest terms repli'd,
 " Annul my bond, make my engagements void :
 Then shall I turn, attack the Scottish pow'r,
 And drive their legions back to Carron's shore,"
 The royal statesman, vers'd in kingly art,
 At once perceives his alienated heart :

† Clyde river.

‡ Nithdale.

§ Resentment or revenge

Hence guards his motions, watches his designs,
 And as a prisoner at large confines.
 But now the warlike Scots approaching near,
 Fall in with shouts and thunder on the rear.
 With heavy heart the mighty Edward fled,
 Mourn'd his lost honour, and his legions dead ;
 O'er Solway's stream, home to his native shore,
 He leads the reliques of his vanquish'd pow'r.
 Full fifty thousand in that journey lost,
 With mingled corpses strew'd the Scottish coast.

Thus far the muse, in just example sings
 Of traitors, loyal chiefs, usurping kings ;
 Their deeds transmitting down to future times,
 In faithful records, and unbiass'd rhimes ;
 Of virtuous names she marks the glorious fate,
 And brands with infamy the factious great.
 Faction ; thou dire, thou legionary fiend,
 How dark thy views, how dismal is thy end ?
 What num'rous woes in thy black bosom dwell ?
 Or pride first founded and inspir'd by hell !
 By thee the gods were mix'd in dire debate,
 And daring faction shook th' immortal state !
 In bands combin'd, assail'd the sacred throne,
 Till in his might, arose th' eternal son ;
 Full in his father's strength attacks the foe,
 And hurls them, flaming, to th' abyss below ;
 Far from th' effulgence of superior light,
 'Midst liquid fire to roll, and shades of deepest night.
 Mankind, immortal, innocent, first fell
 By thee, thou darling principal of hell,
 Since uncontroll'd, thou spread'st thy boundless reign,
 Inspir'st th' ambitious, and delud'st the vain.

This Wallace found, not all his gen'rous toils,
 His glorious conquests and triumphant spoils,
 Not all his brave attempts to free the state,
 Could skreen the patriot from the jealous great ;
 Beset by malice and by fraud oppress,
 (Yet green with laurels, and with triumphs grac'd)
 The godlike leader to Edina came,
 Renounc'd his pow'r, disclaim'd a guardian's name.
 'Midst tears of loyal states resign'd his trust,
 A willing exile from his native coast.

His causeless wrongs deep in his bosom sat,
 And deeper still the ruin of the state ;
 Yet forc'd by faction, he forsakes the land,
 His friends attend him to the briny strand.
 In a lone bark they launch into the main.
 The bounding vessel ploughs the wat'ry plain,
 Aloft, inspiring gales, propitious blow,
 Obsequious rolling roars the tide below,
 Till fate from dangers of the liquid reign,
 The warlike crew the Rochel harbour gain.

Farewell, thou gen'rous man ! a long adieu
 To wretched Albion's safety, and to you,
 Who shall in arms dare to support her right ?
 What hardy chief shall lead her sons to fight ?
 Her once brave sons now terrifi'd and aw'd,
 At home by faction, and by pow'r abroad ;
 To woods and wilds, and lonely deserts go,
 Forsake her cause, nor dare to meet the foe.
 The foe again swarms on her crowded strand,
 And fresh destruction sweeps her wasted land.
 Farewell, brave injur'd man ! thou boast of fame ;
 At once thy country's glory and her shame.
 Nor shall the Muse thy farther acts explore,
 On Scotia's plains, or on the Gallic shore
 The weary muse here rests her drooping wing,
 And, conscious of thy fate, forbears to sing.
 Some other genius shall the task attend,
 And paint the villain in the perjur'd friend.
 Nor shall the Bruce's fate her notes inspire,
 Or tune to elegy the mournful lyre :
 Secret she weeps the luckless father dead,
 The scene o'erveiling with a silent shade.
 Now sits the harp to a sublimer strain,
 The godlike son, and his immortal reign.

B O O K II.

THE Southron trumpets sound the dread alarm,
 The war rekindles and the legions arm.

The younger Bruce is call'd from Gallia's shore,
 For now the hapless father was no more.
 In warlike pomp array'd, the crowded host
 Moves, sable, onward to the Scottish coast.
 As cranes, embody'd, shade th' æth'ral plains,
 Stretch'd on the wing, to shun impending rains,
 The airy host, on sounding pinions flies,
 (A living cloud) along the darken'd skies :
 So, wrapt in dust, the Southrons shape their way,
 Obscure the sun, and intercept the day.
 Great in the van the mighty monarch shone,
 And by his side in armour blaz'd the son.
 Next, mournful Bruce, before th' embattl'd crowd,
 Full of his fire, in silent grandeur rode,
 Thick swarm the hostile bands on Scotia's shore,
 And sword and fire her poor remains devour.
 To hills and dales her trembling sons retreat,
 Their homes abandon, to avoid their fate.
 Mothers and infants share one common wo,
 And, feebly flying, fall before the foe.
 From Solways's stream, to Caithness stormy strand,
 One dismal waste of ruin sweeps the land.

As when some torrent swell'd with wintry rains,
 Roll from the mountains, and o'er spreads the plains :
 The swains, and flocks o'erwhelm'd confus'dly roar,
 And woods and harvests float along the shore.

Now fraught with spoils from far * Pomona's coast,
 To Perth returns the † Trinobantian host.
 From thence to Scoon the victor takes his way,
 The sacred seat of Scotia's ancient sway ;
 Where twice ten centuries her monarchs sat,
 On seated marble, venerably great
 Imperial Scoon ; how is thy pomp defac'd
 Thy archives rifl'd, and thy glories raz'd.
 Thy sacred monuments (the prize of war),
 And spoils of ages graced th' usurper's car,
 The deeds and records of great Fergus line,
 The fatal stone torn from its hallow'd shrine ;

* The largest of the Orkney Islands.

† Trinobantes were the people of Middlesex, &c. taken here for the English in general.

The learned, and their works, in triumph borne,
Augusta's cells and libraries adorn :

This Cumming saw, and spite of jealous hate,
Mourns the wide ruin of the wasted state.

Touch'd with the woful scene, the Bruce address,
And thus, with tears, unfolds his lab'ring breast.

“ And Huntington ! how long shall rival hate
Divide our int'rest, and improve our fate ?

Thou seest our country, by her foes oppress'd,
One heap of ruin, one abandon'd waste !

Her laws and rights and liberties forlorn,
By foreign force, but more by faction torn.

Should you to me convey your right, then I
To you make o'er my lands and property.

Or if to you my little I resign,

Then your paternal heritage be mine.”

The Bruce accepts the last ; and thus agreed,

They sign and seal, and interchange the deed.

Mean time his rout against great Edward bends.

Back to Augusta, and the Bruce attends,

Wrapt in his hopes, impatient for the day

T' assert his right and vindicate his sway.

But now fell † Ate, scourge of human woes,

Dismal from depths of Tartarus arose.

Fir'd at th' agreement, the black fury fled,

And, direful hovers round the Cumming's head ;

In visionary scenes he hears her howl,

And feels th' ambitious venom in his soul ;

The sooty spectre shed a noxious steam,

And her red eye-balls flash'd a noxious gleam.

Full of the demon starting from his bed.

Disclaims his oath and the agreement made,

To Edward sends the writing seal'd and sign'd,

And shows malicious what the Bruce design'd.

Edward in council reads the hated scroll

And sudden vengeance kindles in his soul.

Straightway the noble Bruce is doom'd to bleed,

But fate forbade, and heav'n oppos'd the deed.

† Ate signifies guilt. She was the goddess of revenge, discord, ambition, passions so destructive to human kind. Any reader will easily see the *protopœia* and likewise understand the machinery.

Bright Ariel, anxious for his sacred care,
 Shoots downward in a veil of thicken'd air.
 Mix'd with th' assembly, unperceiv'd he sat.
 Directs their thoughts and guides the Brucian fate.
 In secret whispers heaven behests conveys,
 Breathes in each heart and all the council sways ;
 The sacred motion touch'd sly Pembroke's breast,
 The peer arose and thus the king address'd
 ' Sov'reign ! not Huntington alone must bleed,
 His kindred also must atone the deed ;
 Till these are seiz'd, the punishment decline,
 Then wreck your wrath on all the Brucian line.
 His brethren, allies, and his friends must fall,
 And one dire ruin overwhelm them all.
 'Tis thus you are secure,' The peers assent,
 And Edward fullen owns the sentiment,
 Nor knows the fix'd eternal voice of fate
 Had doom'd him safe, and spoke the hero great :
 For him immortal honours had decreed ;
 And endless glories shed around his head.
 Bid him through danger struggle to renown,
 And rise the theme of ages not his own,
 'Twas night, and now the great assembly rose,
 Each peer retiring to his late repose.
 Not so bright Ariel, his dear charge dismiss,
 But watchful hovers o'er Montgom'ry's breast ;
 With tenderness to Bruce his heart he fires,
 And to prevent his doom his thoughts inspires :
 Bids the soft motion in his bosom roll,
 And breathes the friend in whispers to his soul.
 Full of the visions of the night, by fear
 And love awak'd, up rose the friendly peer.
 A faithful servant soon his lord attends,
 Whom fraught with presents to the Bruce he sends ;
 No charge in words the trusty menial bore,
 But in his hand a purse of shining ore :
 Two glitt'ring spurs of silver polish'd bright,
 The certain emblems of a speedy flight.
 The charge deliver'd and the man dismiss,
 Bruce rolls the mystic message in his breast.
 By heav'n instructed, soon the meaning clears,
 Calls his attendants, and for flight prepares.

'Twas when bleak Boreas' sullen gusts arise,
 And bear the fleecy winter through the skies,
 When bellowing clouds descend in spreading snow,
 And form a thining wilderness below ;
 By night the prince two servants in his train,
 On horseback mounting scours the trackless plain ;
 But lest the foe should trace the sudden flight,
 Along th' impression on the snowy white.
 By secret hands his courfers backward shode,
 Elude the search and falsify the road
 Through dreary shades of night and tracks of snow,
 Where winds and storms, in struggling tempests blow ;
 Where hills and dales, the forest in the field,
 One tiresome, undistinguish'd prospect yield,
 Where roaring torrents roll their wat'ry sway,
 The noble Bruce pursues his restless way ;
 Till past the dangers of the hostile plain,
 And the bleak horrors of the wintry reign,
 * Lochmabane's gates a safe retreat afford,
 Unfold obsequious, and receive their Lord.
 By two attendants led, the royal guest,
 His great ancestors ancient payment prest :
 There found his brother, and Kilpatrick wight,
 Fleming and Lindsay, and the † Reaver knight.
 His eyes with wonder, and confusion mix'd,
 On the brave stranger royal Edward fix'd.
 He gaz'd astonish'd ! then his brother knew,
 And wing'd with joy, to his embraces flew,
 Each chief salutes his sov'reign in his turn,
 And all their hearts with mutual transports burn.
 The menials next with victuals load the board,
 And chiefs attending entertain their Lord.
 His hunger soon allay'd, the royal guest
 (As men of war are us'd with short repast)
 Began his late adventures to relate,
 And runs the series of his former fate ;
 Till sleep approaching all the chiefs arose
 To guard their sov'reign to his soft repose.

† Lochmabane belonged heritably to Bruce's family, as they were Lords of Annandale

‡ The Red Reaver, alias Thomas of Chartres, or Longoville, Wallace took at sea.

Now ope's the wint'ry dawn, and Cynthia's ray
 Shoots a dim twilight through the lowering day,
 When loyal friends in bonds a courier bring
 Fraught with dispatches to the Southron king.
 By Cumming sent. The hardy Edward rose,
 And to the king's apartment softly goes.
 He found the monarch starting from his bed,
 And to his presence soon the captive led.
 The man at once produc'd the traitor's writ :
 The monarch read and shudder'd at the sight.
 He views and wonders at the black design,
 His eyes, indignant, rolling o'er each line.
 The purport bore.—To haste the Bruce's fate ;
 For kings should dread the pop'lar and the great.
 Fir'd with revenge, his courser quick he calls,
 And furious leaves Lochmabane's ancient walls.
 His friends all ready now, their steeds bestrode,
 And swiftly follow through the marshy road.
 Straight to Dumfries advances all the train,
 And find the Cumming in the sacred fane.
 Rage and swift vengeance rolling in his breast,
 Bruce furious enter'd, and the man address'd,
 ' Villain ! (mean time he shews the trait'rous scroll,)
 Read this and learn to hate thy perjur'd soul.'
 Nor more—but pull'd a poinard from its sheath,
 And in his heart deep drove the shining death ;
 Lord Cumming falls, a tide of crimson gore
 Bursts from the wound, and stains the hallow'd floor.
 His cousin Edward, hastening to his aid,
 Prone at his side by Lindsay's hands is laid ;
 This done, the Bruce attended by his train,
 Swift to Lochmabane measures back the plain,
 Thence round his royal manifesto sends,
 To warn his subjects, and invite his friends :
 High rais'd, in gold, the glitt'ring lions glare,
 And round the standard crowds the loyal war.
 The king appears, his noble mein imparts,
 Love to their souls, and courage to their hearts.
 They view their prince, in arms a glorious name ;
 And ev'ry breast beats high with future fame.
 The monarch mounting, foremost trac'd the plain,
 Glitter the royal squadrons in his train.

Straight to imperial Scoon they bend their way,
 The sacred seat of Fergus ancient sway :
 When o'er the lawns, as Bruce directs his fight,
 A warlike courser bore a sable knight ;
 His clouded mail a dusky horror shed,
 A bloody plume blaz'd nodding o'er his head.

As from some nightly clouds' impregnant womb
 The sudden light'ning glares along the gloom :
 High on his helm so wav'd the blazy stream,
 And o'er his armour cast a double gleam.

In his strong hand a lance he rais'd on high,
 And a broad faulcheon glitter'd at his thigh,
 Soon as the Bruce the warlike knight beheld,
 Foremost he speeds his courser o'er the field ;
 His beamy spear advancing in his rest
 Aloud he calls, and thus the man address'd,
 ' Whoe'er thou art in arms that tread'st the plain,
 Disclose thy purpose, thy designs explain.
 Whether a stranger from some foreign soil,
 Thou com'st to view old Caledonia's toil,
 By heav'n directed from a distant shore,
 To join her loyal sons, and aid her righteous war :
 Or if thou com'st her freedom to oppose,
 Obstruct our right, and to assist our foes ;
 Whoe'er thou art, obscure, or known to fame,
 Show thine intentions, and unfold thy name.'

Thus spoke the king, and now the warrior band
 Approaching, round the gallant stranger stand,
 The courteous knight a low-obeissance made,
 And thus to royal Bruce submissive said.

' From foreign climes, and distant tracts of earth,
 I sought the soil where nature gave me birth ;
 Long since inform'd of my dear country's woes,
 By some bred faction torn, and foreign foes.
 Arriv'd, with tears I view'd her wasted shore,
 Horrid with slaughter and deform'd with gore.
 One face of ruin direful spread each plain,
 Her towns in ashes, and her heroes slain.
 I found my much lov'd fire a captive led,
 In fetters pin'd and in a dungeon dead ;
 Myself bereft of all his wide domains,
 Where now, the haughty Clifford proudly reigns :

Mine Eme addrest th' usurper to regain
 My right paternal, but addrest in vain ;
 The suit preferr'd, the tyrant rose in ire,
 And proudly check'd the venerable fire.
 Rejected with disdain and dispossess,
 What grief and rage indignant tore my breast ?
 Full of my country's wrongs mine own disgrace,
 I vow'd revenge on all the Southron race.
 Just as the motion in my bosom roll'd,
 A loyal friend in joyful whispers told,
 The noble Bruce escap'd pursu'd his way,
 T' assert his title to the Scottish sway.
 Rous'd with the thought, I arm, and soon prepare,
 To join my prince, and aid the loyal war.
 If thou'rt that Bruce, and those thy martial bands,
 A faithful subject waits thy just commands.
 A stranger I, a youth unknown to fame,
 But loyal Douglas was my father's name.

The Bruce well knowing what the fire had done,
 Flew to the embraces of the gallant son.
 Close in his arms the godlike man he prest,
 And all the train salute the noble guest
 Thence to imperial Scoon they bend their way,
 The far fam'd seat of Albion's ancient sway.
 Arriv'd, they enter, guards surrounding wait,
 Whilst Bruce is seated on a throne of state,
 Then from the altar of the hallow'd fane,
 The sacred officers the rites began
 The regal oil, first plac'd by pious hands,
 In holy vases on the altar stands ;
 The tuneful choir their solemn voices raise,
 And heav'n resounds the consecrated lays.
 The royal fragrance on his head they pour,
 In od'rous drops descends the hallow'd show'r.
 Of gold and jewels next th' imperial crown,
 (A dazzling radiance !) round his temples shone ;
 Mean while the chiefs, and the attending train,
 Intently gazing on the awful scene,
 With wonder saw a flame, innoxious, spread
 It's lamentable glories round the monarch's head ?
 Amaz'd, beheld unusual splendours rite ;
 Play o'er his face, and sparkle in his eyes.

Again the choir their notes in concert join,
 Warbles the heav'nly anthem thro' the shrine,
 The crowd in peals of loud applauses rise,
 And catch'd from vault to vault the echoing noise
 Rolls thro' the dome, and rattles in the skies.

The rites perform'd. attended by his train,
 The sacred monarch leaves the hallow'd fane.
 To rooms of state ascends the royal guest,
 Where boards stood loaded with a rich repast.
 Gay sparkling bowls the various banquet cheer.
 And music's charms again suspend the ear,
 The royal repast done. succeeds the ball,
 And Caledonia's beauties grace the hall ;
 In rich attire attend their gen'rous prince,
 And in bright measures lead the num'rous dance,
 Now night, once more, the boards with goblets crown'd ;
 Long live the King, in ev'ry glass goes round ;
 Round from repeated bowls rich nectar flows,
 Till drowsy slumbers summon to repose.

The rising beams glow on the verge of day,
 And o'er old ocean's heaving bosom play.
 The noble Bruce imperial Scoon forsakes,
 To Bertha's tow'rs a royal journey takes.
 With him fierce Edward issues to the plain,
 Lennox the bold and Athole's hardy thane.
 Randolf and Hay, two thunderbolts of war ;
 Seton and Boyd to guard their prince prepare.
 The daring Somerville in armour shines,
 And hardy Frazer his battalion joins :
 Inchmartin, Barclay on the field appear,
 And doughty Douglas glitter'd in the rear.
 Five hundred spears advance in bright array,
 Gleam o'er the lawns, and doubly gild the day.
 In Bertha's tow'rs the crafty Pembroke stay'd,
 And twice ten hundred his command obey'd.
 Before the town, then girt with walls around,
 The King approaching mark'd the proper ground.
 Near to the works encamp'd the squadrons lay,
 Commission'd thence two trumpets take their way ;
 Straight to the gates the martial heralds came,
 Requir'd the place in good King Robert's name ;
 Summon'd the haughty Pembroke soon to yield,
 Or bravely meet their master in the field.

The chief, indignant, hears the bold alarm,
 Deigns no reply, but bids the legions arm ;
 Throughout the troops the leader's orders run,
 And quick in arms the warlike Southron shone.
 Back to the camp the heralds soon repair,
 And bid their monarch for the fight prepare.
 The Scots hear from the walls the loud alarms,
 The echoing trumpets, and the din of arms.
 Repairs each leader to his fix'd command,
 And ranged in firm array the legions stand.
 The King on horseback views th' embattled lines,
 Then dauntless at their head in armour shines.
 Ready to sally, now, the Southron train,
 The gates unfolding, hasten to the plain :
 When lo ! a chief before the ranks appears,
 Grave were his looks and rev'rend were his years ;
 In every martial art precisely skill'd,
 Deep at the board, and daring in the field !
 Sir Ingram Omphraville, well known to fame,
 In peace and war a venerable name,
 The issuing troops his awful presence stay'd,
 And thus the chief to haughty Pembroke said.
 " High from the walls I view'd yon level strand,
 Where Scots array'd in firm battalia stand,
 Compar'd to us, a small, but dauntless train,
 Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the plain ;
 Their country's love a gen'rous warmth imparts,
 Arms their intrepid hands, and steels their heart.
 See ! round the ranks great Bruce exerts his care,
 Cheers ev'ry bosom, and inflames the war ;
 Full of his fire ! his fire well known of old,
 In council subtle and in action bold,
 These other chiefs oft have I seen before
 Thunder thro' death, and sweep the bloody shore.
 Glory and liberty their bosoms fill.
 And ev'ry captain boasts a gen'ral's skill,
 Greater our numbers, but yon hardy train,
 Long us'd to war, are matchless on a plain.
 Therefore, my Lord, the doubtful field delay,
 And promise battle the succeeding day,
 Cautious, meantime, surprise the Scots by flight,
 Secure and guardless midst the shades of night."

Assents the leader ; and the troops recalls ;
 Sudden proclaims a trumpet from the walls,
 This night each army to their rest repair,
 And let to-morrow's sun decide the war.
 He said. The Scots, part on the field abode,
 And part to Methven's neigh'ring forest rode.
 In soft repose to lull each anxious care,
 Thoughtless of danger, undisturb'd by fear.

Now Cynthia, silent, shades a silver light ;
 Gilds the blue expanse, and adorns the night,
 The planets round in various orbits roll,
 Glows with unnumber'd fires the spangled pole ;
 A solemn horror settles on the woods,
 And deeper roll the murmurs of the floods
 Late to their rest retire the lab'ring swains,
 And silence o'er the face of nature reigns.
 'Twas now the Southron chiefs for fight prepare,
 And from the walls lead forth th' embattl'd war,
 The wavy lances shoot a beamy light,
 And doubly gild the glories of the night.
 To Methven where the Scots securely lay,
 The brasty leaders shape their silent way,
 Swift as they march'd, by chance a watchful knight,
 Descries the squadrons thro' the gleamy night.
 Sudden he hastes to rouse the slumb'ring crowd,
 By that sly Omphraville attacks the wood,
 The hardy king had scarce his banner cri'd,
 When Pembroke thunder'd at the forest side,
 The narrow forest no defence could yield,
 Then rush'd the daring monarch to the field :
 The Scottish chiefs to guard the standard ran,
 Furious commenc'd the combat on the plain.
 Together fast the battle grimly goes,
 Loud to the skies the thick'ning clamours rose.
 From forged steel thick flash'd the streamy light,
 Mix'd with the air, and blaz'd along the night,
 The doughty King aloud his banner cries,
 And furious 'midst the thickest squadrons flies.
 His burnish'd brand was heavy, sharp and long :
 With ireful force he hew'd amidst the throng,
 Thro' shining armour burst the crimson gore,
 And a red deluge floats along the shore.

The chiefs advance their sovereign to sustain,
 And haughty Pembroke meets the loyal train.
 Fierce with a shout the hosts together bound,
 Trembles the forest, and the skies resound.
 A waste of ruin round the field is spread,
 And heaps on heaps lie roll'd the mangled dead.
 The noble King exerts his awful might,
 And Edward's fury flam'd amidst the fight,
 There Sommerville dealt round his deadly blows,
 And doughty Douglas thunder'd on his foes.
 Bold Lennox here, there Athole's hardy band
 Pour on the front, and sweep the dreadful strand,
 Pembroke with grief their awful force beheld,
 His troops all broke and reeling in the field;
 Unable to sustain their martial fire,
 Dismay'd he stood, and ready to retire;
 When Omphraville the Scottish commons won,
 And Moubray on the rear a charge begun.
 This Pembroke saw, and soon his pow'r recalls,
 And with fresh vigour in the front assails,
 The Scots o'erpower'd, and on the point to yield,
 With rage and grief the glorious King beheld.
 Aloud his royal banner calls again,
 And fiercely rushes on th' opposing train.
 Through all the ranks he scatters death around,
 Red roll the crimson torrents o'er the ground.
 To save his friends, and to secure the state,
 What wonders wrought he in the dire debate!
 But vain the thought, thus singly to sustain
 The war's whole tide and fury of the plain.
 Urg'd in the front, encompass'd on the rear,
 His fainting squadrons all for flight prepare.
 Their foes no longer able to withstand,
 Diverse they fled, and left the bloody strand
 Randolf and Sommerville proud Pembroke bore,
 Inchmartin, Barclay, captives from the shore.
 And Frazer long for martial deeds renown'd,
 And other chiefs the Southron triumph crown'd,
 The hardy Moubray rushing o'er the strand,
 Had seiz'd the Bruce's bridle in his hand,
 Loud to the legions the bold warrior cries,
Haste to my aid, mine is the royal prize.

But daring Seton sees the captive prince,
 And sudden, rushes to his Lord's defence ;
 High in his right, he bore a flaming brand,
 On Moubray's helm the thick'ning blows descend ;
 'Till bent beneath his force, he quits the rein,
 And reels and staggers stunn'd along the plain,
 The king thus rescu'd from the battle fled,
 And Southron chiefs to Perth their captives led.
 Dispatch'd, a courier speeds o'er Solway's shore,
 And Pembroke's letter to great Edward bore,
 Joyful he reads the action on the plain,
 The Bruce's rout, the captives and the slain ;
 Each pris'ner soon a barb'rous death enjoins,
 But the wise leader baulks his Lord's designs.
 His crafty speeches their intentions tri'd,
 And bounty fix'd them to the hostile side ;
 Their lives he granted, liberty restor'd,
 And ev'n † young Randolph own'd a Southron lord.
 The commons all a joint obedience yield,
 Dismay'd and routed in the bloody field,
 Forsake their homage since the fatal strife,
 And meanly barter liberty for life.
 The noble monarch thus by fraud o'erthrown,
 His hopes near ruin'd, and his succours gone,
 To mountains, wilds, and deserts now repairs,
 To shun the danger of surrounding wars.
 Edward attends him on his lonely way,
 Athole, and Douglas, and the loyal Hay,
 Campbell and Halliburton with him ride,
 Names all devoted to the righteous side,
 'A three hundred peasants gath'ring to their lord,
 A weak but voluntary aid afford.
 'Midst barren rocks, and unfrequented ways,
 The royal Outlaw spends his irksome days,
 Wild roots his hunger, and his thirst allay'd,
 The friendly stream that through the valley stray'd,
 Green moss by night affords his homely bed,

† Thomas Randolph was the king's nephew by his sister, who being made prisoner here, and despairing of his uncle's affairs, went secretly into the English interest. Being sometime after retaken by James Douglas, restored to the king's favour, and created Earl of Moray, he proved one of the greatest commanders of his time.

'Midst the dark forest's hospitable shade,
 Thus lonely wander'd overset with pow'rs,
 The royal exile on his native shore,
 'Till pinch'd with cold and want, the feeble train,
 Their toils no longer able to sustain :
 Where fair Devana's friendly fortress lay,
 Through roads uncouth direct their secret way ;
 Thither the queen and beauteous ladies came,
 Brave Neil attending on the royal dame.

† Devana ! boasted seat of arts divine
 Renown'd by Phœbus, and the sacred nine !
 With all th' immortal stores of science grac'd,
 The spoils of Rome, and trophies of the east ;
 Since driv'n by barb'rous bands th' harmonious maids,
 From Thespian bow'rs, and from the Latin shades,
 By Phœbus' care conducted o'er the main,
 Of old arriv'd on the † Tæzalian plain ;
 Near where the Don, fam'd for her scaly brood,
 Her tide disgorges in the Grampian flood,
 A fabric stands, whose gilded tow'rs on high
 Rear'd into diadems, invade the sky,
 Here meets th' § Albanian prince the tuneful choir,
 And hails the patron of the tuneful lyre ;
 Conducts the muses to the gay retreat,
 Assigns their mansion, and confirms their seat.

O much lov'd seat ! nurse of my tender days,
 Accept this humble tribute of my lays ;
 So may each art and science grace thy halls,
 And wealth and splendour still adorn thy walls ;
 May ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace be thine,
 As love and gratitude shall still be mine.
 The duteous sons shall sing thy glorious round,
 And Dona's banks repeat the pleasing sound :
 To ev'ry lyre the rural pow'rs shall crowd,
 The sylvan gods and naiads of the flood.
 With raptures list'ning to the song divine,
 Inspir'd by Phœbus and the sacred nine.

† New Aberdeen, situated towards the mouth of the river Don. About a mile from thence, northward, lies Old Aberdeen near the mouth of the river Don : where stands a famous university, founded by James IV. King of Scots.

‡ The people of Mar, Buctan, and all about Aberdeen.

§ The foresaid James IV.

Let Helicon his fountain boast no more,
 Nor Tyber glory in his vocal shore ;
 Ye Greek and Latin springs resign your fame,
 Now lost in Dona's consecrated stream

Within the neighb'ring walls the monarch lay,
 Liv'd on delight, and lov'd the hours away.
 The other chiefs, amidst their comforts charms,
 Forget their toils and lull the din of arms.
 Short their delights. From all th' adjacent lands,
 And neighb'ring strengths, arose the Southron bands.
 Assemble to the war the gath'ring pow'rs,
 And join and thicken to Devana's tow'rs.
 The king appriz'd, nor able to sustain
 Th' unequal force, withdraws his little train.
 From Deva's shores to Avon's spacious source,
 The royal bands remensurate their course.
 There rode the queen, and all the lovely fair,
 'Midst barren climes expos'd to bleaky air.
 Near where * M'Dougal held his savage sway
 The monarch with his thin battalions lay ;
 M'Dougal nephew to the Cumming slain,
 Fir'd with revenge, advances to the plain.
 A thousand shields approaching to the fight,
 Dart from their bossy orbs a glimm'ring light.
 The hardy king near to a forest stands.
 And to array calls forth his faithful bands ;
 Three hundred lances glitter in the air,
 Move into ranks, and wait the barb'rous war.
 Swift as their native Does, the hostile train
 Arm'd with fell axes, bounding to the plain,
 By fierce M'Dougal violently led,
 On Bruce's host a furious onset made.
 Ye gods ! how dire, how dreadful was the fray ?
 How fierce the charge, how obstinate the day ?
 The bold M'Dougal's troops, a barb'rous crowd,
 Inur'd to rapine, and bred up to blood ;

* M'Dougal of Lorn was sister's son to Cumming, whom Bruce had slain ; and, as was natural, resented his uncle's death, whilst perhaps he did not know who had the just title to the crown. His honourable and loyal descendants will pardon the author's being oblig'd to follow the course of history, and to treat him here as a rebel.

Like wolves untam'd, or like the mountain boar, }
 Their fury on the royal squadrons pour,
 And with fell axes mow the bloody shore.
 'Twas here the noble king was hard essay'd,
 At once his courage, force and conduct try'd,
 He mark'd the fury of the barb'rous host,
 And saw his friends bestrew the sanguine coast :
 With grief beheld the havock of the day.
 Ev'n Douglas bleeding, and the gallant Hay.
 He felt his soul pierc'd with the tender sight,
 And call'd forth all the wonders of his might.
 Awful in ire, his banner cry'd aloud,
 And rush'd resistless on the savage crowd,
 Thro' the crush'd war with dreadful force he broke,
 Trembl'd the nodding forest at the shock,
 As when some furious whirlwind sweeps the plain,
 Sounds thro' the skies, and settles on the main ;
 Mix'd in black tempests rising billows roll,
 Roars the vex'd ocean, and resounds the pole.
 Thus far'd the monarch 'midst the adverse band,
 Thus burn'd the thick'ning combat on the strand.
 The barb'rous foe, stopt in their bloody course,
 Stood still, and gaz'd astonish'd at his force.
 While pour'd in torrents roll the savage gore,
 And ten score axes strew the crimson shore ;
 Ev'n fierce M'Dougal dreads the monarch's might,
 Yet fir'd with rage still animates the fight.
 Meantime the queen, and all the lovely crowd,
 From the thick covert of the shady wood,
 Viewing the fury of each adverse train,
 And all the various terrors of the plain,
 Amaz'd and trembling at the face of war,
 Thus to the heav'ns their ardent vows prefer,
 Thou ! at whose voice divine the thunders roll,
 And shake the solid basis of the pole,
 Whose dreadful nod ev'n gods and men obey,
 Thou sole, thou sacred rector of the sky !
 To our joint vows thine ear propitious bend,
 And thine anointed from his foes defend ;
 Bear him, thou mighty arbiter of fate,
 Far from the fury of the dire debate ;
 Or crush the hostile war, and drive yon band,

Dismay'd and wither'd, from the bloody strand :
 The monarch's labours crown, reward his toils,
 And bid him triumph in the rebel spoils,
 They said, and heaven assents to half the pray'r,
 The half rejects and mingles with the air.

Just as the foe again for fight prepare,
 Range in fierce ranks, and recommence the war,
 The king with wisdom as with valour grac'd,
 His bands assembling, thus the chiefs address.

“ You see, yon bloody rebel animates his train,
 His squadron rallies, and renews the plain,
 Num'rous their troops, and well with weapons stor'd,
 A brutal people with a savage lord,
 Stock'd with provisions in their native soil,
 We pinch'd with famine, and fatigu'd with toil ;
 Suffice it, then, we once have check'd their course,
 Their fury blunted, and repell'd their force,
 Nor let us further tempt our doubtful fate,
 But save our friends and cautiously retreat.
 Renown'd the chiefs, whose souls undaunted dare
 Face the stern day and meet the front of war.
 Can slaughter in each hideous form disdain,
 Thunder thro' fate, and sweep the ghastly plain ?
 The Hero lives exalted into fame,
 Nor less the glory of that leader's name,
 Who prest with odds, can check his martial fire,
 Elude the foe, and cautiously retire.

Thus spoke the king : and soon in just array,
 Retreat the legions from th' unequal day,
 The hostile squadrons for the chace prepare,
 But the bold monarch sternly guards the rear.
 Douglas and Hay, and all the chieftains stand
 In arms an iron bulwark ! on the strand,
 Till by degrees retiring from the field,
 The loyal troops had gain'd the woody bield,
 His hopes all blasted, and his purpose cross'd,
 To Lorn M'Dougal reconducts his host.

Thus to the wood the king and chiefs repair,
 Safe from the noise and danger of the war.
 There found the queen, and all the charming train,
 And in their lovely arms forget their pain,
 By their soft hands each scar and bleeding wound.

With studious care, is tented, bath'd and bound,
 Not Phœbus self, God of the healing art,
 Could half so swift, so sov'reign ease impart.
 Her dittany no longer Crete shall boast,
 No more Arabia vaunt her balmy coast,
 The fair physicians speedier aid afford,
 Their touch was med'cine, and their lips restor'd.
 The weary chiefs, secure from dire alarms,
 Feed on their eyes, and live upon their charms ;
 In pleasing dialogue consume the light,
 And melt in softer extacies the night.

Now late in ocean bath'd th' autumnal star
 Rears his red orb, and shoots a keener glare,
 Around, his breath in sultry vapours flies,
 Glows the parch'd earth, and flame the middle skies.
 Long had the host consum'd their irksome time
 'Midst barb'rous foes, and in a horrid clime.
 By hunger driv'n, pursu'd the hunters toil,
 O'er craggy cliffs, and through a desert soil;
 Spoil'd all the forests of their savage game,
 Ran sack'd each den, and pillag'd ev'ry stream.
 Now spent with labour much, with famine more,
 At last prepare to quit the rugged shore.
 'Bove all, the royal dame, and beauteous train,
 Strange to the hardships of a rough campaign ;
 By hunger pinch'd, and round with foes beset.
 Resolv'd to flee and tempt their future fate,
 The king and chiefs their comforts sorrows shar'd ,
 Mourn'd their declining strength, and charms impair'd ;
 With boding hearts the lovely fair embrac'd,
 And bath'd in tears, the sad departure haste.
 The noble * Neil and Athole's loyal thane,
 Direct the way, and guidé the lovely train.

On Dona's fertile banks a fortress stood,
 Stupendous pile ! the labour of some god.
 Held by the father of the royal dame,
 Impregnable ; Kildrummy is its name.
 Thither the watchful chiefs with loyal care,
 Thro' wilds, and paths unknown conduct the fair.
 There at their ease the tender beauties rest,
 But still the monarch labours in their breast.

* Neil Bruce; the king's brother, taken afterwards by the Engl
 and put to death at Kildrummy.

The monarch : who, meantime, thro' hills and dales,
 'Midst barren rocks and solitary vales,
 With fates adverse, with cold and famine's pains,
 Superior strives, and heav'n his soul sustains.

How deep the counsels of th' eternal mind ;
 Man's thoughts how stinted, and his views how blind ?
 Far in the womb of causes, fix'd on high,
 Events in regular confusion lie ;
 Till heaven shall by degrees each link unloose,
 And step by step our future fate disclose ;
 Not man, but angels, shall explore in vain,
 The winding order of the mystic chain,
 Mortals, obedient to th' eternal nod,
 Must hope, and suffer, and attend their God.

Thus long the monarch struggl'd with his fate,
 Glorious in patience, and resign'dly great ;
 Means and events he weigh'd with proper care,
 In counsel wise and terrible in war ;
 Through ev'ry scene in ev'ry act sedate,
 Bold to attack, and cautious to retreat :
 No toil refusing for the state's defence,
 A loving father and a gen'rous prince.

Thus long, illustrious, in distress he lay,
 And spent in mountain wastes his tedious hours away :
 Nor durst, sore pinch'd with want the loyal pow'r
 Forfake the heights, or tempt the champaign shore.
 Now autumn past, approach'd the wint'ry sway,
 And night's black shades usurp'd upon the day ;
 The gath'ring clouds descending from on high,
 Lowr fraught with storms, and threaten in the sky.
 'The north's chill breath comes keener o'er the plain,
 And sharper thrilling, scuds the thicken'd rain.
 The noble Bruce unable now to bear,
 Amidst a desert clime, th' inclement year ;
 His legions warns, resolving to retreat,
 And in Cantyre to tempt his future fate.
 Meanwhile, before the gen'rous Campbell sends,
 To view the country, and apprise his friends,
 Then to Lochilowmond march the loyal band,
 And find a crazy birlin on the strand.
 They launch the boat, and pair by pair the host,
 In twice twelve hours attain the farther coast.

The hungry legions scour the desert lawns,
 Beat round the woods, and rouse the nimble fawns.
 Bold Lennox hears, amaz'd the mingl'd sounds
 Of cheering horns about, and op'ning hounds.
 Lennox, who here, since Methven's fatal strife,
 On roots and savage game sustain'd his life.
 He knew the King, and warn'd his little pow'r,
 And, joyful met him near the briny shore ;
 At once the monarch and the chiefs drew near,
 And courteous, hail, and hug the royal peer.
 The loyal peer supplies the host with food,
 The mountain goats and product of the wood.
 Of toils and dangers past the various tale
 Mutual diverts, and cheers the welcome meal.
 The repast ended, rose the royal train,
 And hasted to the margin of the main.
 By this had faithful Campbell gain'd the land,
 And ships, with victuals fraught, obscur'd the strand.
 The joyful host soon launch into the deep,
 And lab'ring oars the foamy billows sweep.
 † Th' Hebridian chief, who stretch'd his ample reign,
 ‡ Wide o'er the daughters of the Western main.
 The monarch welcomes to the friendly coast,
 And gen'rous entertains the loyal host.
 Three days they rested, and then put to sea,
 And to * Raclinda plough'd the liquid way :
 Raclinda's boons their ready aid afford,
 Receive with joy, and own their righteous lord ;
 Gladly supply the troops with needful store,
 A friendly race, an hospitable shore.
 Thro' the bleak season here the monarch stay'd,
 Obscure, and fame around proclaim'd him dead,
 Meanwhile his foes assemble all their bands,
 Harass his kindred, and ransack their lands,
 No diff'rence put 'twixt sacred and prophane,
 And ev'n the hallow'd mitre pled in vain,
 § Glasgow's old loyal, venerable sire,

† Æneas or Angus, lord of the western islands.

‡ A poetical way of expressing those islands scattered up and down through the Caledonian sea.

† Rauchrine or Rauchline one of the said islands.

§ The Bishop of Glasgow (our author does not mention his name) imprisoned and put to death by the Cumminian faction.

In bonds and dungeons felt the factions ire.
 * The noble Seton, ever dear to fame,
 A godlike patriot, and a spotless name,
 By factious treason in Lochdown betray'd,
 And to † Augusta's hostile tow'rs convey'd ;
 For Scotia's sake resign'd his gallant breath,
 Great in his life, and glorious in his death.
 Seton! thou brave, thou ever loyal name,
 How the muse warms with the exalted theme.
 Let Rome, no more her fam'd preservers boast,
 Camillus, Curii, and the Fabian host,
 Old Albion in her Setons vaunts her odds,
 A race of Heroes rising into gods.
 The royal dame, beset with trait'rous pow'r,
 Forsakes Kildrummy, and the faithless shore.
 Northward she fled, but Roffia's rebel thane,
 Betray'd ungen'rous the female train,
 Convey'd them captive to Augusta's tow'rs,
 To waste confin'd, their melancholy hours.

To assail. Kildrummy, Southrons next prepare,
 And young Caernarvon heads the num'rous war.
 Great Gloucester, the youthful leader, joins,
 And 'midst his squadrons hardy Hertford shines.
 In broad array the legions sweep along,
 And round the walls dispose the warlike throng
 Each gate young Edward views, each pass secures,
 And storms of batt'ries rattle on the tow'rs :
 But gallant Neil, and Athole's hardy thane,
 Repel the fury of the hostile train.
 In vain an iron tempest round them flies,
 And shocks of engines thunder through the skies.
 Their noble breasts no sense of danger palls,
 Each soul undaunted, as unmov'd the walls.
 Tir'd with the fruitless task, the impatient prince
 His fire admonish'd of the bold defence,
 The haughty fire soon arms his awful pow'r,
 And onward speeds to Solway's sandy shore.
 Fond man ! Unconscious of thy mortal date ?
 How blind to that last swift approach of fate ?
 In vain thou see'st thy steely legions glare,
 And triumph'st in the pomp of impious war,
 In thy fond heart proud conquest vainly reigns,

* Sir Christopher Seton, the noble ancestor of the Earl of Winton.
 † London.

And lust of lawless pow'r thy bosom stains.
 In vain oppressive sway thy breast inspires :
 Behold the period of thy vast desires !
 Sudden thou feel'st thy latest minutes roll,
 † And in a paucity but expires thy soul.
 Pride and ambition hand thee down to fame,
 And tyranny sits black upon thy name.
 Not so when once, 'gainst unbelieving foes,
 Flam'd thy dread falchion in the sacred cause ;
 When Antioch saw thee thunder on the shore,
 And Syrian streams run red with Pagan gore.
 'Twas then bright trophies to thy name arose,
 And bays unfading grac'd thy awful brows.
 Now lawless might and fraud the scene o'ercast,
 Wither thy laurels, and thy triumphs blast ;
 Now, unlamented, thou resign'st thy breath,
 The hate of life and ridicule of death.

Meanwhile the Scots maintain Kildrummy's tow'rs,
 And darts and jav'lins mix in iron show'rs.
 High in their glitt'ring arms the chiefs appear,
 And from the walls annoy the hostile war.
 Impregnable the mighty fortress stands,
 And braves the force of all the Southron bands.
 Vex'd at the vain attack, the prince recalls
 His troops, just ready to forsake the walls ;
 When suddenly a mighty flame he spies
 Burst from the roof, and crackle in the skies.
 Accurst contrivance ! a perfidious Scot
 Had in a secret tow'r the treason wrought.
 At this, the prince again his squadron forms,
 And with fresh force the flaming fortress storms.
 Betray'd the brave defendants, and amaz'd,
 With tears upon the spreading mischief gaz'd,
 No longer equal to the dire dispute,
 Affail'd by fire within, by foes without :
 Their hopes extinguish'd, the provisions lost,
 On terms surrender to the Southron host.
 But haughty Edward, who no terms observ'd,
 Some hang'd, some quarter'd, some in prison starv'd,

† Edward I. died suddenly in this expedition to Scotland, at a cottage
 in a place called Burgh upon the Sands.

The chiefs, brave Neil and Athole long renown'd,
Their fate amidst a thousand torments found.

And now Caernarvon and his bands retire,
To pay the last sad duties to his fire.
The court expecting on the border-strand,
Welcome the monarch to his native land
Peers, prelates, generals, knights, a splendid train,
Sumptuous attend, and aid the solemn scene ;
To Westminster in sable pomp proceed,
Yawn the deep marble, and receives the dead ;
The fire's last rites perform'd, his royal son,
The young Caernarvon mounts the Southron throne.

Meantime brave Bruce on Rauchlin's rugged shores,
Patient consumes the winter's bleak hours,
Not knowing ought of the lowland's state,
His captive queen, and mighty Edward's fate.
Nor fame had yet o'er these wild mountains spread,
Kildrummy sack'd, and his lov'd brother dead.
Unknowing and unknown, his days he past,
Far on a horrid, unregarded coast.

But Douglas weary of the dull delay,
The vain spent night, and the inactive day,
The martial youth aspiring now to fame,
To prove his worth, and to assert his name :
Could brook no longer this inglorious rest,
And thus, impatient, the bold Boyd address,

‘ How long, my friend, thus idly shall we mourn
Our fortunes ruin'd, and the state undone ?
How long shall Albion's unrelenting foes,
Feed on her spoils, and triumph in her woes,
While thus her cause her sons like cowards yield,
Nor dare assert her in the gen'rous field ?
Forbid it heaven ! nor let the Douglas fame
Sink in a dastard son's inglorious name.
No ; like my fires, I'll seek the dire debate,
Meet the brave day, and court the face of fate,
Henceforth this anxious soul shall know no rest,
No ease these limbs, no peace this lab'ring breast,
Till Albion, free from force of foreign bands,
And from her impious sons more barb'rous hands,
Shall in her pomp of ancient splendour rise,
Her glory fill the earth and reach the distant skies,

Till Bruce, succeeding to his right divine,
 Shall add new lustre to great Fergus' line.
 He said. And Boyd assented as he spoke,
 And of the king a sudden leave they took.

Swift from the rough Raclinda's steepy bay,
 Launch the bold chiefs, and sweep the wat'ry way,
 Fly o'er the whit'ning surface of the main,
 And land on Arran's coast their little train,
 Long had the isle obey'd the Southron power
 And Hastings govern'd on the rocky shore.
 In Brodwick fortress lay the hostile band,
 When Boyd, and Douglas gain'd the barren strand,
 The Scots withdrew, and in close ambush lay,
 Far in a thicket on a scroggy bay.
 Just as the deputy the galleys brought
 With arms and with provisions richly fraught,
 The mariners their vessels quickly moor,
 As quick the Scottish chiefs array their pow'r,
 The servants led the victuals from the main,
 Mov'd the stuff'd waggons o'er the beachy plain;
 When all amaz'd, the Caravan beheld
 The hardy Scots in order take the field.

As when some lion couching on the lawn,
 Views from the rocky cliff the sportive fawn,
 The lordly savage shoots along the way,
 Bounds from the steep, and tears his trembling prey;
 Then Douglas furious, rush'd amidst the foe,
 And twenty deaths the sea beat level strow:
 The artful Boyd his needless aid restrain'd,
 But spoil'd th' attendants, and the victuals gain'd,
 By this bold Hastings hears the warlike noise,
 And ireful to his friends' assistance flies.
 The doughty Douglas spies th' approaching band,
 And sudden hastes to meet them near the briny strand.
 But when the haughty Southron chief beheld
 The daring foe thus dauntless take the field,
 Superior yet he dreads the Douglas might,
 And back to Brodwick wings his coward flight.
 Brave Douglas to the walls pursues in vain
 Strong was the fort and few the Scottish train.
 The chief returning finds the hostile store,
 And faithful Boyd attending on the shore:

Then in the covert of a shady wood,
The Scots themselves and all the prey bestow'd.

Ten days were past, when Bruce embarks his host,
And swiftly launches from Raelinda's coast,
Furnish'd with needful stores, the royal train
In thirty galleys plow the wat'ry plain :
On Arran's rocky isle, direct they bore,
And gales propitious waft them to the shore.
There rose a hamlet on a rugged bay ;
Thither the king and chieftains bent their way ;
Enter'd a paultry inn, and quick demand
What strangers late had trod the barren strand ;
Up rose a female, and the monarch led
Where Boyd and Douglas held the forest shade.
Then Bruce his horn inspires, the vehement blast,
Rings through the wood and floats along the coast.
Alarm'd, the leaders, at the well known sound,
With eager haste from out the thicket bound.
Joyful salute the king, and then relate,
The warden's foil and their first prosp'rous fate.
Thence to the inn, trace back the winding shore,
And menial lead along the rifled store.
Rich Southron victuals load the homely beard,
And Boyd and Douglas entertain their Lord.
Next all the army share a large repast :
Glad was the king, and merry was the host.
Now ceas'd keen Boreas freezing breath to blow,
And streams, unbound, in grateful murmurs flow ;
No more thro' low'ring skies mix'd tempests reign.
Nor angry surges swell the sounding main.
Smile all the meads, and blossom all the groves.
And the wing'd songsters chant their tender loves,
The various beauties of the spring appear,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the genial year.
The noble King three days in Arran's isle,
Refresh'd his troops, and rested from his toil.
Now tir'd of ease his thoughts on Carrick bends †,
And thither soon a faithful courier sends :

† Carrick belonged hereditarily to Robert Bruce in right of
mother, which made him the fonder to sound the inclinations of
people.

Bids him, attentive, view the country o'er,
 Practise with caution, and their faith explore.
 If friendly—on the coast a fire must blaze †,
 Th' undoubted signal of a loyal race.
 The messenger obeys and quits the strand,
 And swift arrives on Bruce's native land.
 The peasant tries, but finds them as he goes,
 All sworn to Southron, all the Monarch's foes.
 Yet, or by chance, or fraud 'tis hard to say,
 The blaze appear'd upon the appointed day.
 The careful king beholds the rising gleam †,
 And to the leaders points the distant flame.
 But whilst the sailors, at their Lord's command,
 Unmoor the fleet and clear the crowded strand,
 The hostess, bent beneath a load of years,
 Before the monarch on the beach appears:
 Time on her brows in wrinkled furrows sat,
 But deep her counsels, and her words were fate.
 Some secret pow'r her lab'ring bosom sway'd,
 Her bristled hair rose horrid round her head,
 Foaming she stares, her eye balls wildly roll,
 As Bruce's fate came full upon her soul;
 Her words, in more than mortal sounds unfold,
 Long fix'd decrees and oracles of old,

† I have always found it the greatest difficulty to bring up such little circumstances as these to any degree of poetry. When the action is great in itself, and the incidents proportionally noble, the poet labours least; and dignity of expression rises naturally out of the greatness of such an action, and in that case, a man has more use for his judgement than his genius, in order to moderate his heat, and keep him from running up into rant and fustian. On the contrary, in petty circumstances, like this before us, the judgement has but little to do; nor are they capable of genius, because they cannot be turned out of their own nature, that is, they cannot be raised or depressed with any manner of decorum or propriety.

‡ In case the reader should not so well understand this circumstance, as it is narrated in rhyme, I shall tell him in prose, that the king had commanded a trusty servant to pass privately over from Arran, where he then was, into Carrick one of his own hereditary possessions, in order to try the inclinations of that people: If he found them loyal he was to erect a fire upon the nearest point of land towards Arran, as a sign of their fidelity and good disposition; but if not, he was to come off privately as he went, without kindling any such fire. He found them entirely in the English interest, and Bruce's enemies to a man, and consequently erected no fire. However, either by chance, or to the king's imagination, a fire did appear which carried him over amongst the midst of his enemies.

While thus—"Hail mighty prince, pursue thy way,
 Thro' toil, to glory and unbounded sway.
 Descended of an ancient † Druid, I
 Feel future scenes and labour with the sky.
 Long shalt thou struggle in the dire debate,
 Combat distresses, and contend with fate;
 Ev'n now I see thee sweating on the shore,
 And the red field distain'd with running gore,
 I see a Hero ‡ now amidst our foes
 Whose soul mis'd, still loves the loyal cause,
 By subtle art to Southron homage brought,
 Rise on neglect, and conquer by his fault,
 I see a knight from hostile regions far,
 Great in his wrongs approach to aid thy war.
 The injur'd exile * combats with disdain,
 And glory crowns him on a foreign plain.
 I see yon sable Chief ‡ amidst the crowd,
 All grim with dust, and stain'd with future blood.
 Ere yet eternal slumber seal thine eyes,
 Ere yet thy soul shall mount its kindred skies,
 To him I hear thy latest breath impart.
 The pious charge of thine untainted heart:

† The Druids were ancient heathen priests both in France and Britain. They generally performed all their religious offices under oak trees, and from thence received their name; for so oaks are called in the Greek, and old Celtic or Scythic language.

‡ This was Thomas Randolph, the king's nephew, who had been taken, and was at this time in the English interest: but was afterwards recovered by James Douglas, as I hinted before. At the battle of Bannockburn, he happened to neglect a post his majesty had ordered him to maintain, but afterwards bravely recovered his honour, and was a great instrument in the victory of that day.

* The ancestor of the present duke of Hamilton His name was Gilbert Hampton, descended (as some say) of the family of Leicester This gentleman, having spoke well of Robert Bruce in the English court, was for that reason suddenly attacked and slightly wounded by one of the Spencers, then great favourites of Edward II. The crowd interposed, so as Mr. Hampton could not revenge himself at that time, but the next day he met him, and run him through. Upon this he left his country, and fled to Robert Bruce, who received him kindly: and in lieu of his estate, which was then forfeited in England, gave him the lands of Carslow, Hamilton, &c. in the West, and changed his name from Hampton to Hamilton. He behaved with the utmost bravery at Bannockburn, and was knighted on the field.

‡ James Douglas, who was ordered by K. Robert to carry his bones after his death to the holy land.

Pure from thy breast enchas'd in shining ore,
 To bear the relique to the sacred shore.
 I see the Hero eager to fulfil
 The last great mandate of the Sov'reign's will,
 Around encompass'd by a warlike throng,
 And join'd by Sinclair and the gallant Young,
 In Tay's broad channel hoist his swelling sails,
 Waft o'er the brine, and reach Iberia's vales §.
 I see him there oppose his manly breast
 To swarming legions from the swarthy East *
 All bath'd in blood, upon the distant shore,
 I see him thunder thro' the pagan war ;
 I see whole nations fall beneath his hand,
 And Osman's millions choke th' Iberian strand ¶.
 But now his courage into rashness grows,
 And flush'd with success, he disdains his foes :
 Too far incautious, tempts the treach'rous plain,
 O'erborn by armies, and by armies slain,
 More I could name of ancient loyal blood,
 But see—thy fleet already stems the flood ;
 Go then, to glory, patient, trace thy way,
 Till once shall dawn the bright immortal day ;
 When one brave field shall all thy labours crown,
 And earth and skies shall echo thy renown ;
 And to confirm the fate I now declare,
 Mine own two sons shall all thy dangers share ;
 Attend thy toils, 'till the great task is done,
 And fate have fix'd the Bruce on Fergus ancient throne. †
 Thus far the prophets and bent her way
 Back to the inn ; the Monarch put to sea.
 The labouring oars the heaving billows sweep,

§ Iberia and Hesperia ancient names of Spain.

* This was about the end of the 13 century when those expeditions of the Christian princes (commonly called the Crusade), in order to recover the holy land out of the hands of the infidels, were hotted. James Douglas having been enjoined (as I have hinted) to carry the Kings heart to the holy sepulchre, heaving in his passage by the coast of Spain, that the Saracens were very numerous, and prevailed exceedingly there, immediately landed, engaged and defeated them in several battles. At last growing too confident of his success, the enemy having now become contemptible to him, and venturing to pursue a vast number with a handful of men, he fell into an ambuscade, was surrounded and slain.

¶ Emperor of the Saracens.

Bound the swift vessels o'er the hoary deep.
 At last they gain the Bruce's native land,
 And the moor'd galleys cloud the oozy strand.
 Dejected on the beach appear'd the squire,
 Before commission'd to erect the fire.
 He told the Monarch all was hostile ground,
 And that bold Piercy rul'd the country round.
 Three hundred Southrons waited his command,
 Himself the sov'reign tyrant of the land,
 Then ask'd the Monarch how he dar'd to raise
 Upon a hostile coast the trait'rous blaze?
 The man deny'd; nor knew he how it came,
 Nor durst extinguish the deceitful flame.
 Then thus the King accosts the council round.
 'Or shall we venture on the faithless ground?
 Or silent shall we quit the dang'rous plain,
 Unmoor our fleet, and measure back the main?'
 To this the fiery Edward first repli'd,
 'No dread shall drive me back into the tide;
 Let thousands meet our hundreds on the strand,
 Resolv'd I'll venture on the rebel land.'
 The monarch smil'd, the chiefs the sentence own,
 March the bold squadrons to the neighb'ring town,
 'Twas night and all secure the Southrons slept,
 No dangers dreaded, and no watches kept.
 Diverse the Scots to distant quarters go,
 And fierce, with shouts assail the drowsy foe;
 Break splint'ring bars, and burst opposing doors,
 And with red torrents sudden stain the floors.
 The air around mix'd groans and clamours bears,
 And mournful accents reach Lord Piercy's ears,
 But safe in Turnberry fortress, Piercy lay,
 Nor durst approach or mingle in the fray.
 Alone M'Dougal † who betray'd before,
 The Monarch's brothers to the Southron pow'r,
 An ancient traitor, 'scaped by sudden flight,
 Unknown, and favour'd by the shades of night,

† This was not M'Dougal of Lorn, whose engagement with the King we have described before, but one Duncan M'Dougal of Galloway, who had betrayed Thomas and Alexander Bruce, the King's brothers to the English, and this is all the notice my author takes of that action.

Before the sun arose to gild the day,
 Drench'd in their gore three hundred Southrons lay :
 Next Turnb'rry castle the bold monarch view'd,
 But then impregnable the fortress stood ;
 Two days Lord Piercy lurk'd within the walls,
 And on the third a faithful courier calls,
 Straight to Northumberland his orders sends,
 To warn his friends, and raise his native bands,
 Northumbrian pow'rs the courier soon alarms,
 And sudden shone a thousand men in arms.
 But Gaudifer de Lyle † an ancient knight,
 Who knew the Scottish chiefs and Bruce's might,
 Dissuades his vassals from a march so far,
 Propounds the danger, and deters the war.
 The folly shows to seek in their own soil
 An host experienc'd, and inur'd to toil,
 The troops dishearten'd, would have quit the shore,
 But hardy St. John animates the pow'r †.
 By him conducted soon arrive the host,
 And guard lord Piercy to his native coast.
 Secret they march'd resolving not to fight,
 For now the Southron fear'd the monarch's might.

Meantime, secure the Scots in Carrick lay,
 And all the region own'd their sov'reign's sway ;
 The king at leisure view'd the country round,
 And mark'd the ruins of his native ground ;
 As Phoebus once declining to the sea,
 Glow'd on the margin of Hesperian day,
 Along the pleasing vales the monarch stray'd,
 And Boyd and Douglas clos'd his royal side.
 Far on the lawns a warlike troop they spy'd,
 And at their head a nymph her charms display'd ;
 Advanc'd the loyal fair with easy grace,
 The Monarch's cousin § of Clackmannan's race.
 Approaching, the bright dame and all her train,
 The Sov'reign hi'd submissive on the plain,

† A French name, one of those who settled in England after the conquest. It is represented by the honourable Squire Lyle, a gentleman of a considerable fortune in Northumberland to this day.

‡ Carcester, or the late Viscount Bollingbroke.

§ This lady was of the house of Clackmannan, which family is still extant, and its honourable representative chief of the Bruces.

Her name and business next the nymph express.
 The king surpris'd, the loyal fair embrac'd,
 To serve their prince, she told these warriors came ;
 The Bruce accepts the aid and thanks the gen'rous dame.
 A band of forty kneeling on the shore,
 A firm inviolable homage swore.
 The king and chiefs dispose the list'd war,
 And straight to Turnb'rry fort conduct the fair.
 Glad was the monarch, but his joy how short,
 Soon as he heard the lady's sad report.
 His royal consort to the foe betray'd,
 His brother, Athole, and brave Seton dead,
 How did he mourn, how did the chiefs deplore
 That scene of fate to them unknown before !
 The dame herself some comfort must afford,
 To soothe the leaders, and their doleful lord.
 Sometime she stay'd and her fond care express'd,
 To lull the tumult in her Sov'riegn's breast ;
 At last departs, the chiefs in order came,
 And homeward, grateful, guard the gen'rous dame.

 B O O K III.

THE King o'er Carrick now extends his sway :
 Submit the chieftains and the boors obey ;

Peaceful, and gently rules his native land,
 And ev'ry subject feels the soft command.

But Doughty Douglas, now a dreadful name,
 Fir'd with an high uncommon thirst of fame,
 Feels no delight, nor tastes his lab'ring breast
 The lazy charms of an inglorious rest.

War's distant scenes still in his bosom roll,
 And future fields run crimson in his soul.

Whilst thus his heart the glorious impulse feels,
 He meets his prince, and thus his thoughts reveals,

" Now gen'rous sov'reign ! have you gain'd your own,
 Th' auspicious prelude to your lineal crown :

* But Clifford, still possess'd of my domains,

• Lord Clifford had got the grant of Douglas' lands from Edward I.

His lawless title to my right maintains
 But here I vow by all th' immortal pow'rs,
 That tread yon azure vault and blissful bow'rs ;
 He either shall resign my rightful state,
 Or one of us shall meet a sudden fate.
 Forth then, dread Sov'reign ! give me leave to go,
 Pursue my fortune, and attempt the foe.
 His arms and mine shall in the field be try'd,
 And fix the title to the conq'ring side,
 The chief may see your subject bravely die,
 But ne'er shall Clifford see the Douglas fly,
 The Hero thus. But Bruce, whose cautious mind,
 Events and means in just proportion join'd,
 Oppos'd the motion, and the chieftain told,
 " The foe was num'rous and the leader bold.
 Know thou dar'st, he said, but hast not pow'r
 To match yon captain on the doubtful shore.
 Weigh well the odds, and thy resolves delay,
 Till heav'n shall open a securer way ;
 Till we some farther our just rights regain,
 Then may we try our fortune on the plain."
 Thus the wise monarch Douglas quick reply'd,
 " Did all the pow'r of England guard his side,
 I'll meet th' usurper in the field of death,
 My right reconquer, or resign my breath "
 " Go then, said Bruce, and bless'd him as he went,
 May heav'n propitious, second thy intent."
 Now Douglas speeds him to his native land,
 And only two th' advent'rous chief attend.
 Thro' hills, and dales and rugged rocks by day
 Painful he labours on his cautious way.
 By night some grove affords a mossy bed,
 And round him throws its hospitable shade.
 Secret, at last, thro' paths untrod before,
 Arrives the Hero on his native shore.
 'Twas night, and now from the laborious field,
 The swain retiring seeks his homely bield.
 Sol's fiery chariot drench'd in ocean lies,
 And stars began to spangle o'er the skies,
 When thro' the gloom the chief a † stead espy'd,
 And a soft stream just murm'ring by its side.

† A *stead* is a Scots word for a country farm or cottage.

Then from within a taper's twinkling light
 Pointed his doubtful passage thro' the night,
 Bold Douglas cautious view'd the stead around,
 And by the barn the honest farmer found ;
 Who mark'd (his labour done) with curious eyes
 The signs, and read the symptoms of the skies,
 Adjusting by the stars, to morrow's toil,
 To thresh the grain, or vex the fallow soil,
 Because the stars (as swains experienc'd say)
 Are certain prophets of the future day,
 Douglas, the man approaching, softly calls,
 " Friend, may three yeomen harbour in thy walls
 This night ? nor longer we resolve to stay,
 But with to morrow's sun renew our way.
 The lab'rer, unabash'd inquires their name,
 What their late journey meant, and whence they came
 And feign'dly satisfy'd in those requests,
 Straight to his homely parlour leads his guests.
 Now Douglas, seated in the household chair,
 The rest promiscuous round the beamy fire,
 View'd his new host, nor view'd without surprise,
 And mark'd the sparkling vigour of his eyes,
 A lively bloom his manly face o'erspread,
 Though sixty winters had already shed
 Their snowy honours o'er his rev'rend head :
 Just were his sentiments, his looks serene,
 And all the man express'd a more than vulgar mein ;
 Nor was the loyal boor unknown to fame,
 True to his Lord and Dickson was his name,
 A jolly rustic and in danger bold,
 Who long had serv'd the Douglas' fire of old,
 The board was loaded with a clean repast,
 And the kind host invites each hungry guest,
 Great Douglas now conspicuous by the light,
 The farmer views, and wonders at the sight,
 His noble mein, and his erected face,
 Undaunted sheds around a dreadful grace,
 His brows august in fable arches rise,
 And glare two living fires his piercing eyes,
 Huge nervous limbs compos'd the Hero's frame,
 His looks were terror, and his soul was flame !
 The lab'rer curious runs his visage o'er,
 And marks some features not unknown before,

Intent he gaz'd impell'd by fond desire,
 And in the son began to trace the fire
 By this the guests had finish'd their repast,
 And sleep invites each weary guest to rest,
 Douglas alone still with the farmer stay'd,
 While to the chief the loyal Dickson said,
 ' Pardon, my lord, perhaps an erring thought,
 Nor blame the man whose zeal may be his fault,
 Superior I, o'er all this menial throng,
 Your father serv'd and think I saw you young,
 I shar'd my country's troubles, nor has fame
 Ev'n blush'd to mention Thomas Dickson's name,
 I know by Southron pow'r my master gone
 But hope I view the father in the son.'
 He said, and tears run trickling from his eyes,
 Whilst half astonish'd Douglas thus replies :
 ' Faithful old man? how am I pleas'd to see
 My father's friend and mine alive in thee ;
 My good old father ! dead in Southron chains !
 And I excluded all his wide domains.
 While Clifford holds my heritage by might,
 And reigns a lawless tyrant o'er my right.
 Therefore I come (your ancient master's son)
 To try some method to regain my own,
 And here I vow by every sacred pow'r,
 That never shall I quit this native shore
 Till Clifford or I resign without debate,
 Or one of us in battle meet his fate,
 Now (since the dubious means distract my choice)
 Prove your affection in your best advice.'

Thus spoke the chief, and Dickson soon repli'd,
 ' To-morrow's light some succours shall provide,
 My duty to your noble sire I own,
 Nor shall ungrateful e'er desert his son.
 This said, to bed the honest farmer goes,
 And leaves the Douglas to his late repose.

Scarce had the orient dawn disclos'd the day,
 When loyal Dickson speeds him on his way,
 Through Douglasdale his eager steps he bends,
 And secret warns his master's ancient friends,
 Each man in private bids his arms prepare,
 And singly to his farm by night repair,

The loyal swains to his desire accord,
 And one by one haste to attend their lord,
 Hardy in arms full forty rustics came,
 And swore allegiance to brave Douglas' name,
 Round their young chief the joyful vassals stood,
 Old borderers! and long bred up to blood.
 Douglas, meanwhile, embraces all his friends,
 And artful their past services commends;
 Now down in Dickson's barn the council sat,
 The largest room and fittest for debate,
 The question's put, What should be first essay'd,
 The Douglas castle all at once repli'd,
 For if from Clifford we that fortress gain,
 We may with greater ease the future strife maintain,
 There Southrons hoard their stores, themselves secure,
 And safe within the walls defy our pow'r.
 Near to the castle, on th' adjoining plain,
 Erected, stands * Brigidia's ancient & fane,
 Thither, next Sunday, Southron bear their palms
 There pay their vows, and distribute their alms.
 Then, let us each his private arms prepare,
 And to the temple one by one repair.
 There all at once, unwary as they stand,
 Boldly with sword, assail the Southron band.
 Assents the chief, each homeward bends his way,
 And unsuspected, waits th' appointed day.
 Appear'd the day. The hardy Scots attend,
 At church, and Southrons from the fort descend,
 Just as the priest the sacred rites began.
 And all promiscuous, crowding throng'd the fane.
 Dickson aloud, the noble Douglas cri'd,
 Th' appointed signal to the Scottish side,
 † The bord'ers at the word their weapons bare,
 And fierce before the choir commence the war.

* Brigidia, or Brigitta, a holy woman to whom this church was consecrated. She was the institutor of an order of Nuns in the time of Pope Urban, V. A. D. 1264.

§ From the Latin, fanum, a temple or church.

† It was common in those days to have a certain word whereby to animate the men when they began the battle, or at any time when they slackened, or began to weary and intermit. This word was commonly the name of the king or the captain who led them at that time, or perhaps their country, or the cause for which they fought.

The priest and people with the scene dismay'd,
 From midst the combatants confus'dly fled,
 Straight to the chancel's utmost sacred mound,
 And grasp'd th' inviolable altar round,
 Meanwhile the Southrons in their arms appear
 Rang'd in the choir, and bravely face the war,
 But Douglas, whirling round his flaming brand
 Like thunder bursts upon the adverse band.
 And heaps on heaps the foe to ground he bore,
 And purple streams stray'd o'er the hallowed floor.
 His vassals almost interrupt the fight,
 And gaze, astonish'd at their leaders might ;
 Till hardy Dickson, Douglas names again,
 Then all the Scots at once their force unrein,
 And strow the breathless corpses round the fan.
 Thence to th' adjoining castle march'd the pow'r,
 Warm as they were and red with recent gore.
 Void, and defenceless 'gainst a hostile crowd,
 With gates disclos'd, at large the fortress stood.
 Ent'ring the train a cook and porter met,
 Poor menials ! doom'd to share their master's fate.
 The porter, negligent, deserv'd the stroke,
 But where the trespass of the harmless cook ;
 † Ev'n now had he prepar'd a sumptuous feast,
 His hapless labours doom'd but just to taste ;
 His well dress'd victuals bloody Douglas gains,
 Eats up his hopes, and riots in his pains.
 The repast done, they search the castle o'er,
 Seize clothes and arms, and pillage all the store ;
 Trufs what they can, then fire the house around,
 And the gay fortress level with the ground.
 To woods and wilds, in secret through the land,
 Repairs the chieftain and his loyal band ;
 By Dickson yet dissuaded to appear,
 Till fresh supplies should reinforce their war.
 Inform'd, now Clifford speeds o'er || Solway's shore,

† My readers will please pardon the levity of this passage. I hap-
 pened to be in a little gaiety of humour, and could not get by it. If
 it gives offence to the critics as an indecorum in a serious performance
 they may apply themselves to sacred or prophane antiquity, and they
 will perhaps find the character and office of a cook not so despicable as
 is commonly imagined, else I had hardly meddled with this poor fellow
 at all.

|| Solway firth divideth England from Scotland on the West border

And through the dales, indignant, leads his pow'r.
 He came, he view'd his fort in ashes laid,
 His flores all rifled, and his servants dead.
 Pold Douglas, author of the horrid scene,
 Vengeful he fought, but fought the chief in vain :
 Nor durst too far through woods and wilds pursue
 So brave a leader, and so bold a crew,
 Returning soon his artizans he calls,
 Rebuilds the fort, and stronger rears the walls.
 Appoints the guards, and reinstates the land,
 And to keen Thirswall deutes the command.
 This done, to Solway reconducts his host,
 And quickly lands on England's fertile coast.

In Carrick still the noble Monarch lay,
 And o'er his own exerts his clement sway.
 The region whole a firm obedience shews,
 Asserts his claim, and aids the royal cause.
 Meantime great Pembroke from Edina's tow'rs,
 Assembles all around the Southron pow'rs.
 Soon at the summons rendezvous the bands,
 And hardy Omphraville the troops commands.
 By Pembroke order'd to conduct the host
 Against the Bruce, and Carrick's rebel coast ;
 Sudden the warlike chief in armour shines,
 And straight to Air advance th'embattl'd lines.
 Nor would fly Omphraville pursue too far,
 Through fens and fastnesses, the royal war.
 He knew his force superior, but he knew
 What the bold Monarch in the field could do ;
 So judg'd it conduct to decline the fight,
 To act by treachery and to gain by slight,
 A boor in Carrick, not unskill'd in arms,
 And his two sons manur'd adjoining farms,
 Robust in enterprizes hardy found,
 The terror of the neighbourhood around,
 Upon the Sire the Bruce had oft rely'd,
 And his firm faith in frequent danger tri'd.
 Firm unattempted—but too base to hold,
 Unstain'd, against th' infernal tempter gold,

*It hath its denomination from an ancient people called Selgovi,
 in Ptolemy's time, dwelt near it, and were a tribe of Brigantes*

Gold ! of each virtue the undoubted test
 Dissolves in treason through the villain's breast,
 As by degrees, in distant India's mines,
 By suns, and central streams, the ore refines.
 So in the soul the metal works by time,
 Exalts to guilt and ripens into crime.
 Sly Omphraville a secret message sends,
 To the false boor ; the boor the chief attends,
 The treason in a moment is decreed,
 And forty pound the price of Bruce's head.
 Back to his farm returns the felon boor,
 Informs his sons, and waits the treach'rous hour.
 He knew the Monarch us'd each op'ning dawn
 To take the air along a scraggy lawn,
 Thence o'er a mountain to a distant wood,
 A page attending on his solitude,
 Thither completely arm'd the rogues repair
 With swords, and spears, and implements of war.
 Now sudden, must the glorious Monarch bleed,
 A traitor friend the author of the deed.
 Unseen, unaided by his faithful bands,
 Must fall a victim to a villain's hands.
 But fate forbids ! and Ariel from on high,
 Swift as a thought, shoots down the nether sky,
 Not half so quick the lightning's flashy glare,
 Bursts on the night, and glances through the air.
 Fast by his charge, unseen, the guardian stands,
 Warms his brave heart, and fortifies his hands.
 And now the Monarch, through the gloomy dawn ;
 Espies the traitors stretching o'er the lawn.
 Feels in his breast a jealous impulse roll,
 And secret treason whisper'd in his soul ;
 What arms the boy had brought in haste demands,
 A bow and single arrow charg'd his hands.
 He snatch'd, and as he bent the twanging yew,
 The trembling child assum'd a livid hue,
 Then to the string he fits the feather'd flane,
 And bids the page retire—for, villains cross'd the plain.
 Approaching now the three were just at hand
 When, loud, the Monarch bids the villains stand,
 Nor dare the lawn one further step to tread,
 Or death attends the order disobey'd.

The rustic Sire continues to advance,
 And fawns, and seems surpris'd at his offence.
 Inquires submissive—still approaching near,
 The whizzing death swift cleaves the yielding air ;
 Through the left orb of light it pierc'd the brain,
 The traitor reeling, backward press'd the plain.
 The vengeful son fir'd at the father's fall,
 Furious advanc'd the monarch to assail,
 Charg'd in his hand a large broad faulchion shone ;
 The King unsheath'd his sword, and met the clown,
 With manly force, full aim'd, the shining blade
 Down to the jaws divides the villain's head,
 Ireful the third, advancing to the war,
 Against his Prince portends a length of spear.
 The Monarch bending shuns the coming foe,
 And hews the lance asunder at a blow :
 Then through his bowels drove the reeking brand,
 Tumbles the rebel carcase on the strand.
 Now roll the traitors in the jaws of death,
 And curse the treason with their parting breath.
 Their souls, with horror fraught, forsake the light,
 Flit, conscious to the shades, and veil their forms in nig
 The scene completed and the felons dead,
 His vows to heav'n the grateful Monarch paid.
 Then with his page, returning to his own,
 Relates the adventures of the distant lawn.
 The chieftains hear the tale with vast surprise,
 And blame their Monarch, while they thank the skies.
 Inform'd, fly Omphraville pursues his way,
 Straight to Lochmabane where the warden lay.
 Before that chief runs o'er the recent scene,
 The treason baffled and the traitor slain.
 Pembroke himself admires the monarch's force,
 Though vex'd, and puzzled in his future course.
 BRUCE rests a while ; but soon a warlike host
 From Galway's shore advance to Carrick coast,
 Two hundred in battle broad array'd,
 The late escap'd M'Dougal at their head.
 His pow'r dispos'd in hamlets through the land,
 Scarce sixty warriors on the king attend.
 With these the Bruce by night pursues his way,
 Where a great river wash'd a craggy bay.
 The royal watch had view'd the foe afar,

KING ROBERT BRUCE.

And to their own declar'd the coming war.
 The crafty king in covert lodg'd his band,
 Himself alone adventur'd to the strand ;
 Nor forward to engage in doubtful fight,
 He went, and view'd the foe by Cinthia's friendly light ;
 Full on the river's rocky margin stood,
 And saw the van on horseback take the flood ;
 Then felt his soul with sudden ardour glow,
 To match alone with all the coming foe ;
 The stream he saw in its deep channel glide,
 And rising rocks o'erhang the silent tide.
 Careful he search'd the rugged margin round,
 And from the bank but one strait passage found ;
 Where one at once on horseback and no more,
 Could just but labour up the steepy shore.
 Fir'd by some power divine ! the Monarch there
 His sword unsheaths, and singly waits the war !
 Advance the foes, and join'd the current break,
 The chieftain first describes the narrow tract,
 Cautious ascends, and as he culls his way,
 A man in arms espies upon the bay.
 He mounts, and near had gain'd the rugged brow,
 When daring Bruce discharg'd a deadly blow ;
 Full on his casque descends the forceful stroke
 Backward the chieftain tumbles from the rock ;
 And checking as he fell, th' untimely rein,
 Recoil'd the steed on the succeeding train ;
 Hurl'd headlong downward from the craggy side,
 Mix'd men and coursers founder in the tide.
 Some in the fall were bruise'd and others slain,
 Their fellows gaz'd astonish'd at the scene.
 Now fir'd with rage all hasten to the fray,
 And with loud shouts at once ascend the bay,
 But in the pass see the bold Monarch stand,
 And in the foremost courser plunge his brand.
 Reels the gall'd courser back upon the crowd,
 And Bruce's faulchion drinks the rider's blood.
 Successful he pursues the lucky blow,
 And down the steep confounded, drives the foe * :

* I considered this action in all the lights I possibly could, before I
 ventured to narrate it. It has indeed an air of improbability in it at first
 sight, and favours somewhat of romance. But if we look into the cha-
 racter of the person who managed it, a man of the utmost courage &

Awful he thunders on the falling war,
 And steeds and riders tumble on the shore,
 Now mingled heaps on heaps they choke the bay,
 The pass encumber, and block up the way,
 Amaz'd, the rear in wild confusion stood,
 Entangled in the margin of the flood.
 Swift down the steepy track the monarch sped,
 And dauntless trod the ruins of the dead.
 Fierce on the river's brink by Cynthia's light,
 With dreadful shouts commenc'd the doubtful fight.
 With awful force he rush'd upon his foes,
 Marr'd and encumber'd in the slimy ooze.
 Full fifteen warriors by his single hand,
 Drench'd in their blood lay gasping on the strand.
 Crush'd by his single might, the dastard pow'r,
 Retire, infamous, to the farther shore,
 Bear their disgrace to Gall'way's distant coast,
 Returns the conqu'ring monarch to his host.

Still in the dales the hardy Douglas lay,
 And Thirswal still possess'd his native sway.
 Long had he seen the haughty Southron bands,
 Reign uncontroll'd, and riot o'er his lands,
 At last the chief his friends to council calls,
 Where a small wood half join'd the castle walls,
 There they delib'rate to decoy the train.
 And draw the haughty Thirswal to the plain,
 Some herds, the country's spoils, at random fed,
 Hard by the fort, along a shrubby mead ;
 These Douglas orders ten to drive away,
 In ambush forty in the forest lay,
 Himself their head, soon by the ev'ning dawn *,
 Speedful, they drive the cattle from the lawn,
 The watch espies the theft, and sudden calls ;
 Thirswal and his in arms descend the walls ;

conduct, joined to an extraordinary strength of body; advantaged on this occasion by the circumstances of the time (it being night.) and likewise by the narrowness and steepness of the place; all these put together, did in my judgment, solve the probability, and induced me to the narration. But I leave the reader to his own opinion.

* I would not have our critics mistake this expression for an impropriety, if they question it they may (amongst others) consult Dr Sewel's translation of that passage in Ovid, Traherunt cum fera trepidacula nobis
 The Dr. is reckon'd classical.

Pursue the robb'ry o'er the op'ning glade,
 And just had past the secret ambushade
 When Douglas rose, and all the private war,
 Rush'd to the plain and charg'd the Southron rear.
 The blended shouts behind the van surprise,
 And Thirswal wonders at the sudden noise,
 Bright in his mail, the ireful chief returns,
 And desp'rate, on the field the combat burns.
 The word was Clifford on the Southron side,
 A Douglas—the bold borderers repli'd,
 From plaits of polish'd steel the streaming gore,
 In purple currents drench'd the braky shore.
 Full in the front the hardy Thirswal stands,
 His brave example animates his bands ;
 He sees bold Douglas thunder thro' the fight
 And forward rushes to oppose his might.
 Against the chief advanc'd his shining spear,
 The daring Douglas meets the extended war,
 Evites the stroke, the truncheon hews in twain,
 Glitters the steely fragment on the plain.
 A flaunting blow next aim'd ; the trenching blade *,
 Fast by the collar, lopt the warrior's head.
 By this the ten, that drove the herd appear,
 And with fresh vigour charge the Southron rear,
 Thus prest on ev'ry side the hostile train,
 In mangled heaps lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
 A few by flight the neighb'ring fortrefs gain,
 To the pursuing war the gates oppose,
 And bolts shut out the fury of the foes.
 Douglas returns, and sudden bends his way
 To Carrick's coast where still the Monarch lay ;
 Since the late wondrous act the loyal bands
 Increasing daily from the neighb'ring lands.
 Then all at once decamp the royal war,
 And to Glentroul's thick woody shades repair.
 And now from Carlisle on the South'ron coast,
 Pembroke and Vanes, and Clifford lead their host,
 Swift to Glentroul the squadrons shape their way,
 And fifteen hundred shields reflect the day.

† Trenching, an old word for cutting. Hence, retrench, to take off, impair, or diminish.

Long had the Bruce's stars, malignant, shed,
 Their direful influence o'er his royal head.
 Long had he thro' a maze of dangers run,
 His toils successive, circling with the sun;
 Thro' woods and mountains, and deserted shores,
 Pursu'd by faction, and by foreign pow'rs:
 Expos'd to want, to fears, and hostile snares,
 And all the miseries of lawless wars;
 But now the sufferer feels the stars relent,
 Their force exhausted, and their poison spent.
 Each orb, benign, now shoots a milder ray,
 And dawning glory rises on the day.
 The heav'ns at last disclose th' immortal scenes,
 Conquest, and laurels, and triumphant plains!
 Bounteous the Monarch's patient toils reward,
 And victory sits brooding on his sword.
 Nor more he needs to weigh the dire debate *
 Doom'd to the plain, and conqueror by fate,
 The pow'rs, by patience won, at last have shed
 A blaze of future glories round his head.

Approach'd the Southron troops, and quickly found,
 The Scots dispos'd along the higher ground.
 Just where a woody mountain's rugged brow,
 Threat'ning o'erhung a steepy vale below.
 The spies advanc'd to view the royal force,
 And found that steep impassable to horse;
 Soon they return, and to the leaders show
 The ground and strait encampment of the foe,
 Then Pembroke—"Useless here our cavalry,
 And if we strive on foot to force our way,
 The Scots advantag'd by the craggy height,
 Should mock our labour, and defeat our might,
 Long hath the Bruce in martial arts been skill'd,
 And long yon legions harden'd to the field.
 Then let us cautious shun the bold debate,
 Act by surprize and conquer by deceit.
 Poorly array'd, a woman first shall go,
 And unsuspected, shall decoy the foe;

* I hope this passage will not be excepted against, upon account of the king's future circumspection. because his ignorance of such a determination made him still go on to act with his usual caution.

Slily expose the weakness of our train ;
 And draw the Scots, incautious to the plain.
 Meantime our troops unseen, from yonder wood,
 Shall secretly surround the hostile crowd.'

The chiefs approve. The woman takes her way,
 A staff supports her up the rugged bay.
 Straight to the king the beggar traitress came,
 And ask'd an alms in good St Andrews name ;
 † So might that saint still shield him from all harms,
 And grant due success to his righteous arms.
 Not far encamp'd, she told on level ground
 Sir Aylmer lay, below the craggy mound.
 But his raw troops, undisciplin'd appear
 Green to the field and novices in war.
 Would he descend, soon might he rout the foe,
 Look them to flight, and gain without a blow,
 Full on her face the monarch fix'd his eye,
 And gaz'd suspicious, on the beggar spy,
 His yeomen call,--out springs a nimble band,
 And sudden seize the mendicant in hand,
 Afraid of death the trembling traitress kneels,
 Her crime confesses and the truth reveals ;
 Informs the king the Southrons were at hand,
 And Pembroke, Vanes and Clifford led the band.

The monarch heard, and soon the war array'd,
 And his broad banner in the field display'd.
 Wedg'd in close ranks the firm battalions stood
 And now the foe advances from the wood,
 A bow already bent the monarch drew.
 Whizz'd the swift arrow from the twanging yew,
 Quite thro' the foremost's gullet glanc'd the flane,
 The wounded warrior, falling bites the plain,
 Fierce on the rank the hardy Edward goes,
 And Hay and Douglas pour upon their foes.
 With their bold chiefs advanc'd th' inferior war
 And to the ground the Southron vanguard bore,
 Succeeding lines disheartened with the fight,
 Back thro' the wood precipitate their flight,

† I designed to have put this short address in the wife's own language, as I have begun it in those two lines; but am so afraid of the cavills of little wits, and the effects they may have on extraordinary readers to my prejudice, that all I dare do, is to show I thought it most natural it should have been so.

The haughty chiefs, aſham'd at the defeat,
 Industrious haſte to ſtop the ſoul retreat,
 Now threaten, now exhort the coward train,
 But ſtill they threaten and exhort in vain.
 The hardy Scots th' aſtoniſh'd foe purſu'd,
 And heaps of death lay ſcatter'd thro' the wood.
 The Southron rear beheld the routed van,
 And down the rocks in wild diſorder ran,
 The gen'ral fled, confounded and aſham'd,
 And ev'ry chief his fellow leader blam'd.
 'T'wixt Vanes and Clifford high the quarrel roſe,
 And words began to terminate in blows,
 Divided bands eſpouſe their chiefs' debate,
 And Southron lances Southron lances threat,
 But Pembroke's interpoſing pow'r prevails
 And quick the dang'rous civil diſſerence quells,
 Thus Bruce with twice two hundred in his train,
 Drove fifteen hundred Southrons from the plain,
 No longer now his royal pow'r conceals,
 In woods, and envious-hills, and barren vales ;
 No more can brook the tedious ſlow debate,
 Nor the dull tenor of the lazy fate,
 But feels his boſom with new ardours glow,
 To riſk his future fortunes at a blow,
 The chiefs he calls, and all the loyal bands,
 Mounts at their head, and to the plain deſcends.
 Thro' ev'ry honeſt breſt what raptures ran,
 Soon as the monarch glitter'd in the van ;
 With tears of joy the loyal troops beheld
 Their prince undaunted take the open field,
 In caves and woody coverts lurk no more,
 On bleak mountains, and a barren ſhore,
 But to the plains aſcend in bold array,
 The gilded lions waving in the day.
 A thouſand warlike Scots of ancient race
 In ſteady ranks around the banner blaze,
 Thro' Kyle and Cuninghame direct their way ;
 The loyal regions own their ſov'reign's ſway.
 To Bothwel where great Pembroke rul'd his hoſt
 Soon ſpreads the news of Kyle's revolted coaſt,
 Incens'd that chief his rendezvous ordains,
 In arms a thouſand glitter on the plains,

To Coila's shore advance th' embattl'd lines,
 And at their head the hardy Moubray shines.
 But Douglas' spies abroad had timely view'd
 The swift approaches of the hostile crowd,
 Then sudden to the royal camp repair,
 And to their chief narrate the coming war,
 'Twas night, when Douglas call'd his proper band,
 And sixty spears gleam'd o'er the dusky strand,
 To Elderford he shapes his private way,
 Where a strait pass 'twixt two morasses lay.
 Thither he saw the foe must bend their course
 And knew that pass impervious to horse,
 A narrow, broken track of rugged ground,
 With fens, and briars, and brambles hedg'd around.
 There all the night the Scots in ambush lay,
 And soon as Phœbus rose to gild the day,
 In order rang'd, approach'd the Southron war,
 Their gilded ensigns glitt'ring in the air,
 The Scots still lurk'd-unseen, till all the pow'r
 Their steeds dismounting, throng'd the narrow shore ;
 Then all at once the hardy ambush rose,
 And, shouting, fierce assail'd th' incumber'd foes
 With steely lances gor'd th' astonish'd van,
 And men and courfers tumbled in the fen.
 So strait the pass, so deep those fens below,
 So fierce th' assault, and so amaz'd the foe,
 That Moubray ev'n with tears beheld his band
 Without resentment butcher'd on the strand,
 The muddy ooze stood stagnated with gore,
 And mangled steeds and warriors chok'd the shore ;
 The dire disaster of the slaughter'd van,
 Back to the rear in doubled terrors ran.
 Where hopes or fears direct their doubtful way,
 Diverse they fled, astonish'd in the day.
 The chief deserted views the routed war,
 The murder'd vanguard, and the flying rear.
 Griev'd and inflam'd at the disasterous fight
 Unreins his steed, and rushes thro' the fight,
 Charg'd in his hand a lance he bore on high
 A steely faulcheon glitter'd at his thigh.
 Onward he drove, and as he scour'd the strand
 A Scottish warrior-seiz'd his shining brand,

Grasp'd the strong belt, and strove but strove in vain
 To stop the gallant Moubray on the plain ;
 Furious he rush'd and in the warrior's hand
 The bursting belt he left and shining brand,
 Thus having 'scap'd the danger of the day,
 First to Kilmarnock he directs his way,
 Thence thro' Kilwinning and the Largs he goes,
 Till Inverkip, at last affords a late repose,
 A Southron garrison that fortress held,
 To these the chief narrates the hapless field,
 His troops all helpless butcher'd in his fight,
 By Scottish treachery and Douglas might.

In Bothwel still the warden held his seat,
 Vex'd at the news of Moubray's fore defeat,
 Rage in his breast and grief, alternate, roll,
 And sudden thirst of vengeance fires his soul.
 Soon to the Bruce a trusty herald sends,
 The herald, careful, bears his lord's commands,
 The purport thus—Against a certain date,
 If Bruce would venture on the stern debate,
 His fly attempts and stratagems refrain,
 And nobly dare to risk the gen'rous plain
 Then should the Hero fix his future fame,
 Alive renown'd, or dead, a glorious name,
 Arriv'd the herald and his charge reveal'd,
 The dauntless King accepts the proffer'd field,
 'Twixt Galston heath, where lay the royal pow'r,
 And Loudon hill, upon the mossy shore,
 There was the ground determin'd ; and the day
 Fix'd to the first approaching tenth of May,
 Returns the messenger with speedy care,
 And to the chiefs narrates th' accepted war,
 The time prefix'd, and the determin'd ground,
 And now to arms the Southron trumpets found.
 To Bothwel, where the rendezvous was made,
 Convene the legions for the war array'd,
 Three thousand whole adorn'd in martial pride,
 Bred to the field, and oft in battle tri'd,
 The chief confided in these daring bands,
 Secure of conquest from such valiant hands,
 Meantime the King by prudence ever rul'd,
 Cautious in warmth, and rationally bold,

Whose courage no fermented spirits fir'd,
 No rising tumult of the blood inspir'd.
 Where sudden gusts of passion, furious, roll,
 And rage ungovern'd, supercedes the soul !
 But led by schemes from due reflection brought
 By solid plans, and consequence of thought ;
 Each circumstance with circumstance still weighs,
 And all the series of the action sees ;
 Then dauntless in the field his force unreins,
 Combats from reason, and by reason gains,
 Thus, on the ninth, while shades involv'd the night,
 Secret he went, and view'd the field of fight.
 He found the breachy plain lay stretch'd too wide,
 But hemm'd with marshes on either side ;
 Fear'd lest the foe shou'd on that length of ground,
 Outwing his numbers and his troops surround,
 Three ramparts therefore from each bord'ring fen,
 Of hurdles rear'd he drew across the plain,
 Nor did these ramparts at the centre close,
 But op'ning breaches so receiv'd the foes
 As equal force might equal force oppose,
 This done, back to his host he bends his way,
 Prepares the war, and waits th' approaching day.
 Arose the day, and Phœbus from the deep
 His blazing car drives up the orient steep,
 From Bothwel's plain approach the Southron lines,
 And pompous in the van proud Pembroke shines.
 The van on barbed steeds, that chief around,
 Rode sheath'd in mail, with clasping silver bound ;
 Next these, with lances arm'd and bossy shields,
 Advanc'd the second battle o'er the fields ;
 Their gilded banners high in air display'd,
 And Omphraville and Clifford at their head.
 The noble Bruce perceiv'd them from afar
 And at the second rampart rang'd his war ;
 Seven hundred Scots in native armour shone,
 And spears and axes glitter'd in the sun.
 The gen'rous King full in the centre stood,
 And on his right the fiery Edward rode ;
 The left, to battle rang'd in firm array,
 Were led by doughty Douglas to the day.
 Three hundred waggoners, ignoble crowd,
 On the hill, retir'd at distance stood.

Approach'd the foe. The monarch gives the sign
 And rushing pow'rs in furious combat join,
 From either host promiscuous shouts arise,
 Ring thro' the hills, and thicken up the skies,
 With spears portended, and opposing shields,
 'Together, dreadful, rush the adverse fields.
 Resounds the crash of lances thro the air,
 And roars transfix'd with wounds the dying war.
 The lances broke, unsheath'd by eager hands,
 Thro' all the ranks thick flame the glitt'ring brand,
 'The noble Pembroke animates his train,
 Inspires the combat, and supports the plain:
 " You have I chose, he said, to guard my fame,
 On you alone depends your Pembroke's name "
 Meantime the Bruce in ev'ry rank appears,
 Aids ev'ry scene, and ev'ry danger shares,
 Each single warrior by his name he calls,
 Commends his worth, and ev'ry blow extols.
 Thro' all the field he sheds a father's care,
 Each soldier's bosom warms, and cheers the war.
 "' 'Tis yours, my friends he said, this day to show,
 If I must rule you or yon foreign foe :
 Lodg'd in your hands is all your Bruce's fate,
 By you he's wretched, or by you he's great,
 In you your country's latest hope remains,
 Her ancient freedom, or her future chains."
 He spoke; and bursting on the hostile bands,
 Unquestion'd death in every blow descends.
 Even Edward wonders at his brother's might,
 And onward rushes to support the fight.
 Clifford and Omphraville exert their pow'r,
 Thick burns the combat round the ensanguin'd shore,
 Here daring Douglas and the gallant Hay ;
 There subtle Boyd resistless urge their way.
 The crimson torrents roll along the strand,
 And heaps of warriors, dying spurn the sand,
 The King the vanguard broke, and all around
 Widens the spreading ruin o'er the ground,
 Next Edward ravages the bloody coast,
 And breaks, and drives, and scatters Clifford's host,
 The Southron rear beholds the van defeat
 And fits of threats and promises, retreat ;

In vain great Pembroke, long in battle skill'd,
 Us'd all his conduct to sustain the field,
 Vain were his flatt'ries, his reproaches vain,
 The Grampian legions thunder thro' the plain.
 As when some storm long hung in bellying clouds,
 Bursts from their hollow womb, and sweeps the woods,
 The roaring tempest in its rage descends,
 This way and that the crackling forest bends ; -
 Nor able to oppose its dreadful course,
 Yields to the blast, and falls beneath its force.
 So yield, o'erpower'd at length, the hostile lines,
 And all the wav'ring field at once inclines.
 The Scots to death a thousand warriors bore :
 Bold troops ! the pride of all the Southron pow'r.
 The rest amaz'd, and daunted at the sight,
 From the dire field precipitate their flight,
 Homeward great Pembroke from the Scottish coast
 Retires, indignant and resigns his trust.
 The chieftains fled along, and all the band
 Dispers'd, at once desert the hostile land.
 The provinces to Bruce their homage pay,
 And all the west, obedient, owns his sway,
 The west reduc'd, with banners broad display'd,
 The monarch to the North his squadrons led,
 His hardy brother and the gallant Hay,
 Lennox and Boyd attend him on his way,
 Meantime bold Douglas with his trusty friends,
 Private to Douglaldale his passage bends,
 Reduc'd his fortress, and his native lands,
 And Etrick whole rescu'd from Southron hands.
 Randolf and Stuart, who had since Methven's plain,
 Renounc'd their faith and serv'd the hostile train,
 Both pris'ners of war the Douglas made,
 And to the King the kindred captives led.
 Meantime the King still northward march'd his host,
 But on the mountains sicken'd as he past ;
 Of this inform'd Buchania's rebel Thane
 Near Invarary rendezvous'd his train,
 Fix'd on revenge, his treach'rous uncle dead,
 Full fifteen hundred to the field he led,
 Brechin, himself, and Moubray at their head.
 Of their approach the Monarch quickly hears,

Tho' unrecovered, for the fight prepares.
 Straight he commands a troop to guard him round,
 And bear him in a litter to the ground.
 His brother orders in the van to ride.
 And Hay, and Boyd, and Lennox by his side,
 These, secret, bids direct him in the fray,
 Check his fierce heat and guide him thro' the day.
 Pleas'd with his orders Edward quickly shines
 Before the van, and onward leads the lines.
 In arms seven hundred hasten to the plain
 The bold array soon shook the coward thane,
 Nor daring to endure the warlike fight,
 The rebel squadrons meditate their flight,
 The King that instant felt his illness gone,
 And, mounting sudden in the centre shone,
 His friends, astonish'd rend with shouts the air
 Inglorious fled at once the rebel war.
 Cumming and † Moubray haste to shun their death,
 To Southron shores, but there resign their breath.
 Brechin to his own castle bends his flight,
 And there besieg'd, soon owns the Bruce's right,
 The Monarch rode thro' all the Northern land,
 The north at once acknowledg'd his command.
 To Angus thence returning, rests a while,
 Then Forfar's fortrefs levels with the soil,
 To Gay advancing next the royal pow'rs
 With hardy force assaulted Bertha's tow'rs,
 Their ladders rear'd, the Monarch foremost scales,
 And all the legions sudden mount the walls,
 The tow'rs demolish, and the works around
 The scatter'd ruins smoke along the ground.
 All these reduc'd, straight with a select band,
 Edward advanc'd to Gall'way's rugged strand.
 St John, and Omphraville, in arms well skill'd,
 Twice there defeat and drove them from the field.
 Victorious over all the region past,
 And to his brother's sway reduc'd the coast.
 Douglas, now master of his native land,
 Straight to the monarch reconducts his band;

† This was one Sir John Moubray, not that person we mentioned
 before, and who held Stirling castle. as we shall hear by and by, whose
 name was Sir Philip Moubray, a man far superior to the other.

Makes Stuart and Randolph in his journey share,
 And to the King presents the rebel pair.
 Soon Stuart submissive own'd his forc'd offence,
 And had his crime forgiv'n on penitence ;
 But Randolph obstinate, the King ordains
 To stricter durance, only free from chains :
 Till friends, and his repentance interpos'd,
 Obtain'd his pardon, and the captive loos'd.
 Brave Randolph ; first amongst the loyal train,
 Created Lord of Murray's fertile plain.

The royal host, again led forth to war,
 In arms to Lorn (rebellions clime) repair.
 That chief the royal cause had long distress,
 O'errun and ruin'd half the loyal west.
 With rage the monarch feels his bosom glow,
 And fraught with vengeance, hastens to the foe.
 Appris'd, bold Lorn convenes his trait'rous pow'r
 Two thousand targes glitter on the shore ;
 Hard by the sea, where a rough mountain's brow
 Slop'd by degrees, and touch'd a stream below,
 Deputed leaders the fierce war array,
 Himself embark'd beheld them from the sea,
 For Lorn, now dreading hardy Bruce's might,
 Had mann'd his galleys to secure his flight.
 By spies ascertain'd of the rebel's post,
 The wary Monarch soon divides his host.
 Douglas he orders with the archer lines,
 And Gray and Frazer to that leader joins,
 Unseen by any foe, their rout to keep,
 And fetch a compass round the rugged steep.
 Soon as they heard himself begin th' attack,
 Then unawares, to charge the rebels back,
 Douglas obeys. The Monarch takes his way,
 And foremost boldly mounts the craggy bay,
 Advance the foe, and from the mountain pour
 Vast heaps of tumbling stones, a rocky show'r.
 In vain, the King still presses to the war :
 By that stern Douglas thunders on the rear.
 The vanguard in close fight the Monarch join'd,
 And the fierce archers gall'd them from behind,
 Th' environ'd rebels desp'rate in the fight,
 Exert the utmost rage of savage might,

Vain rage? behind in feather'd tempests flew
 The whizzing flanes, and wide destruction drew,
 The hardy King the ruin spreads before,
 In heaps the dead and dying croud the shore,
 A few escaped but met the fate they shunn'd,
 Amidst th' adjoining streams deep eddies drown'd.
 M'Dougal's self swift launching to the main,
 Ploughs to some distant coast the wat'ry plain.
 Submits Argyll at last to Bruce's sway,
 And all the tribes their due obedience pay.

Now from the heights descend the loyal pow'rs,
 And spread their conquests o'er the champaign shores.
 Linlithgow's tower by Binny's means they gain,
 And the strong bulwark levels with the plain,
 To Perth the Monarch march, and Randolph rais'd
 To favour now and high with titles grac'd ;
 * To the wing'd camp advanc'd by Forth's coast,
 And near † the Maiden fortress lodg'd his host,
 The maiden fortress still the Southrons keep,
 And Randolph boldly storms the rocky steep,
 In vain, impregnable the castle stands,
 And mocks the labours of the loyal bands,
 Frances at last a secret passage found,
 And led the chieftain up the craggy mound.
 First Frances mounts by night, the legions scale,
 And drive the watches headlong o'er the wall.
 Arose the guards, and quick commence the war.
 The hardy Scots their sudden weapons bare ;
 Fierce on the foe the hardy Randolph flew
 And at a stroke the Southron captain flew.
 The doughty legions seconded their head,
 And all the guards along the works lay dead.
 Bold Randolph thus Edina's fort possess'd,
 And long fatigu'd, indulg'd his grateful rest ;
 Meantime the Douglas, on the border dales,
 Roxburgh's strong tow'rs by craft nocturnal scales,
 Unseen the warriors climb the steepy mound,
 And all the fortress scatter o'er the ground,

* *The Castra alata, or winged Camp, an old appellation of the
 of Edinburgh.*

† *The castle of Edinburgh; a passage was discovered to the
 rock, by one William Frances.*

All Teviotdale by force the chief o'erruns
 The land reduc'd its rightful sov'reign owns,
 By this fierce Edward on th' Allestian shore,
 Had quickly rendezvous'd his select war.
 Into the town his hardy legions pours,
 And soon in ruins lays the ancient tow'rs.
 Without delay from thence to Stirling coast,
 Boldly advances the victorious host,
 Around the wall, dispos'd the hardy train
 Assault with fury, but assault in vain.
 * That feat the gallant Moubray boldly held,
 Wise at the board and daring in the field,
 Edward impatient of the tedious hours,
 And Moubray dreading his decaying stores;
 Both to a mutual interview advance,
 And artful Moubray thus propounds his sense,
 ' My lord, you've prov'd and found the fortress strong,
 The siege expensive, and the labour long,
 Could you accept a truce for certain days,
 Throughout which time hostilities may cease,
 Then I, assisted by the Southron might,
 Shall fairly meet your troops in equal fight,
 But if I'm still unsuccour'd by these pow'rs,
 Then at the day the fortress shall be yours.'

Edward. unseen in politic designs,
 Accepts the terms, and the sly treaty signs,
 And from the leaguer'd walls draws off the Scottish lines. }
 To fair Augusta Moubray speeds his way,
 The haughty seat of great † Caernarvon's sway,
 There the bold chief before the Southron states,
 Proposes the treaty, and the terms relates,
 The king and peers applaud the leader's sense,
 Commend the truce, and jest the Scottish prince.

Meantime to Perth, where his wife brother lay,
 Good undesigning Edward shapes his way, si
 Joyful, relates each various action done,
 The treaty sign'd and hardy Moubray gone.
 The monarch heard the terms with vast surprise,
 And on his thoughtless brother fix'd his eyes.

* This was the brave Sir Philip Moubray, at this time in the English interest; but after the battle of Bannockburn, he became loyal to King Robert.

† Edward II. of England, was always called Edward of Caernarvon place in Wales, where he was born.

Then thus, "Fond man! which shall I first regret
 A brother's folly, or my country's fate?
 Harass'd with toil, with dangers press'd before,
 Hast thou not learn'd to know yon monarch's pow'r.
 Yon monarch! whom no neighb'ring states withstand,
 Sole heir of all his father's large command,
 Whose sway not Britain's shores alone restrain,
 Wide stretch his conquests o'er the distant main,
 His tyranny, not * Cambria feels alone,
 Or in his bonds † Hibernian valleys groan,
 Great part of France and Flanders owns his claim,
 And Europe trembles at his mighty name. (shores!
 Drawn from those climes, what swarms shall croud our
 How vast th' assemblage! How array'd the pow'rs?
 Their numbers shall our utmost thoughts beguile,
 Extend o'er shires, and darken half the isle;
 The rebel Scots besides, ‡ a potent line,
 In arms already, shall their standards join,
 Then what are we, how small our native lands?
 How weak our force how thin our loyal bands?
 See our dispeopled plains, our barren soil,
 To faction long expos'd and foreign spoil;
 Consider this, and view the treaty made,
 And all our hopes in that one treaty dead;
 By cautious steps we hop'd our right to gain,
 But rashly, thou hast render'd caution vain,
 Disarm'd and bound by truce so long a date,
 Secures the tyrant, and completes our fate;
 Long have we vainly spent our tedious hours,
 Midst hoary mountains, and deserted shores;
 Midst cold and heat, and hunger's pinching pain,
 Long have we toil'd, but long have toil'd in vain.
 In anxious thoughts have past the wakeful night,
 And girt with foes, consum'd the dang'rous light,
 By suff'ring, partly we regain'd our sway,
 And Fabius like, we conquer'd by delay.
 In one rash word, now all our labour's gone,
 Our hopes extinguish'd and ourselves undone.
 Say brother! Whence shall we our troops prepare,
 Where is our force to meet yon dreadful war?"

* Wales

† Ireland.

‡ The whole race of the Cummings, and their allies.

oke, disdainful. Edward fierce replies ;
 All the pow'rs that tread yon spangling skies ;
 Isles united with the distant land,
 Europe pour her millions on our strand ;
 And I'll dauntless face the dread array,
 Meet the glorious terrors of the day.
 The gen'rous treaty, and in vain
 Gold crowns and sceptres bribe me from the plain,
 And may see me fall, but never yield,
 Nor, a coward, from so brave a field.
 The monarch smil'd, his dauntless soul he knew,
 What he dar'd to say, he dar'd to do.
 A noble warrior in his arms he prest
 All the brother kindled in his breast.
 Thus. ' So may just heav'n our counsels aid,
 Shall sacred keep what thou hast said ;
 Then, bid all our loyal friends prepare
 In our standard 'gainst the day of war.
 Day ! when each pretension shall be try'd
 Heav'n determine on the juster side.'
 Meanwhile Caernarvon mounts his royal seat,
 Peers around in splendid order wait,
 And to the chiefs he issues his commands,
 To use his pow'rs, and muster all his bands,
 Berwick's walls on Tweeda's fertile plains,
 His royal writ the rendezvous ordains,
 Warlike chiefs in sudden armour shone,
 Around dispatch'd the mandate of the throne.
 They might ring the South'ron shores with loud alarms,
 Drums and trumpets, mingled, sound to arms.
 The big muse from various climes th' assembled throng
 To fit these names and numbers to the song
 The Wye's smooth stream, and Severn's fiercer tide,
 The Cambrian dales in wild meanders glide ;
 The British billows pent, indignant roar,
 The furious, lash old Cornwall's chalky shore ;
 Thirty thousand, in strange arms array'd,
 Hardy Monmouth glitter'd at their head.
 Where Thames and Isis roll their royal waves

The river Thames upon which London is situated, the greatest &
 of. It has its name from Thame, which rises in Buckinghamshire

And the mixt current princely structures laves :
 Where flows the Ouze, and † Trent divides the land
 (Both lost in Humber's more capacious strand.)
 Arose the mighty † Trinobantian coast,
 And fifty thousand cloud the darken'd coast,
 The moving bands the neighbouring vales o'erspread
 By Arundel, and gallant Oxford led
 From Humber's stream whose tumbling waves resound,
 And deafen all th' adjoining coast around.
 To where the Tweed in softer windings flows,
 Full fifty thousand quiver'd arrows rose.
 A hardy race, who, well experienc'd knew
 To fit the shaft and twang the bended yew.
 Bred up to danger, and isur'd to dare,
 In distant fight, and aim the feather'd war.
 These bands their country's highest triumphs boast ;
 And Gloucester and Hertford led the host.

Advance the factious Scots, a rebel line,
 And to the foe their impious levies join,
 Five times five thousand, by experience skill'd,
 To mix in closer combat on the field,
 Led by great Omphraville, well known to fame
 And bold Corspatrick, a redoubted name.

Next to the Scots approach th' Hibernian pow'rs,
 From hoary mountains and from fenny shores ;
 Three times ten thousand strong a nervous race,
 Bred to wild game, and nimble in the chase ;
 Before these troops Fitzgerald's haughty son,
 The brave O'Neil, and hardy Desmont shone.
 From Gallia now, and Belgium's distant coast
 In arms assembled, moves the foreign host,
 Twice twenty thousand whole, a warlike train
 In sixty galleys plow the wat'ry plain.

and Isis, which rises in the borders of Gloucester. near the confines of Wiltshire. They have their confluence at Dorchester, and from thence running in one united stream, fall into the German ocean, thirty miles below London

† The river Trent is reckoned to divide England into two equal parts, North and South. It rises in Staffordshire, passeth through Derbyshire, Leicestershire, &c. and below Burton in Lincolnshire, falleth into the Humber.

† Trinobantes were the people of Essex, Middlesex, and all the London.

Nor does the muse the leaders names rehearse,
 Nor stand those names so smooth in British verse.
 Albion's white cliffs soon gain the foreign sails,
 And pow'r their legions on Northumbrian vales.

Now with the King from fair Augusta's ^a towers
 Proceeds the court to Berwick's crowded shores,
 The awful King! in gold and gems array'd,
 The vast the wondrous rendezvous survey'd.
 His thick battalions views extended far,
 And glories in the lengthen'd pomp of war.
 The various climes in various armour shine,
 And distant nations wonder as they join,
 Review'd, wide o'er the fields encamp the pow'rs
 Repairs the shining court to Berwick's tow'rs.

Near Stirling's walls where Forth's large billows play,
 The noble Bruce with twice two hundred lay;
 From whence around his royal writ he sends,
 To warn the chiefs, and summon all his friends.
 Meantime he view'd the ground and mark'd a plain,
 Th' intended muster of the royal train.
 Before that plain, a league extended lay,
 A green sward marish, on a flaunting bay.
 The King well seen in all events of war,
 The muddy fen surveys, with cautious care,
 His troops he calls, and digs a spear length deep;
 The level marish from the sloping steep
 Then plants with sharpen'd piles, the tract around,
 And close with hurdles covers o'er the ground,
 Untouch'd the plain appear'd, and all the hollow found.
 Behind those fens the King resolv'd to stand,
 And there the haughty foe's first charge attend.
 The Scottish peasants from the champaign shore,
 Up to the mountains led their household store;
 The plains of herds and victual dispossess'd,
 And left the country one abandon'd waste.

Now rings th' alarm along the Northern coasts,
 And :ush to war the Caledonian hosts.
 From Skye, Pomona's isles, and Caithness strand,
 Three thousand targets glitter o'er the land.

^a The name the modern English give to London.

The Skye and Orkneys their own chieftains head,
 And Caithness' troops the gallant Sinclair led,
 Strathnaver, Sutherland in arms appear,
 And the bold Rossians issue to the war,
 The brave M'Donalds and M'Kenzie's join,
 Frazer, and Grants and the Clanchattan line.
 That stretch dispers'd along the † Hebridian shores,
 Monroes, M'Leans, M'Kays and all the pow'rs;
 These hardy troops in Scythian arms array'd,
 Distinct in tribes, their proper chiefs obey'd.
 Convene the band on Rossia's spacious bay,
 And twice three thousand bucklers gild the day.
 From Murray's shores advance a thousand spears,
 And daring Randolf at their head appears.
 East on Tœzalia's coast there lies a plain ‡,
 Blest with rich pasture, and luxuriant grain.
 Much fam'd for cattle, much for woolly store,
 But for its hospitable people more;
 On its smooth margin German billows play,
 And pour their finny millions in each bay.
 This region 'spite of the false Thane's commands §,
 Rais'd and maintain'd at its own charges, sends
 A thousand warriors to the royal aid,
 By bold Philorth, and brave Pittfigo led.

And now in arms the noble Gordon shines,
 And Enzie's squadrons to Strathbogy joins.
 Arabia's keen axes in the centre glare ¶,
 And Badenoch gleams horrid in the rear.

Next hardy Forbes and the gallant Mar,
 On Don's fair borders rendezvous the war,
 Forbes! in Scotia's annals long renown'd,
 And oft of old with loyal laurels crown'd.

Horestia's plains a thousand warriors yield †
 And godlike Marshal leads them to the field.
 Thrice noble chief! I feel my spirit roll,
 And all the hero rushes to my soul.

† The Hebrides are a vast class of islands lying on the North West and West of Scotland, scattered up and down the Deucalidian sea.

‡ The counties of Mar, Buchan, and all about Aberdeen; Buchan is only meant here.

§ Cumming Earl of Buchan.

¶ The county of Lochaber.

† The shire of Mearns.

Where shall the muse commence thy deathless fame?
 From what immortal æra trace thy name?
 She saw him midst surrounding ruins stand,
 When hardy Camus bit the bloody strand;
 When from the field he bore the regal spoils,
 Proud prize! the badge of his triumphant toils,
 Oft would the muse have sung the godlike line,
 But the bold task still check'd the just design;
 Fond she set out but felt the theme too strong,
 Too high the labour, and too vast the song.
 Nor needful. ——— For, what genius ever sings
 Of Scotia's heroes and her ancient kings?
 Let their fam'd deeds but once the muse engage,
 And still some Keith shall glitter in the page.

Next, where the Esk a double current pours,
 And laves Æneas ever loyal shores;
 Two thousand lances gleam along the strand,
 Strathmore, Southesk, and Airly led the band.
 Airly, renown'd for ancient honours gain'd,
 When Gilchrist conquer'd and a William reign'd.
 Kinnaird and Faulcoer their legions call,
 The brave Dundee and ever faithful Maule *

Adjoining near, a fruitful region lies †,
 The darling care of more indulgent skies,
 Whose sunny mountains and luxuriant vales
 Are fann'd by friendly zephyrs softer gales,
 Where the rich year in vast profusion reigns,
 Riots in groves, and revels on the plains;
 Thence came a thousand in bright mail array'd,
 Glitter'd the mighty Arrol at their head.
 Full of his fires, the hero took the field,
 Display'd the yoke glar'd in his bloody shield.
 Proud ensign! glory of that dire debate,
 Where dauntless Hay revers'd the Scottish fate:
 When Loncarty beheld th' Albanian pow'rs
 Vanquish'd, and routed on her sanguine shores;

* The reader will please observe here, once for all, that we do not by any means pretend, these gentlemen were all nobilitated either before or at the time. We only give them the titles of their posterity, in order to make the narration the clearer and their names more obvious to the present age.

† *The Carse of Gowry.*

'Twas then great Hay oppos'd the shameful flight,
 Drove back the conquer'd, and renew'd the fight.
 Through Cimbrian ranks, impetuous, forc'd his way,
 And thund'ring with his yoke restor'd the day,
 By him, thus wondrous rose the ruin'd state,
 Conquer'd by loss, and triumph'd by defeat.

'Twere long in ancient actions to engage
 And crowd with diff'rent characters the page
 Nor needful is the task, our chiefs of old
 Brave by succession, and by birth-rights bold,
 In all their fathers' various virtues shone,
 And every Sire descended in the son.
 Bred to the field, and conscious of their might,
 They rang'd the globe, and taught the world to fight.

From Fife's fair coast three thousand take the plain,
 Headed by Wemyss, and Crawford's ancient Thane,
 The noble Wemyss! M'Duff's immortal son,
 M'Duff th' assertor of the Scottish throne
 Whose deeds let Birnane and Dunsinnan tell,
 When Canmore battl'd * and the villain fell,

By Athole, and by Perth array to war,
 Three thousand lances glitter in the air,
 See! glorious in his Sires the great Montrose,
 Amidst his conq'ring Grahams to battle goes.
 His mail bright studs of gold enamel'd gild,
 Th' immortal trophy of some ancient field.
 Three times five hundred to the war proceed,
 By Eglinton, and Nairn, and Bothwell led.
 Carrick and Kyle pour forth their hardy train,
 And Kennedy conducts them to the plain,
 Renfrew and Bute, and Rofsay join their aid,
 Glitters the godlike Stewart at their head,
 Advance in arms the Argathelian lines,
 And in the van the loyal Campbell shines;
 Some faithful aids approach from Lothian's coast,
 And Seton's loyal offspring leads the host.
 From Mercia's fertile plains appear'd a band
 Obedient to the gallant Hume's command.

† The story of M'Duff's usurpation, in the time of Malcolm Canmore, and likewise the prophecy concerning Birnane wood's coming to Dunsinnan castle, is so common I need not insist on it.

Confed'rate dales, and warlike borders join,
 Proud at their head to see great Douglas shine,
 Fierce Edward; last leads from his native shores,
 Rang'd to the field, the Gallovidian pow'rs.

Thus from the distant north, and Solway's sands,
 At Bannockburn arriv'd the loyal bands.
 The King with joy beheld th' assembl'd train,
 Full five and thirty thousand croud the plain.
 The chiefs embrac'd, and view'd the squadrons round,
 Assign'd their stations, and mark'd out the ground,
 The leaders to the royal tent repair,
 And o'er the fields encamp th' inferior war.
 Now, † in ten battles rang'd from Tweeda's vales,
 The Southron pow'rs advance through Lothian dales,
 The wide extended pomp the region fills,
 Glares o'er the lawns, and gleams along the hills,
 Nations on nations shed the crouded strand
 From shore to shore and cover half the land,
 Thick as the waving grain the valley clouds,
 Or leaves in spring that load the blooming woods,
 Lances and shields emit their blended rays,
 And o'er the distant plains confus'dly blaze
 Through Lothian swift advance the swarming pow'rs,
 And sudden croud Bædotria's winding shores.
 Thence, quick, arriving at the various ‡ fane,
 Wide o'er the fields encamp the numerous train,

Detach'd old Stirling's fortress to secure,
 Before the host Lord Clifford leads his pow'r.
 In arms eight hundred with the leader ride,
 Choice bands! the mighty Edward's chiefest pride.
 Meantime bold Randolph, charg'd a post to keep,
 Close by the temple, on a sloping steep,
 Through which, unheeded by the Scots the chief
 March'd his swift legions to the towns relief,
 Foul negligence; to expiate his offence,
 And sooth the just displeasure of his prince,
 With eager steps pursues th' escaped war.
 Two hundred lances shining in his rear,
 Soon as the Southron chief the Scots beheld,
 With force inferior, baldly take the field;

† In ten battles, &c. Or battalions or ranks.

‡ Falkirk.

Disdainful in array he rang'd his band,
 And in the front himself and † Howard stand,
 Howard the brave ! a knight renown'd in fame,
 The boast the glory of the Southron name.
 Ambitious chief : too eager in the strife,
 Too rashly bold and prodigal of life ;
 Forward thou rushest upon certain death,
 And midst unnumber'd wounds resign'st thy breath,
 Thy native troops with tears beheld thee bleed,
 And England yet laments her Hero dead.

Meanwhile the combat furious, burns around,
 And crimson tides roll slippery o'er the ground.
 Baulk'd in his first design, and fir'd with spite,
 The haughty Clifford vig'rous urg'd the fight,
 His lengthen'd ranks extended o'er the ground,
 And just began t' enclose the Scots around.
 This Randolph saw, and with a general's care,
 Dispos'd into an orb his thinner war,
 Each way objected spears and gleaming shields,
 Glitter an iron circle round the fields,
 And now both hosts in closer combat join,
 And thick'ning deaths in redder ruin shine,
 Nor knows the ardent warrior to retire,
 Fix'd where he stands to conquer or expire,
 No blended shouts of war's tremendous voice,
 Ring through the hills, or rattle in the skies,
 The busied field hears no tumultuous breath,
 But clashing armour, and the groan of death,
 Glorious each chief, and grim with dust and blood:
 Amidst the war with rival fury rode.
 Along the strand the wid'ning havock spread
 And round them roll'd in heaps the mangl'd dead,
 But English bow-men long in battle skill'd.
 With feather'd deaths fore gall'd the Scottish field,
 This Douglas viewing from the camp afar,
 Thus to the king prefers a soldier's prayer.
 ' Sov'reign ; he said, may heaven direct the day,
 And may to-morrow's sun secure thy sway ;
 As I with pity view yon dreadful scene
 And Randolph sweating on th' unequal plain,

† Sir William Howard, the noble ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk

Opprest with numbers, and o'erwhelm'd with foes,
 Behold your Hero fainting in your cause,
 Soon shall he fall midst you superior host
 And Scotia in her second hope be lost.
 Forbid it fate: and thou our gen'rous Prince,
 Forgive a nephew's * undefign'd offence;
 O'erlook the fault, and let me haste to share
 Yon bloody field, and turn the scale of war,
 So may kind heaven confirm thy right divine,
 And fix the sceptre ever in thy line.
 He said, — the monarch thus himself express'd,
 The gen'ral scene engrossing all his breath,
 No aid from us this day shall screen his crime,
 My slighted words and his neglected time.
 Let him unspicour'd, midst you furious crowd,
 Feel his past folly, and repent in blood.
 He spoke, and through the camp pursu'd his way,
 To view the troops, and predispose the day.
 Still on the spot the hardy Douglas stay'd,
 Fix'd to his purpose, and resolv'd to aid;
 When now the foe, with pleasure he beheld,
 Loose in their ranks and reeling in the field.
 Randolph and his, with unresisted might,
 Bearing down crowds, and bursting through the fight.
 Then stopt th' intended aid — lest aid had stain'd.
 The glory by such blood and labour gain'd.
 And now Lord Clifford's troops desert the war,
 And Randolph thunders on the flying rear,
 Back to their host retreats their routed train,
 And twice two hundred breathless press the plain,
 Randolph returns, the monarch grasp'd his hand,
 And to their rest ordain'd the weary band.

By this the night † unusual darkness spreads,
 And heav'n and earth involves in thickest shades,
 No beams from Cynthia's silver orb appear
 No lesser taper twinkles in the sphere!

* Randolph had been commanded by the King to guard a pass near the church, by which the enemy behoved to march to the relief of Stirling: but having neglected it, he was obliged to follow and attack them on the plain with numbers much inferior to theirs.

† This was the more remarkable, upon account of the season of the year, it being on the 20th of June, when in these climates there is little or no darkness at all.

But nature sunk in sable horrors lay
 Profound and pregnant with the future day,
 Yet watchful Bruce exerts a father's care,
 And through the silent gloom explores the war.
 Views all the lines now part in slumber's loſt,
 Part talking, wakeful, of the adverſe hoſt,
 In deep attention ſtill he march'd along,
 And mark'd the whole behaviour of the throng.
 In ev'ry word, in ev'ry geſture ſkill'd,
 And as he went diſpos'd th' approaching field.
 Near to th' entrenchments ſtood an ancient ſane,
 The pious ſtructure of ſome former reign,
 Where midnight vows employ the rev'rend fires,
 And twinkle in their lamp the drowſy fires,
 Thither his private oriſons to pay,
 Devout the monarch treads his ſilent way,
 The prieſts receive him with paternal care,
 But ſoon to heaven as he prefers his pray'r
 Dreadful through all the ſky's loud thunders roll
 And the thick lightning gleams from pole to pole.
 The fathers haſtning to the porch eſpy.
 Two flaming armies combat in the ſky,
 The legions ſeem'd to blaze in red attire
 And all the viſionary war on fire,
 Then ſudden, in a train of ſaſhy light,
 Downward bright Ariel ſhoots along the night.
 Straight to the king appears within the ſhrine,
 Celeftial glories round his temples ſhine,
 His flowing robe in azure volumes roll'd,
 Bright ſapphires blazing on ætherial gold,
 (Pure radiant gold of heav'n, without alloy)
 Around the ſane diffuſ'd a flood of day.
 The gen'rous monarch, at the ſight amaz'd
 On the bright form with awful rev'rence, gaz'd ;
 When Ariel thus, " From regions diſtant far,
 Beyond the convex of yon arched ſphere,
 Where bliſſful minds diſſolv'd in rapture lie,
 Or float on azure pinions thro' the ſky ;
 Or on the Trine's immortal glories gaze,
 Baſk in the beams and live upon the blaze ;
 Down from thoſe happy ſeats, to thee I come
 To ſoothe thy cares—Not to unfold thy doom.

That secret lies beyond the realm of light,
 Far in the womb of fate, and wrapt in night,
 To heights of future scenes in vain we soar,
 The sole fix'd priv'lege of eternal pow'r,
 No more I know but that to morrow's ray,
 Is doom'd to finish this contended sway,
 Thee I behold, with anxious cares oppress'd,
 Alone to heav'n resign thy pious breast,
 Go then, and boldly meet the stern debate
 Be still thyself, and leave th' event to fate.
 With pious courage fraught, thy fortune try,
 A fortune not unfavour'd by the sky."
 This said, the seraph swiftly wings his way,
 Mounts thro' the spheres, and gains upon the day,
 Full of the wondrous scene, the monarch trod,
 Back to the camp his solitary road ;
 Alone unto the royal tent repairs
 And a short slumber overshades his cares.

From ocean now uprais'd, the god of day,
 Mournful and slow pursues his airy way
 The fiery car the steeds reluctant roll,
 Recoil, and scarce oppose the whirling pole,
 Condense the vapours, not to feed the blaze.
 Or add fresh fuel to decaying rays :
 But that the beams might point oblique nor gild
 Direct, the horrors of so dire a field.

Now from Falkirk, by Fortha's winding coast,
 In dreadful order moves the Southron host.
 Men arms and steeds, the mountains shade afar,
 And valleys groan beneath the load of war,
 Unfurl'd in air the golden banners play,
 And clarions, drums, and trumpets rouse the day.
 Adjoining hills the loud alarms rebound,
 And rocks and forests multiply the sound.
 Great in the van, and awful as a god,
 In gems and gold the mighty Edward rode,
 Round him all sheath'd in mail a dreadful line,
 Three thousand warriors on barb'd coursers shine.
 Bold Gloster and Bohun, a martial knight,
 Oxford and Kent, and Herford guard the right.
 The left obeys sly Omphraville's commands,
 Join'd by Corspatrick's and by Clifford's bands.

The troops from Belgium and from Galka's coast,
 Make up the centre of the martial host,
 Monmouth, O'Neil and Desmont next appear,
 And with united squadrons guard the rear,
 The quiver'd bands around the flanks dispos'd,
 On either side the moving battles clos'd,
 In pompous order thus the num'rous train,
 Forward advances to the destin'd plain.

Thro' Bruce's host next ring the loud alarms,
 And Caledonian trumpets sound to arms,
 All o'er the camp the ready squadrons stand
 And wait impatient, for their chiefs command,
 Forth from his tent advancing to the lines,
 The daring monarch in bright armour shines,
 A cheerful vigour sparkles in his eyes,
 And o'er his face the martial terrors rise.
 Blaz'd his strong corslet on his ample breast,
 And nodded on his helm a bloody crest.
 Fast by his thigh bright shon his flaming brand,
 An ax of steel gleam'd in his better hand.
 The legions joyful, on their monarch stare,
 And wonder at the godlike form of war,
 The Grampian chiefs, array'd in warlike state,
 With cheerful pomp upon their monarch wait ;
 And now to battle arms each loyal band
 And thick'ning squadrons form along the strand.
 Glare in the van the bold Tezalian lines,
 And at their head the noble Randolph shines.
 Rang'd on the right the Southron legions flood,
 And on their front the fiery Edward rode.
 With him experienc'd Boyd divides the sway,
 Sent by the King to guide him thro' the day,
 Before the West, upon the left appears ;
 Young Stewart, and Douglas joins his border spears
 The other chiefs their proper stations hold ;
 But these the gen'ral leaders of the field.
 Instructed last the rear in order stood,
 And at their head the king unusual rode ;
 But whilst he views around the embattl'd war ;
 The gen'rous Keith supplies his master's care.
 And now both hosts, a mile divided, sat,
 A short and anxious interval of fate.

When great Caernarvon waves his awful hand
 And list'ning thousands round their monarch stand:
 Then thus, ' Behold my friends, our mighty pow'rs,
 From British climes conven'd, and foreign shores,
 Our Sires' immortal laurels to maintain,
 And fix our conquests o'er the Grampian reign;
 Ev'n here yourselves before have often fought,
 And frequent ruin on the rebels brought.
 This day have we a mightier force array'd,
 Than e'er at once our Sires commands obey'd,
 You then who still with him victorious shone,
 Still conquer, nor degen'rate with the son.
 Behold, how thin appear yon dastard bands,
 Scarce half sufficient for our soldiers hands.
 Ev'n thousands here shall find no foe to slay
 But idly share the triumphs of the day;
 Go then, my friends, attack the puny plain,
 And drive yon handful, scatter'd, to the main;
 Assert your own, assert your monarch's name,
 Let death or fetters crush yon rebel claim.
 He spoke — With mingled shouts resounds the air,
 And all the eager troops demand the war.

Now the bold Bruce before the centre stands,
 And thus accosts his Caledonian bands:

' Fellows in arms! Long did our fires oppose
 The haughty insults of ambitious foes.
 Long hath our country struggled with her fate.
 With Pictish fraud and Saxons savage hate,
 These too supported by Ausonian pow'rs,
 How did the mighty ruin spread her shores!
 What seas of blood, what mountains of the slain,
 Chok'd ev'ry vale, and strow'd each purple plain!
 Thus fell our fires, or, drove by sword and flame,
 Fled far; and Scotia scarce remain'd a name,
 Yet heav'n, relenting heav'n, beheld her fate,
 And arm'd the great restorer of the state;
 From frozen climes, and Scythia's distant strand
 † The godlike man collects the scatter'd band.

† Fergus II. who restored the Monarchy of Scotland, after it had
 been almost utterly extinguished by the Picts, Saxons and Romans.

He came, he conquer'd, and her right restor'd,
 Doom'd to the iway, and Albion's fated Lord.
 Fiftish and Saxon spoils his triumphs grace,
 These banish'd, those a quite extinguish'd race
 Next from the north, where Baltick billows rave,
 And Cimbrian rocks the foamy tempests lave;
 Against our Sires advance the swarming train,
 Our hardy Sires, undaunted, take the plain,
 Let wond'ring Loncarty record the day,
 And to great Kenneth join the greater Hay.
 Let Malcolm next, and Keith's superior rage,
 And Barry's field run purple in the page!
 When Lochty's current, chok'd with tides of blood,
 Grean'd to the ocean in a crimson flood.
 For Scotia's right thus stood the Scots of old,
 Thus glare your fathers in recording gold;
 Such were their acts, and such their loyal fame;
 Such glories blaze around each deathless name,
 And now, my friends, this day methinks I see
 Those noble patriots in their progeny,
 This day, the last of all our long debate,
 The fix'd, important period of our fate,
 How does yon king in gold and jewels glare,
 What pride of armies, and what pomp of war;
 Behold yon vast array, yon swarming host,
 How the extended legions cloud the coast!
 This hour, this instant hour of fate demands,
 Your fathers' souls and all your fathers' hands.
 We know the deeds of ev'ry doughty fire,
 Nor shall we doubt their hardy offspring's fire
 Methinks I see great Graham undaunted go,
 'Gainst Rome's proud eagles, and the Saxon foe.
 Here are his sons, behold the manly race,
 See how the father threatens in their face,
 Methinks I see the Douglas fire of old,
 Red from his toils, and resting on the mold;
 When the just prince inquir'd the hero's name
 And sholto Dow Glas * pointed him to fame.

* This is said by some to have happened in the reign of Sair
 King of Scots, Anno Dom, 787 to wit that in an engagement
 the Scots and Picts aided by the Saxons, the Scots were in
 entirely routed, but the extraordinary bravery of this Dow G

Already mention'd, needles I run o'er,
 The trophies by our Sires obtain'd before,
 This glorious day shall ev'n eclipse their rage,
 And Bannockburn roll redder in the page.
 A new, a nobler æra shall unfold,
 And Scotia's sons shall stand in brighter gold.
 Pardon, my friends, that I the field delay,
 And stop with words the laurels of the day ;
 That I retard the freedom of the state ;
 Your glory, and my own propitious fate.
 Go on, brave Scots, and let each hero's fire
 Prove his bold lineage, and assert his fire,
 Scotia this day demands her ancient right,
 'Tis Scotia arms her daring sons to fight.
 The pride, the hate, the tyranny you know,
 And all the rage of yon relentless foe
 Think then, your wives and helpless infants stand,
 And weep for safety at each warrior's hand,
 Dear pledges ; Let their images remain
 Fix'd in your souls, and bear you through the plain,
 Let those soft ties of life, your better part,
 String ev'ry nerve and steel each hero's heart,
 Through ev'ry scene of action point your way,
 And heav'n, propitious, shall conduct the day "

He spoke — and tears indignant swell'd their eyes,
 And furious shouts to battle tore the skies.

But pious Bruce, in view of all the host,
 Prone on the earth his suppliant body cast,
 His hand appli'd unto his spotless breast,
 And thus the Father of the skies address'd :

" Immortal pow'r, whose sacred voice supreme,
 Spoke to existence this stupendous frame ;
 Who sway'st the nations with thy dreadful nod,
 And crowns and trembling thrones confess thee God,
 If e'er with lips unfeign'd my vows I paid,
 If e'er my soul a pure oblation made :

the fortune of the day, and procured the victory to the Scots. The King inquired who he was whom he had seen behave so gallantly ; a gentleman pointed him out, as he rested himself on the ground, and said, *Sholto Dow Glas, see the black grey man.* The King looked him with honours, and his family hath ever since bore that name

Regard my suff'rings past, attend my woes.
 And judge, O judge ; this day the suppliant's cause.
 If I unrighteous, fall before yon foe.
 From thee, submissive I receive the blow,
 But if my right th' Almighty's aid can claim,
 Aid thou, and teach me to adore thy name,
 The pious monarch thus and all the bands,
 With humble hearts, and with uplifted hands.
 Devout, address the Sov'reign pow'r on high,
 Confess their guilt, and deprecate the sky.

This done advancing from the Southron train,
 A knight in shining armour cross'd the plain,*
 His haughty mien, and his gigantic size
 At once attracted ev'ry warriors eyes
 The hardy champion forth disdainful rode,
 And in his left a lance, enormous stood,
 Approaching he defies each Scottish knight
 And dares the bravest out to single fight.
 Soon as the king the giant foe beheld,
 Alone defy his legions on the field,
 The steed he reins and rushes o'er the strand ;
 An ax well temper'd charg'd his better hand ;
 Dauntless he rode to meet the champion's force,
 And the proud knight begins his furious course,
 Full at the monarch aims his length of spear,
 Th' eluded weapon spends its strength in air,
 The crouser bore him on ; but as he past
 (Just where the plume stood nodding on the crest)
 A forceful blow the monarch aims with skill,
 Thro helm and brain down rush'd the shining steel,
 Prone fell the champion on the gory strand
 And the stern visage threaten'd on the sand.
 This saw both looks, and from th' important sight,
 Each takes the omen of the future fight.
 Returns the king ; his worth each bosom fires
 And ev'ry leader to his post retires.

And now both armies for the fight prepare,
 And shriller clangors animate the war,
 Drums trumpets, clarions blend their warlike noise
 King thro the air and echo thro' the skies,

* This is said to be Sir Henry Boeme, or Bohun, of the
 of Warwick.

Woods, vales, and mountains, the alarm rebound,
 And heav'n and earth appear'd involv'd in sound.
 Say, sacred Nine! the dreadful scene relate,
 And paint the wonders of this day of fate.
 Approach the foe. Ten thousand Glo'ster heads,
 Ten thousand more the hardy Hertford leads,
 Full on the Scottish right they shape their way,
 Where Edward's legions lin'd the hollow bay;
 The hollow bay; thick set with piles before.
 And with fictitious turf dissembled o'er
 Arm'd on rich steeds the Southron thither bound,
 And plunge at once into the faithless ground,
 Five thousand whole lay wallowing in the shore,
 And sharpen'd pikes five thousand courfers gore,
 Edward to war his infantry commands;
 Rush the fierce foot amidst th' entangled bands
 Their fiery leader thunder at their head
 And fast around the wid'ning slaughter spread,
 Warriors and steeds lay in one ruin mix'd.
 By craft ingulph'd, and secret piles transfix'd,
 The rest affrighted, from the fatal coast,
 Confus'dly flying, join'd the distant host.
 Again in air the Southron banners play,
 And fifty thousand issue to the day
 The hardy Monmouth heads his Cimbrian force
 And Oxford joins his Trinobantian horse,
 To meet those battles dauntless Edward goes,
 But looks for aid against such odds of foes.
 Nor long expects before his hardy lines.
 Soon at his side the noble Randolph shines.
 In quick battalia form'd each adverse train,
 With double courage commenc'd the second plain,
 Together fast the burst of battle goes,
 And to the skies the shouts tremendous rose,
 As when loud winds the foamy surges sweep,
 And from its caverns tear the bellowing deep;
 Or, as fierce flames their crackling torrents pour,
 Thro' mountain forests, and the shades devour;
 Just with such rage the hosts together bound,
 Just so the clamours thro the heav'ns resound.
 Soon as the crash of spears obscures the air,
 At once unsheath'd the gleamy faulcheons glare.

From clashing arms the blended sparkles blaze,
 And b'ushing torrents form a crimson maze.
 Here haughty Monmouth thunders in his might,
 There hardy Ox'ord animates the fight
 In vain, see where fierce Edward swims in gore,
 And Randolph's mighty arm lays waste the shore.
 See where the spreading ruins of the slain,
 Thicken and grow, and widen o'er the plain,
 Incline the Southron ranks, nor longer dare,
 Oppose the fury of the Grampian war,
 Monmouth and Oxford see these troops give way.
 And pierc'd with wounds, themselves forsake the day.
 Retreat the legions to the gen'ral host,
 And twenty thousand, lifeless, strow the coast,
 The Scots soon rally, and their standards join,
 And the form'd troops again in order shine

Doubly repuls'd, now all the Southron war,
 Fir'd with resentment, for the field prepare,
 In gold array'd and blazing diamonds bright,
 The mighty King rode foremost to the fight,
 Three thousand knights in mail severely gay,
 Rich on barb'd steeds conduct him to the day,
 The long extended legions fill the train
 And crowding nations thicken on the plain,
 Aloft, unfurl'd, the gilded standards fly,
 And all the pomp of battle strikes the sky
 Where Edward's legions and brave Randolph's stood
 Rally'd and reeking still with recent blood ;
 Array'd, the banded squadrons proudly fare,
 In all the dire magnificence of war.
 Unequal match ? but ere th' attack begun
 Amidst the chiefs the doughty Douglas shone.
 Three thousand bord'ers his command obey,
 Fresh to the field, and ardent for the day
 Him gallant Stewart in burnish'd armour joins,
 And to the onset leads his western lines
 Heroic youth ! Nor had five lustres shed
 Their circling seasons o'er his bloomy head.

The charge begins. The hosts together bound,
 And steeds and warriors tumble on the ground.
 The crashings spears in clouds of splinters rise,
 Fierce thund'ring noise, deep groans and mingled cries

Ring round the forest ; echoing rocks reply,
 And all the war redoubles in the sky,
 The monarch's steely guards, amidst the fight
 On Edward's legions pour their awful might,
 Edward as furious meets the iron train,
 And heads and helmets ring against the plain,
 Hibernian foot, and Gallia's warlike horse,
 Toward the noble Randolph bend their course,
 The noble Randolph 'gainst those squadrons rode
 And foreign gore soon swell'd the neighb'ring flood
 What wonders were by dreadful Douglas wrought
 And ev'n young Stewart not undistinguish'd fought,
 But Omphraville; in arts of war long skill'd,
 Draws forth the Southron bowmen to the field.
 Rang'd to th' attack, full fifty thousand came,
 That drank the Tine, and Humber's tumbling stream,
 From twanging yews the whizzing tempests fly.
 And clouds of feather'd fates obscure the sky.
 By this Hyperion on his radiant car,
 Flam'd in the zenith of the middle sphere,
 And now th' unerring balances on high,
 Fram'd of pure gold, depended from the sky ;
 The work of art divine, to weigh the fates,
 Of rival monarchs, and contending states,
 Impartial heav'n's decrees ordain'd to prove,
 And fix th' eternal equity above,
 Bright in the azure vault the balance shone,*
 And British fates in either side are thrown,
 Sinking more pond'rous, Scotia's lots prevail,
 High mounts in air, o'erpois'd, the Southron scale
 Meanwhile the King, nor yet engag'd, beheld
 The bold encounters on the various field,
 Joyful had view'd his glorious leaders fight,
 In all the terrors of their fathers' might,
 But now at last perceives the quiver'd pow'r,
 By crafty Omphraville well known before,
 Rang'd on the hostile flanks, in order glare,
 And gall with distant wounds the Scottish war.

† This piece of machinery (if we may call it so) the reader will find made use of both by Homer and Virgil ; nor is it any invention of theirs or indeed, owing to the Pagan theology. We have several authorities for it in sacred writ, particularly, that of Dantel, in the account be- of Belshazzar's feast, cap. v. 27.

To arms he calls, and tribe by tribe draws forth,
 Array'd to battle, the intrepid north,
 Himself before the squadrons takes the plain,
 And Hay and Keith and Gordon fill the train,
 His troops M'Kenzie to M'Donald joins,
 And all the war in Scythian armour shines,
 The dales around Hebridian axes gild,
 And bossy bucklers glimmer o'er the field.
 Detach'd before the noble Marischal rode,
 To quell the fury of the archer croud,
 Two thousand spears obey the chief's commands,
 Fiercely they rush amidst the quiver'd bands.
 The bold detachment dealt destruction round,
 Bows, shafts, and warriors mingling on the ground,
 Not able to sustain their awful might
 Back to the rear the archers wing their flight.

By this the king majestically great,
 Shines in the centre of the day of fate,
 Stern terrors rising brood upon his brows,
 And in his looks the God of battle glows,
 Quick round the field his piercing eye balls glare,
 At once directed through each scene of war,
 Then as the thunder, bursting from on high,
 Drives through the gather'd wreck, and sweeps the sky,
 While clouds dissolv'd in mighty torrents pour,
 The sounding ruin round the delug'd shore,
 So rush'd the monarch midst the thickest fight,
 And flam'd in all the wonders of his might.
 Gods! how his rage the wid'ning havock spread?
 How thick around him rose the growing dead?
 What tides of rolling gore, from ranks o'erthrown,
 Unite, and swell and deeper float the lawn,
 The lawns! that late, fresh crown'd with verdure lay
 Now groan with death, and wave a purple sea.
 The distant war, astonish'd stops its course,
 And wond'ring view'd his more than mortal force,
 The hardy north's undaunted sons engage,
 And second through the field their monarch's rage.
 The foreign troops, amaz'd, for flight prepare,
 And ev'n the great Caernarvon dreads the war;
 But Omphraville collects the stagg'ring lines,
 And at their head once more that leader shines.

ld Giles, the Argentine renown'd in fame,
d long in foreign fields a dreadful name,
calls the Belgian and the Gallic horse,
d joins to Omphraville the rally'd force.
e Scottish battles. distant on the field,
' assembled foe's fresh rendezvous beheld ;
om diff'rent quarters their whole troops combine,
d all at once the monarch's standard join.
e monarch takes the van, and all his power
on the foe with dreadful fury bore.
them the hardy foe as furious bound.
ep groan'd beneath the shock the trembling ground,
e mighty clash of arms resounds in air.
d mountains echo to the din of war.
w did the Bruce in all his dread array,
new the former wonders of the day.
s rage through ev'ry scene of battle ran,
um'd on the flanks or lighten'd in the van
ds ! How fierce Edward urg'd the stern debate,
om his bold hand what warriors met their fate ;
vaina the Gallic chief oppos'd his pow'r,
eathless by him extended on the shore,
is Belgium saw, and Gaul's astonish'd horse,
d fled disorder'd, from his dreadful force.
ld Douglas, Randolph, Stewart exert their might,
under through death, and drive the scatter'd fight.
eir rage no more sustains the hostile band,
ll disarray'd, and reeling on the strand.
d now the sun had shot a fainter ray,
is car declining to the western sea ;
hen from the heights descend the Scottish swains :
ie foe beheld afresh the cover'd plains,
ey gaze sometime, astonish'd at the sight,
en all at once precipitate their flight.
is armies routed. and his honour lost,
ie great Caernarvon leaves the bloody coast.
> where loud billows beat Dunbar's rough shores,
e flies : and Douglas drives the scatter'd pow'rs.
r sea at last he gains his native sway ;
ead in the chace three thousand victims lay.
hostile corpses (dreadful to relate)
l fifty thousand gorg'd the field of fate.

Four hundred spurs of gold Equestrian spoils,
 Part grace, and part reward the Grampian toils,
 There Tyntent fell, and Gloucester the brave
 From Bruce's gen'rous bounty found a grave.
 There the bold Argentine's † fam'd laurels fade,
 Mix'd with the ruins of the vulgar dead
 The Argentine who never knew to yield,
 And scorn'd to fly inglorious from the field,
 In distant climes for martial toils renown'd,
 And thrice his head with Pagan triumphs crown'd,
 Four thousand Scottish warriors yield their breath.
 Loyal in life, and glorious in their death
 Their weapons fell, and Ross renown'd of old,
 But still in Scotia's annals live in gold,
 While thrice the sun his course diurnal rolls,
 And shades, successive, thrice involve the poles;
 Still Bannockburn chok'd with a tide of gore,
 Groan'd in deep murmurs to its ghastly shore,
 Edward escap'd, bold Douglas led his host,
 Back to victorious Bruce by Forth's coast,
 Conjoin'd, to Stirling march'd the laurel'd war,
 And spoils of nations load each groaning car,
 Vast troops of captive foes the pomp adorn'd,
 And haughty chiefs in hostile fetters mourn'd,
 Chiefs who estfoons by gen'rous Bruce dismiss,
 Restor'd his royal consort to his breast,
 Moubray the fort surrenders, loyal grown,
 And henceforth faithful to the Scottish crown,
 Now glorious Bruce (all opposition quell'd,
 Each faction crush'd and ev'ry foe repell'd)
 Throughout the provinces proclaims his sway:
 At once the willing provinces obey,
 From far Pomona's coast to Solway's shore,
 Each subject, loyal, owns his sov'reign pow'r,
 His friends rewarded, and his host dismiss,
 With bounty loaded, and with freedom blest,
 Each office he invests with due command,
 Dispenses laws and constitutes the land.

† Sir Giles the Argentine who commanded a part of the foreign auxiliaries, was a brave man, and had done signal services abroad against Saracens. He was called the Argentine, from Argento, a city of A in Germany, now Straßburgh.

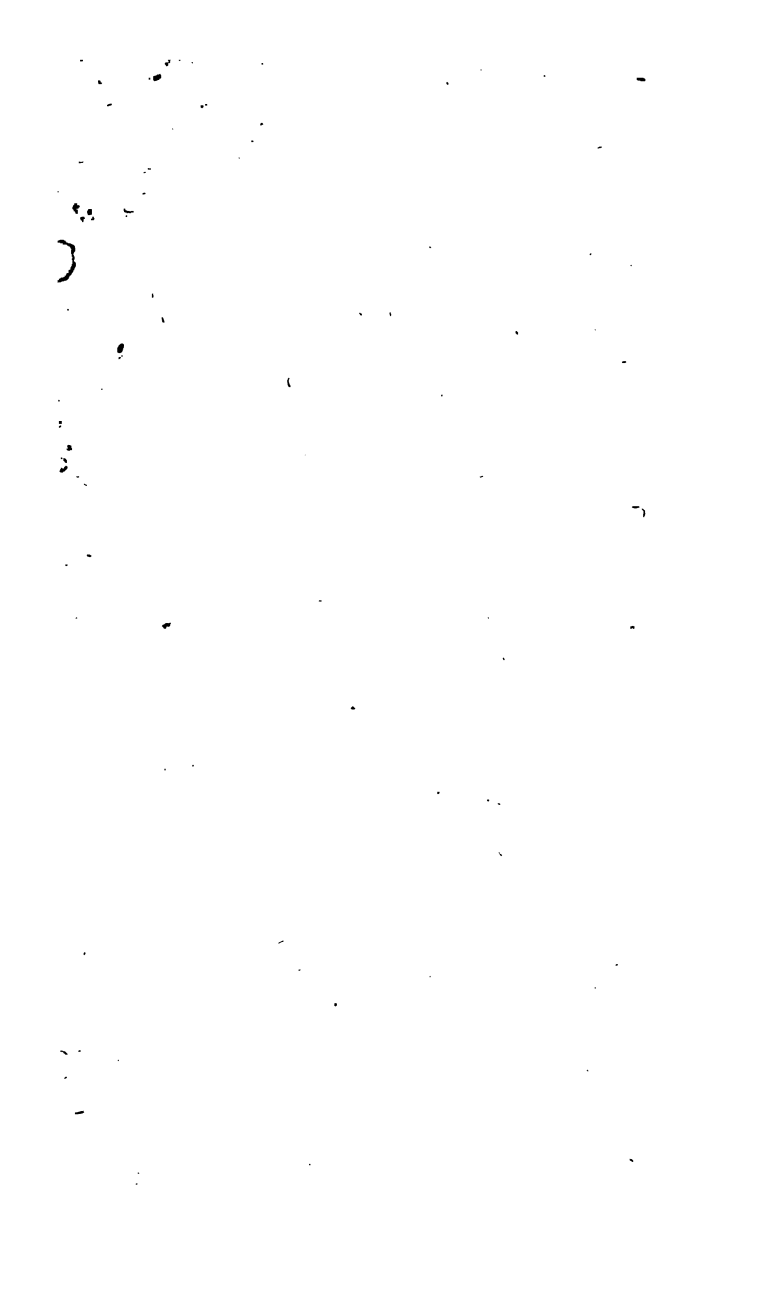
No more dare foreign foes his right invade,
 No more dares faction lift its rebel head,
 No more the Grampian swain in battle bleeds,
 But to the sword the peaceful rake succeeds,
 The lab'ring hind, free from oppressive toil,
 Turns the rich furrows of his native soil.
 In freedom, peace, and plenty wastes the day,
 And all th' indulgence of a righteous sway.
 No longer Caledonia now deploras
 Her ruin'd cities, and her desert shores ;
 Her cities round, their ancient splendour gain,
 And golden harvests wave on ev'ry plain,
 At home rever'd, abroad diffus'd by fame,
 Through distant climes resounds the Bruceian name.

Thus far the muse, in unambitious strains,
 Hath sung the monarch sweating on the plains.
 Immers'd in ills with perils long beset,
 (Glorious in patience, and resign'dly great !)
 Till by degrees he gain'd upon his foes,
 Grew in distress, and on his dangers rose.
 Triumphant midst the spoils of nations shone ;
 And now arriv'd, mounts his native throne :
 Where regal ore and gems his brows infold.
 And everlasting laurels shade the gold.

While circling spheres their endless rounds shall run
 And feel the genial influence of the sun :
 While earth shall daily on her axle roll,
 And the slow wain attend the freezing pole :
 While monthly moons their revolutions keep,
 By turns shall raise, and sink by turns the deep ;
 While Fortha, spacious, rolls her winding waves,
 And Tay's rich stream Æneian borders laves ;
 Still dear to Albion be her Bruce's fame,
 Sacred his merit, and rever'd his name.

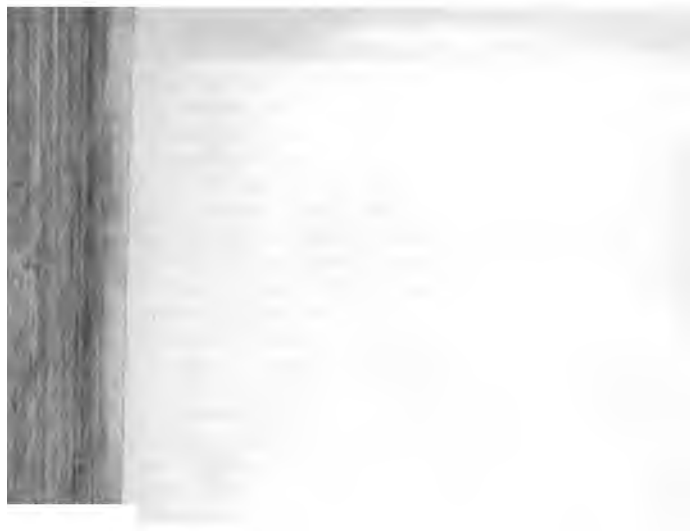
So may just heav'n maintain her ancient crown,
 And Banquho's race for ever fill her throne.
 May both ye gods ! one final period know,
 That cease to rule, and Fortha cease to flow.













MAR 18 1943



